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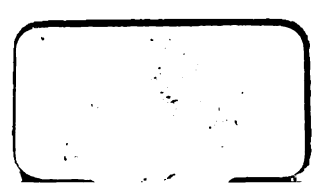

THE

METROPOLITAN.

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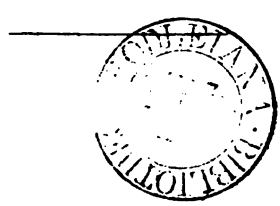

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

FACTION UNMASKED.

If we look back and scan the pages of history, even to ages the most remote, we shall find that no great empire was destroyed, or even endangered, by extrinsic hostility, until its force had been undermined, its resources misdirected, and its councils distracted by bitter, interested, and internal faction. The modern world has the experience of the ancient fully displayed before it, and the important annals of the latter can now be more clearly read by the increased lights of science; yet it would appear that these annals have been recorded in vain, and that in vain has knowledge kindled around us its thousand watch-fires; for just at this moment we are divided among ourselves by factions as bitter, as insensate, and as mean, as were those that hastened and disgraced the downfall of the last stronghold of the Hebrews, and soiled the ruins of Jerusalem with native blood, in addition to that shed by the conquering Roman. It is true that, at present, we have no invading army threatening us; indeed, we are tempted to wish that we had, for such an evil alone seems capable of recalling us to our senses. But we have other perils threatening us in many quarters, not indeed with danger so imminent as that which is attendant upon invading armaments, still are we surrounded by difficulties quite as great, although less rapid in their effects; difficulties which, although slow in their operation, we fear will be but too fatally sure in their effects.

A few of these impending dangers we will mention; dangerss that ought at once to extinguish the breath of faction, and make every one who feels or boasts himself an Englishman, throw to the winds all the enmities of party, and join hand and heart in endeavouring again to make England what she can and ought to be among nations, the controller of the strong and the protector of the weak, the most formidable empire, as well as the happiest of all homes, in the world.

Though we have no war to harass us, have we not an increasing population and a declining trade? Do we not daily see lands going out of cultivation in the same ratio as mouths are born to draw subsistence from them? Is not, generally speaking, the farmer beggared down to the labouring peasant, and the peasant himself degraded still lower into the parish pauper? Are not our merchant ships rotting idly in our harbours? And if the shuttle is still plied, and the loom

works obediently to the power of steam, the advantages that they produce, are they not for the *foreigner*, and the toil, the starvation, and the exhaustion for ourselves? What trade is there at present thriving but that carried on by the money-broker, and that of those concerned in the transfer of property? Are not these evils of a magnitude equal to that of a surrounding army? And is not this an epoch which emphatically requires a strong, a wise, and a united government? Yet, in the midst of all these dilemmas, at this very critical period, have the Whigs, the once proud, high, and independent Whigs, associated to themselves all that are violent and mad, rebellious and base, to distract the great council of the nation, to disgust their country, and to defy their king? They seem to have waited with a most depraved cunning until the nation trembled as with an earthquake, and then to have taken a dastard advantage of the shock, to overturn, not only their opponents, but also all that is ancient, sacred, and beautiful, in the constitution. We will not say, that like experienced thieves, they have fired the house, in order the more completely to rob the inmates; but this we will say, that they have, in a most cowardly manner, availed themselves of the moral conflagration that the untoward operation of the Reform Bill has afforded them, in order to forward their private, interested, and sordid views. They would rather sit astride upon the smoke-stained ruins, than wait obsequiously —in their proper place—at the temple gate.

We accuse the Whigs of faction; and faction is, at this crisis, almost as morally bad, and quite as dangerous, as treason. It is treason. It is levying a moral war against the king. It is a betrayal of the interests of the country. They are making an attack upon all property through their attempt to plunder the most sacred. Their majority in the House of Commons is a faction. It has been gained by factious means, and is exerted for factious purposes.

It is absurd to say that the people of England are represented by the House of Commons solely. They are represented as well as protected by their laws and their institutions. They are represented in much that concerns their well-being in the dignity that surrounds their king, in the rallying point that his name affords against the foreign enemy, and against the tyranny and oppression of the great and rich among them. In his name the laws are administered, justice is consecrated in his person, and mercy is placed in his right hand for the benefit of the people over whom he reigns and whom he loves. The king greatly represents the people. Their interests and his interests, are one and are identical. The faction is in opposition to the king, and the king is in opposition to the faction.

And who, also, will deny that the House of Lords represents largely the people? Are they not the great representative of private territorial property? Is not, also, the whole body of the clergy represented by their bishops in the second estate? Land and agriculture have always been particularly under their patronage. It would be absurd to say, that they represent only their own class and their own privileges, for their very privileges and their gradations of rank are necessary to the body politic; they are the legitimate prize for merit, and valour, and patriotism; they are, with all their elevation,

still subjects, and thus represent strongly the feelings and the interests of their fellow subjects. The faction is in opposition to the House of Lords, and the House of Lords is in opposition to the faction.

Even in the assembly where the faction find themselves a majority, let us ask the question, "A majority of what?" It is merely a majority of number, and even in that, pitiful. Of six hundred and fifty-eight members, they have obtained majorities of thirteen, ten, and thirty-three. Does this majority of faction include a majority of property? Certainly not. A majority then, of character? O no. Of talent? No, no, no. It is, therefore, merely a majority of faction, and nothing else. And now by their works we will try them, as by their works they will be known, and we believe are fully appreciated.

Let us, in the first place, inquire how this faction constituted themselves. The Whigs, instead of forming themselves into a manly, straightforward, constitutional opposition, united to themselves men of principles the most opposite, of conduct the most violent, and of views the most dangerous. They have taken into their ranks the frantic repealer, the rabid radical, and the wily papist. Even company such as this does not exclude from their coterie the sanctimonious leveller, the scheming manufacturer, and the useless utilitarian. Now every leader of these various classes has his tail, and every joint of the said tail has a theory of government of his own, and all these discordant parts have only one view in common—the forcing themselves into place, and their theories down the throats of an insulted people. A body of brigands, with many adverse leaders, may be led on to simultaneous attack; but the greatest danger to themselves will be found in the sharing of the booty. Well may Sir Robert Peel, and every man of sense, ask this faction, Can you form a government that will have the confidence of the King? No. A government with which the House of Lords will co-operate? No. A government that will gain the good will of the people? No. Well, then, can you even form a government that will satisfy yourselves? No. Then what means this mad resistance to the executive—this harassing and miserable opposition to every measure for the public good—this contemning of the dignity of the House of Lords—this bearding of the sovereign's authority? It means *faction*—we will not use a harsher term.

The very act of their own creation, must then condemn the faction in the sight of every honest man. Let us now see if these doings be not in strict unison with their flagitious origin. Their very first attempt was to wreak the spite and ill-will that their dismissal created, upon the head of one of the most gentlemanly men, and the best Speaker that ever presided in the House of Commons. The cause of this illiberal conduct was their malevolence, and the evil passions excited to exasperation, by the ridiculous figure that they found themselves making before the country, and their hate to those who had replaced them in office; the pretence, that Lord Canterbury had fulfilled the conditions of his oath as a privy councillor. It was a shabby affair. The attacked, though not the aggrieved party, did quite right to move up into a higher and quieter place. No doubt, he thought

that he had long enough run the risk so forcibly detailed in the school-boy's copy, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

However, the premier pitied the malice, and despised the weakness of this attack. The faction next proceeded to move an amendment on the address. An amendment! God save the mark! It merely told the king that this parliament was sorry that that parliament had been dismissed before that parliament had carried those measures into completion which it had commenced. The poltroons dared not fairly put the question to the House, and insert the word "ministry," instead of the word parliament. It was a mean expedient that amendment—to catch a few votes—a juggling unworthy a British statesman to conceive, or an English gentleman to support. Every member who would not have voted for the amendment, had the word "ministry" been used in the room of the word parliament, dallied with his conscience, and wronged his constituents by voting for it as it was carried. Sir Robert Peel, giving this demonstration all the deference that was due to it, calmly proceeded on his high and even course, to remove what was obnoxious to the interests of the country, to redress grievances, and to redeem his pledge. He extorted, by his even and statesman-like conduct, unwilling encomiums, even from the faction. At no period in the English history, or in the recorded history of any other nation, had the body of the people such attention paid to their interests, such zeal shown for their welfare, or so much genius displayed in their cause, as at this time. Had government continued unmolested, the good that they would then have done, would have not only been a boon to the present generation, but a blessing to future ages, for in every measure that the premier propounded, there was health, and life, and vigour—renovation, instead of destruction—alterations upon which justice smiled; and a beneficence that gave much to many justly, without taking the least from any unjustly.

But to permit this progress of good, would have been not only ruin, but annihilation to the faction. This progression of beneficial purposes must be destroyed, and since they despaired of competing with him in good, they were determined to scare him away from his high station by the perpetration of evil. We will not descend to notice the little annoyances of little men, that ensued night after night in frivolous motions, and still more frivolous debate—in empty threats, and despicable recantations. A man who has the courage to attack the crocodile amidst his domain of filth, will not be turned aside by the buzzing of musquitoes, or the stinging of gnats. Sir Robert prepared for the onset of the monster of the mud, and, on the memorable 30th of March, the reeds bent, the almost stagnant filth was put in motion by the unwieldly action of the huge assailant, and the many-headed, many-tailed faction, made its motion, "*that property, because it happened to be church property, was no property to the church at all; and that a surplus, where there was no surplus, should be applied to some purpose not yet purported.*"

This, our posterity must suppose to have been a very strange method for ousting a ministry. They must think it a singular *non sequitur*, that, because three hundred and twenty-eight misguided men say that under some circumstances it is lawful to do a little bit of

robbery, that Lord Melbourne should be First Lord of the Treasury, instead of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Lords John Russell and Palmerston, the two principal secretaries of state. Yet the faction were, after all, wise in their generation. They wanted a majority. They wanted to divide the honest from the hoodwinked and the dishonest; and they could not have better effected their purpose than by laying down that for a principle to which no honest and clear-sighted man could accede. By this *ruse*, the faction gained a majority of thirty-three. It was so much easier to persuade men to an injustice, to the tampering with property not their own, than to bring them to that state of moral courage, that would enable them to say manfully, and openly, "We have no confidence in his majesty's ministers."

Now, we despise as much as any, vulgar vituperation. We will not have it understood that we think all those members dishonest who voted for the secularization of church property, or all of them dull-witted either. Many who voted, voted merely in the spirit of party—many without thinking much upon the subject; and again, many from motives which we do not wish to designate, at least by words. To the last class we can have nothing to say. As they are beyond the reach of shame, and have ceased to listen to the voices of their own consciences, we cannot expect that they will heed our remonstrance or our denunciation. Those to whom we allude are now fighting under masks. They will shortly be compelled to throw this disguise aside, and then their own party will shrink from them with horror. But to those who have but inadequately considered this question, we must be allowed to address a few words.

We are sorry that, in the outset, we should be compelled to make use of a few truisms, but, as they bear strongly upon the question, we must be pardoned for telling people what every body knows, or ought to know. The inviolability of property is the bond of social union. Man is nothing in himself, every thing in his possessions. To secure these, laws are made, even unto the death. So inviolable is this property, that it is wrong to say that even the state can take it for state purposes, excepting as an act of the whole body. If the property of an individual be wanted for the general good, the state takes it, but in such wise, by giving him immediate and ample indemnity, collected from all other persons, that the assumption of the property is from the individual only in appearance, but really, from the whole body of the community, himself among the rest. It is thus that the damnifications to property in the event of war are met by the whole body politic; and hence taxes, hence the national debt.

Again, we believe that but few landed proprietors can show title-deeds, or even good titles to their estates, prior to the reign of the eighth Henry. The whole body of the Protestant clergy derive their tenures from that period; and surely it is a time sufficiently long to make valid and consolidate their right—the right of private property, vested in the whole body corporate of the Protestant establishment. Why, then, should this sacred corporation have ravished from it its private property? You dare not treat a municipal one in the same way. You dare not so treat the trustees in whom property is in-

vested for the use of a dissenting, or a unitarian chapel—no, not even the property of a Jewish synagogue, that contemns your holy religion, and denies its Founder. Why, then, upon what principle of justice, even of common sense, could you mete out such a measure of vengeance and spoliation upon the pastors who worship the same God with you, teach you his ways here, and who hope to deliver you up hereafter, a perfect fold, and share with you the happiness reserved for the righteous? It is absurd—it is monstrous.

This disputed property of the clergy is more strictly private and inalienable, than any entailed estate whatever. The holder of a benefice cannot join with his successor, as a landholder can with his heir, to cut off the entail; there are laws existing to prevent the clergyman from deteriorating, in the slightest degree, those who are to enjoy the property after him. View the case in whatever light we will, we find church property the corner-stone of all our rights to enjoy what belongs to us; for, if we can arbitrarily remove, or turn their wealth into any other channels, the reign of spoliation is begun, and the first grasp is made of the general scramble that must ensue, when men find that laws, customs, and prescriptions, are no longer a defence for private property.

But, say the spoliators, tithes are a nuisance, they are injurious to agriculture, and the cause of eternal dissensions and heart-burnings. Granted. Therefore we will commute them. Still the aggregate of the church property must remain intact. As the tithes have always been a lien on the land, from the land must come the indemnity to the clergyman. Wherever tithes have existed, the secular landlord never possessed more than the usufruct of nine-tenths of what he was pleased to call his estate.

Again, our opponents may urge, that, in Ireland, as the tithes were granted upon the condition of spiritual instruction to the people, and the people repudiate such instruction, therefore, they the clergy, cannot fulfil the condition, and have therefore no right to the enjoyment of the property—but this, their strongest position, is weak as a foundation built upon sand, and every man of sense, who may advance it, we cannot help thinking guilty of insincerity. In the first place, it is not the fault of the clergyman if his parishioners reject his doctrines, and abandon his church. He is there, willing, gladly willing, to perform his part of the condition. The congregation cannot make an advantage of their own wrong. Apply this disqualification to England, and we should soon see the same anarchy here that is now driving Ireland into ruin and rebellion. Secondly, if there were not a Protestant in Ireland excepting the holders of benefices, we do not see what right we have to seize upon the whole undivided English church establishment. We now leave out all spiritual questions, we argue the case merely as one of property. There are in England, Scotland, and Ireland, thousands of large mansions and vast estates held upon very curious conditions, and very many of these upon the annual payment of a pepper-corn for rent. How would holders of such properties feel, if when they tendered their insignificant grain, it was refused, as being no longer needful, and the estate that was held by the payment of it sought to be resumed? There are some lands

held upon the condition of strewing the king's bed-chamber with rushes. We should not think very highly of his majesty's justice, were he to say to the holders, "Come, this farce has gone on long enough. The march of intellect has made all this unnecessary. We now prefer a good Turkey carpet to your abominable rushes of ill odour. Take back your rushes, and I'll take back the estate."

Shame, shame! Are they rushes or pepper-corns that the maligned, the impoverished, and the deserving clergymen of the portion of the English Protestant Church in Ireland offer to a deluded and infuriated peasantry? Do they not offer them the purest doctrines, the best precepts, the noblest examples of life? They are there at their posts, excepting those that have been driven away at the peril of their lives, to offer, to entreat the infatuated to receive, what we think, proves in them, so much blindness and so much sin to reject. They are there to perform their conditions. It is not their fault if they are rejected. What show of reason have we for depriving a single clergyman of one penny of his rights, because the rabble have the instinct of robbery strong upon them?

Thirdly, and lastly, if the property of the Established Church can be taken away from it—in whole or in part, for if in part, consequently in whole, who is to get it—how is it to be applied? The Irish Catholics cast already a longing eye upon it. The Irish landlord, and the Irish landlord's middleman, are already calculating how much they can raise their rents upon their farmers and cottagers, upon the strength of it. The Whig-Radical faction are for giving it for the purposes of general and gratuitous education. This last is but a mere pretence. They have avowed as much. It was the principle for which they contended, and not the grant. The principle of spoliation—the principle of invasion of private property. Should they, unfortunately for this country, succeed, we fervently pray that the all-just Providence that watches over us, in spite of our manifold iniquities, may see it good that they shall be the very first to whom these principles be applied; that their property, however derived, (and none of it can be derived so clearly and from a source so sacred as that of the clergy,) may be the first to be brought under the operation of their own laws—and if they persevere in the reckless course that they have taken, we fear we shall see it too soon.

Let us now turn our eyes to a more pleasing, to a more ennobling contemplation. We have unmasked the many-headed faction. We have shown by what crooked ways they are striving to reach a most nefarious end. Let us now view the great champion of our institutions, of our property, and of our national probity, taking his calm and undaunted stand in the breach that a violent faction has already made in our constitution. He sees and understands the daring spirit of the times. He knows the desperate nature of the voyage that the experimentalists in legislation are about to embark in—and, though he disapproves of their rashness, he, like a true patriot, throws himself into their crazy boat, and is content to sail with them as long as they do not entirely lose sight of honour; and thus, by taking the helm in the worst emergency, save the country and themselves. But even this glory the faction refuse him. They are determined to ruin the

nation after their own fashion. In the madness and virulence of opposition, they have already pledged themselves to measures fatal to the welfare of their country. Sir Robert Peel would have saved them if they would let him, and we trust that he will yet, in despite of themselves.

Out of the anomalous proceedings of the present parliament, another consideration forces itself upon the mind; and that is, the supposed nicely adjusted and balanced state of our tripartite constitution. When we advocated the Reform Bill, we certainly never dreamt of seeing, as its effects, a paramount democracy, controuling the prerogative of the king, and utterly contemning the House of Lords. The Reform Bill was excellent in principle, but we find that it has not worked well in practice. It has given too little voice to the people, properly so called, and much too much to the rabble. The wealth, the respectability, and the information of the people are with the king, the church, and the constitution; the rabblement, and they are comparatively a very small, but a very loud portion, are with the "Faction." Thus, the effects of the Reform Bill have been to throw the power into the hands of the lowest classes, and the House of Commons, as at present constituted, does not represent the whole of the people of England. Witness the addresses now pouring in from every part of the kingdom, proving that the wealth and intelligence of the country are at positive variance with the measures of the majority of its representatives.

Well—the faction have triumphed over their opponents—at least, they think so—but they will speedily find that they have laid the foundations for their own complete discomfiture. The ministry now inflicted upon the country is purely a Whig one. But the Whigs must remember the pack with whom they hunted. Now the noble quarry is run down, they have taken to themselves the whole of the prey. Neither the Papist nor the Radical faction have a tittle of the spoil. The time is at hand, when the assistants who joined the present ministry to oust their opponents, will remind them of the cry of the horse-leech, which says, "Give, give," and has never enough. Give the Whigs cannot, for theirs has been the spirit of taking. They have got all for themselves, and have, therefore, nothing to bestow. As a body, they do not average one hundred and eighty, whilst the consistent Tories can boast of at least one hundred more than that number in their ranks. As this one hundred and eighty are the ascendant party only by the sufferance of the several minor factions, there is still hope for the country that they may be shortly ejected from power. They contain within themselves the elements of their own destruction; at their own destruction may the mischief stop, and no longer may they be permitted to threaten that of the country.

But in what an ominous dilemma do we find our political affairs! Owing to the present state of the representation, no honest party can long retain power. The Whigs are just strong enough by banding with the Destructives, to impede or defeat the patriotic government of the Conservatives—but far, very far, from being strong enough themselves to govern. Neither can we be destroyed quietly, or saved without molestation; there is the prospect before us of continual doing and

undoing—a prospect that terminates, we are sorry to say, in the perspective of anarchy, unless the gentlemen of property every where do their duty within their sphere.

Their influence is almost unbounded, and we hope that it will be now, and at all times, exerted, for in them rest what hopes we have for the preservation of the constitution and the salvation of the country. It is in their power, with but few exceptions, to return conservative members to the House of Commons. A victory gained on the hustings may lead to another in parliament, and, when it is seen that the people will not have these imbeciles for senators, that faction has forced into office as ministers, a blow will be given to Whiggery, that may at once overthrow them, and will assuredly deprive them for a great length of time of the power of inflicting mischief.

It is to the rural aristocracy that we look. They must exert themselves. Apathy just now would be guilt. The destinies of this great empire seem to be thrown into their hands. If any portion of them should look upon patriotism as a mere abstract principle, that is good to talk about, but which they are not organized so as to feel, we must inform them, that it is just now to them the merest selfish consideration in the world—that the career of the Destructives should be arrested. It is a struggle of the many for active power, and active power the many ought not to have, to procure for themselves such institutions as will bestow upon them the enjoyments of life, and that which will procure them without due labour. That is, after all, the tendency of all radical innovations. The present ministry have begun already to consider how much property of their own, one class of the community shall enjoy, when they think, in their wisdom, that it may be better employed. *They* may wish to stop here. The movement will not. But yet there is for us both hope and safety. The springs of this movement are still under the control of the property of the country. They must be weakened at their fountain-heads, or directed in the right course from the spot on which they bubble up in the soil. It is at the source, at the elections, that that which may else become a devastating torrent, must be turned to flow obediently through channels, that may fertilize the country, and spread happiness and prosperity around.

We think that the seeds of dissatisfaction are already sown in the turbid bosom of Mr. O'Connell. Whoever on earth thought he could satisfy him, or supposed that he could be satisfied? Agitation will still go on in Ireland let who will be minister; and on the soil of that unhappy kingdom the first battle for private property, and good government, will be fought.

Bad as are our present prospects, we do not despair for the country. We rest our hopes in the moral and intellectual weakness of the present ministry—in the discordant materials of the majority that have placed them in power, and in the awakening sense of the country to the wild innovating and rapacious spirit which is abroad. As we write this article on the 27th, we cannot refrain from putting on record the names of the new ministry, though we know that we are anticipated with our readers by the whole of the daily and weekly press; but we do so with the hope, that when we again present ourselves to our friends, in the space of one little month, we shall be able

to favour them with a list more pleasing to ourselves, and more satisfactory also to them.

THE CABINET.

First Lord of the Treasury	Lord Melbourne.
President of the Council	Lord Lansdowne.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord Auckland.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Lord Holland.
Woods and Forests, and Privy Seal	Lord Duncannon.
Home Secretary	Lord J. Russell.
Foreign Secretary	Lord Palmerston.
Colonial Secretary	Mr. Charles Grant.
Board of Control	Sir J. Hobhouse.
Secretary at War	Lord Howick.
Board of Trade	Mr. Poulett Thomson.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Spring Rice.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	Earl Mulgrave.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	Lord Plunket.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Viscount Morpeth.
Postmaster-General	Marquess Conyngham.
Lord Chamberlain	Marquess Wellesley.
Lord Steward	Duke of Argyll.
Master of the Horse	Earl of Albemarle.
Paymaster-General and Treasurer of the Navy	Sir H. Parnell.
Vice President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint	Mr. Labouchere.
Lords of the Treasury	Lord Seymour. Mr. Steuart. Mr. Ord.
Lords of the Admiralty	Lord Dalmeny. Sir William Parker. Hon. Captain Elliot. Sir T. Troubridge, Bart.
Joint Secretaries of the Treasury	Mr. Baring. Mr. Stanley.
Secretary of the Admiralty	Mr. Charles Wood.
Secretaries of the Board of Control	Mr. Robert Gordon. Mr. Vernon Smith.
Judge Advocate-General	Mr. R. C. Fergusson.
Clerk of the Ordnance	Colonel Leith Hay.
Surveyor-General of the Ordnance	Sir Rufane Donkin.
Under Secretary Home Department	Hon. Fox Maule.
Under Secretary of the Colonies	Sir George Grey.
Attorney-General	Sir J. Campbell.
Solicitor-General	Mr. Rolfe.
Lord Advocate for Scotland	Mr. Murray.
Solicitor-General for Scotland	Mr. Cunninghame.
Attorney-General for Ireland	Mr. Perrin.
Solicitor-General for Ireland	Mr. O'Loughlin.

Mr. Young is Lord Melbourne's Private Secretary.

Mr. Charles Gore is Lord John Russell's Private Secretary.

Mr. George Arbuthnot is the Private Secretary of Mr. F. J. Stanley, at the Treasury.

The Great Seal is in Commission, the Commissioners being the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, and Mr. Justice Bosanquet.

Committed as these men are to the Destructives, and to measures, the sure heralds of destruction, how can they possibly exist in office without in another sense committing themselves daily—either by some act which in them will be treachery to the factions that placed them in power, or by some deed still more disgraceful, that will be treason to the best interests of their country?

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHAT is Love?—a rainbow glory,
Cradled in a stormy cloud;
Glow-worm of a fairy story,
Spangling beauty's winding shroud:

Born in smiles, but nursed in sorrow,
Love's the child of weeping skies,
Though the rose's bloom it borrow,
Soon the fleeting splendour dies.

Yet with all of evil round it,
Like a jewel darkly set,
Dear as loving hearts have found it,
How can they its light forget?

There's a sweetness in its anguish,
There's a music in its sigh;
Hopes may wither, joys may languish,
Still it lives, it cannot die.

Though relentless fate may sever
Hearts that love would fain unite,
Mem'ry's star shall linger ever
O'er that fount of young delight.

All things fade away, and leave us;
Youth, and health, and fortune wane,
Hopes betray, and friends deceive us,
Still we hug Love's rosy chain.

Like the cloistered vestal, telling,
Every holy bead with tears,
Love, in gentle bosoms dwelling,
Counts the joys of vanished years.

THOU WAKEFUL STAR.

Thou wakeful star o' silent night,
That guid'st my Donald far frae me,
I envy thee, serenely bright,
That look'st on him *I canna see.*
'Tis past—'tis gane—my dream o' bliss,
Like gather'd roses crowning death,
That mock the brow they coldly kiss,
Wi' mortal bloom and simmer breath.

Oh! dinna let the worldling say,
That woman's heart maun faithless prove;
Her love is but a stolen ray,
Frae glowing shrines that burn above:
And when the tender heart is cold
To a' that fann'd its earthly fire,
'Twill breathe again in purer mold,
To wake love's unforgotten lyre!

C.

CANZONET FOR THE GUITAR.

BY L. M. J. M. MONTAGU.

Come away, come away, love!
The young moon is wreathing
Her bright silver tresses with garlands of dew;
Come away, come away, love!
Where music is breathing,
And the sweet orange grove sheds its odours for you:
Come away!

Once again, once again, love,
We'll meet, though in sorrow;
One look of those eyes, and one kiss of that brow!
Once again, once again, love,
My spirit would borrow
A light—for the darkness that shadows it now;—
Once again!

Fare thee well, fare thee well, love!
The stars are retreating;
One by one, like the hours of enjoyment, they fly:
Fare thee well, fare thee well, love!
The thought of this meeting
Shall rainbow for ever my life's stormy sky:
Fare thee well!

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

We argued the matter over for some time, and then it was agreed that we should proceed together. I was informed by Mr. Cophagus that he had retired with a very handsome fortune, and was living in the country, about ten miles from the metropolis; that he had been summoned to attend the funeral of a maiden aunt in Dublin, who had left him executor and residuary legatee, but that he knew nothing of her circumstances. He was still a bachelor, and amused himself in giving advice and medicines gratis to the poor people of the village in which he resided, there being no resident practitioner within some distance. He liked the country very much, but there was one objection to it—the *cattle*. He had not forgotten the *mad bull*. At a very late hour we retired to our beds; the next morning the weather had moderated, and on the arrival of the mail we embarked, and had a very good passage over. On my arrival at Dublin I directed my steps to the F——— Hotel, as the best place to make inquiries relative to Mr. De Benyon. Mr. Cophagus also put up at the same hotel, and we agreed to share a sitting-room.

"Waiter," said I, "do you know a Mr. De Benyon?"

"Yes, sir," replied he; "there is one of the De Benyons at the hotel at this moment."

"Is he a married man?"

"Yes—with a large family."

"What is his Christian name?"

"I really cannot tell, sir; but I'll find out for you by to-morrow morning."

"When does he leave?"

"To-morrow, I believe."

"Do you know where he goes?"

"Yes, sir, to his own seat."

The waiter left the room. "Won't do, Japhet," said Cophagus. "Large family—don't want more—hard times, and so on."

"No," replied I, "it does not exactly answer; but I may from him obtain further intelligence."

"Won't do, Japhet—try another way—large family—want all uncle's money—um—never tell—good night."

This remark of Mr. Cophagus gave me an idea, upon which I proceeded the next morning. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of speaking to Mr. De Benyon, stating that I had come over to Ireland on business of importance, but that as I must be back if possible by *term* time, it would perhaps save much expense and trouble. The waiter took in the message. "Back by term time—it must be some legal gentleman. Show him up," said Mr. De Benyon.

[1] Continued from vol. xii. p. 372.

I walked in with a business-like air. "Mr. De Benyon, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; will you do me the favour to take a chair?"

I seated myself, and drew out my memorandum book. "My object, Mr. De Benyon, in troubling you, is to ascertain a few particulars relative to your family, which we cannot so easily find out in England. There is a *property* which it is supposed may be claimed by one of the De Benyons, but which we cannot ascertain until we have a little search into the genealogical tree."

"Is the property large?" inquired Mr. De Benyon.

"Not very large," replied I; "but still a very handsome property, I am told." The reader may surmise that the property referred to was my own pretty self. "May I ask you a few particulars relative to the present earl and his brothers?"

"Most certainly, sir," replied Mr. De Benyon; "any information I can give you will be at your service. The Earl has four brothers. The eldest Maurice."

"Is he married?"

"No; nor has he ever been. He is a general in the army. The second is myself, Henry."

"You are married, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, with a large family."

"May I request you will proceed, sir?"

"Arthur is the next brother; he also is a married man with a family; and Octavius is the fourth brother. He is lately married, and has two children."

"Sir, I feel much obliged to you; it is a curious and intricate affair. As I am here, I may as well ask one question, although not of great consequence. The earl is married, I perceive, by the peerage; but I do not perceive that he has any children."

"On the contrary, he has two—and prospects of more."

This annoyed me, and the reader may imagine how mad I was by so trifling a circumstance.

"May I now request the particulars connected with this property?"

"The exact particulars, sir, I cannot well tell you, as I am not acquainted with them myself; but the property in question, I rather think, depends upon a *name*. May I venture to ask the names of all your children?"

Mr. De Benyon gave me a list *seriatim*, which I put down with great gravity.

"Of course there is no doubt of your elder brother not being married. I believe we ought to have a certificate. Do you know his address?"

"He has been in the East Indies for many years. He returned home on furlough, and has now just sailed again for Calcutta."

"That is unfortunate; we must forward a letter through the India Board. May I also be favoured with your address, as in all probability it may be advisable?"

Mr. De Benyon gave me his address. I rose, promised to give him all the particulars as soon as they were known to me, bowed, and

made my exit. To one who was in his sober senses, there certainly was not any important information gained; but to me, it was evident that the Mr. De Benyon who had been a colonel in the army was to be interrogated, and I had almost made up my mind to set off for Calcutta. Before I had gained my own room, I informed Mr. Cophagus, who had just returned from a visit to his maiden aunt's house, of what had passed.

"Can't see any thing in it, Japhet—wild goose chase—who told you?—oh! Plegget's men—sad liars—De Benyon not name, depend upon it—all stuff, and so on."

And when I reflected, I could but acknowledge that the worthy apothecary was right, and that I was running after shadows; but this was only in my occasional fits of despondency. I soon rallied, and was as sanguine as ever. Undecided how to proceed, and annoyed by what Cophagus had said, I quitted the hotel, to walk out, in no very good humour. As I went out, I perceived the agent M'Dermott speaking to the people in the bar, and the sight of him reminded me of what for a moment I had forgotten, which was, to ascertain whether Melchior and Sir Henry de Clare were one and the same person. As I passed a crossing, a man in tattered habiliments, who was sweeping it, asked for alms, but being in no very charitable humour, I walked on. He followed me, pestering me so much, that I gave him a tap with the cane in my hand, saying to him, "Be off, you scoundrel."

"Oh! very well. Be off is it you mane? By the blood of the O'Rourke's but you'll answer for that same, any how."

I passed on, and having perambulated the city of Dublin for some time, returned to the hotel. A few minutes afterwards I was told by the waiter that a Mr. O'Donaghan wished to speak to me. "I have not the honour of his acquaintance," replied I, "but you may show him up."

Mr. O'Donaghan entered, a tall, thick-whiskered personage, in a shabby-genteel dress, evidently not made for him, a pair of white cotton gloves, and a small stick. "I believe that I have the honour of spaking to the gentleman who crossed over the street about two hours ago?"

"Upon my word, sir," replied I, "that is so uncertain a definition, that I can hardly pretend to say whether I am the person you mean; indeed, from not having the pleasure of any one's acquaintance in Dublin, I rather think there must be some mistake."

"The devil a bit of a mistake, at all, at all; for there's the little bit of a cane with which you paid my friend Mr. O'Rourke the compliment over his shoulders."

"I really am quite mystified, sir, and do not understand you; will you favour me with an explanation?"

"With all the pleasure in life, for then we shall come to a right understanding. You were crossing the street, and a gentleman, a particular friend of mine, with a broom which he carries for his own amusement, did himself the honour to address you, whereupon of that same little stick of yours, you did him the honour to give him a slight taste."

"What do you mean; do you refer to the sweeper, who was so importunate when I crossed over the road?"

"Then by the powers, you've just hit it, as you did him. That's my particular friend, Thaddeus O'Rourke, gentleman."

"Gentleman!" exclaimed I.

"And with as good and as true Milesian blood as any in Ireland. If you think, sir, that because my friend, just for his own amusement, thinks proper to put on the worst of his clothes and carry a broom, just by way of exercise, to prevent his becoming too lusty, he is therefore to be struck like a hound, it's a slight mistake, that's all; and here, sir, is his card, and you will oblige me by mentioning any friend of yours with whom I may settle all the little points necessary before the meeting of two gentlemen."

I could hardly refrain from laughing at this Irish gentleman and his friend, but I thought it advisable to retain my countenance. "My dear sir," replied I, "it grieves me to the heart that I should have committed such an error, in not perceiving the gentility of your friend; had I not been so careless, I certainly should have requested him to do me the honour to accept a shilling, instead of having offered him the insult. I hope it is not now too late?"

"By the powers, I'm not one of those harum-scarum sort, who would make up a fight when there's no occasion for it, and as your 'haviour is that of a gentleman, I think it will perhaps be better to shake hands upon it, and forget it altogether. Suppose, now, we'll consider that it was all a mistake? You give the shilling, as you intended to do, I'll swear, only you were in so great a hurry—and then, perhaps, you'll not object to throw in another shilling for that same tap with the cane, just to wipe off the insult as it were, as we do our sins, when we fork out the money, and receive absolution from the padre; and then, perhaps, you'll not think it too much if I charge another shilling for my time and trouble, for carrying a message between two gentlemen."

"On the contrary, Mr. O'Donaghan, I think all your demands are reasonable. Here is the money."

Mr. O'Donaghan took the three shillings. "Then, sir, and many thanks to you, I'll wish you a good evening, and Mr. O'Rourke shall know from me that you have absolution for the whole, and that you have offered every satisfaction which one gentleman could expect from another." So saying, Mr. O'Donaghan put his hat on with a firm cock, pulled on his gloves, manœuvred his stick, and, with a flourising bow, took his departure.

I had hardly dismissed this gentleman, and was laughing to myself at the ridiculous occurrence, when Mr. Cophagus returned, first putting his cane up to his nose with an arch look, and then laying it down on the table and rubbing his hands. "Good—warm old lady. No—dead and cold—but left some thousands—only one legacy—old Tom cat—physic him to-morrow—soon die, and so on."

On a more full explanation, I found that the old lady had left about nine thousand pounds in the funds and bank securities, all of which, with the exception of twenty pounds per annum to a favourite cat, was left to Mr. Cophagus. I congratulated him upon this accession

of fortune. He stated that the lease of the house and furniture was still to be disposed of, and that after that he should have nothing more to do; but he wished me very much to assist him in rummaging over the various cabinets belonging to the old lady, and which were full of secret drawers; that in one cabinet alone he had found upwards of fifty pounds in various gold coins, and that if not well examined, they would probably be sold with many articles of consequence remaining in them. As my only object in Ireland was to find out Sir Henry de Clare, and identify him, (but really why, I could not have said, as it would have proved nothing after all,) I willingly consented to devote a day to assist Mr. Cophagus in his examinations. The next morning after breakfast, we went together to the house of the old lady, whose name had been Maitland, as Mr. Cophagus informed me. Her furniture was of the most ancient description, and in every room in the house there was an or molu, or Japan cabinet; some of them were very handsome, decorated with pillars, and or molu and silver ornaments. I can hardly recount the variety of articles, which in all probability had been amassed during the whole of the old lady's life, commencing with her years of childhood, and ending with the day of her death. There were antique ornaments, some of considerable value—miniatures, fans, etuis, notes, of which the ink from time had turned to a light red—packages of the letters of the various correspondents in her days of hope and anticipation, down to those of solitude and age. We looked over some of them, but they appeared to both of us to be sacred, and they were, after a slight examination, committed to the flames.

After we had examined all the apparent receptacles in these cabinets, we took them up between us, and shook them, and in most cases found out that there were secret drawers containing other treasures. There was one packet of letters which caught my eye, it was from a Miss De Benyon. I seized it immediately, and showed the inscription to Mr. Cophagus. "Pooh—nothing at all—her mother was a De Benyon."

"Have you any objection to my looking at these letters?"

"No—read—nothing in them."

I laid them on one side, and we proceeded in our search, when Mr. Cophagus took up a sealed packet. "Heh! what's this—De Benyon again? Japhet, look here."

I took the packet, it was sealed, and tied with red tape. "Papers belonging to Lieutenant Maurice De Benyon, to be returned to him at my decease." "Alice Maitland, *with great* care," was written at the bottom of the envelope.

"This is it, my dear sir," cried I, jumping up and embracing Mr. Cophagus; "these are the papers which I require. May I keep them?"

"Mad—quite mad—go to Bedlam—strait waistcoat—head shaved, and so on"

He then, after his own fashion, told me, that as executor, he must retain those papers; pointed out to me the little probability there was of their containing any information relative to my birth—even allow-

ing that a person of the name of De Benyon did call at the Foundling to ask for me, which was only a supposition; and finally, overthrew all the hopes which had been for so many days buoying me up. When he had finished, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair, and wished, at the moment, that I had never been born. Still hope again rose uppermost, and I would have given all I possessed to have been able to break open the seals of that packet, and have read the contents. At one moment I was so frantic, that I was debating whether I should not take them from Mr. Cophagus by force, and run off with them. At last I rose, and commenced reading the letters which I had put aside, but there was nothing in them but the trifling communications of two young women, who mentioned what was amusing to them, but uninteresting to those who were not acquainted with the parties.

At last we had finished, Mr. Cophagus collected all together, and putting them into a box, we returned in a coach to the hotel. The next day Mr. Cophagus had completed all his arrangements, and the day following had determined to return to England. I walked with him down to the vessel, and watched it for an hour after it had sailed, for it bore away a packet of papers which I could not help imagining were to discover the secret which I was so eager in pursuit of. A night's sleep made me more rational, and I now resolved to ascertain where Sir Henry de Clare, or Melchior, as I felt certain he must be, was to be found. I sent for the waiter, and asked him if he could inform me. He immediately replied in the affirmative, and gave his address, Mount Grunnis Castle, Connemara, asking me when I intended to set out. It did not strike me till afterwards, that it was singular that he should be so well acquainted with the address, and that he should have produced a card with it written upon it; or, moreover, that he should know that it was my intention to go there. I took the address, and desired that I might have horses ready very early the next morning. I then sat down and wrote a letter to Harcourt, informing him of my proceedings, also one to Mr. Masterton much more explicit, lastly, to Timothy, to the care of Harcourt, requesting him to let me know what had occurred between him and the gipsies. After dinner I packed up ready for my journey, and having settled my bill, I was not sorry to retire to my bed.

At daylight I was, as I requested, called by the waiter, and taking with me only a very small portmanteau, having left the rest of my effects in the charge of the people who kept the hotel, I set off in a post-chaise on my expedition. I was soon clear of the city, and on a fine smooth road, and as I threw myself back in the corner of the chaise, I could not help asking myself the question of, what was the purport of my journey? As the reader will perceive, I was wholly governed by impulses, and never allowed reason or common sense to stand in the way of my feelings. "What have I to do?" replied I, to myself; "to find out if Melchior and Sir Henry de Clare are not one and the same person. And what then? What then? why then I may find out something relative to Fleta's parentage. Nay, but is that likely—if, as you suppose, Melchior is Sir Henry de Clare—if, as you suppose, it is he who is now trying to find out and carry off Fleta—is it probable that you will gain any informa-

tion from him? I have an idea that Fleta is the little girl said to have died, who was the child of his elder brother. Why so? What interest could Melchior have in stealing his own niece? That I cannot tell. Why did Nattée give me the necklace? I cannot tell—she would hardly betray her husband. At all events, there is a mystery, and it can only be unravelled by being pulled at; and I may learn something by meeting Melchior, whereas, I shall learn nothing by remaining quiet." This last idea satisfied me, and for many hours I remained in a train of deep thought, only checked by paying for the horses at the end of every stage.

It was now past twelve o'clock, when I found that it was necessary to change the chaise at every post. The country also, as well as the roads, had changed much for the worse. Cultivation was not so great, the roads were mountainous, and civilisation generally disappeared. It was nearly dark when I arrived at the last post, from whence I was to take horses to Mount Grunnis Castle. As usual, the chaise also was to be changed; and I could not help observing that each change was from bad to worse. Rope harness was used, and the vehicles themselves of the most crazy condition. Still I had travelled very fairly, for an Irish postillion knows how to make an Irish horse go a very fair pace. I descended from the chaise, and ordered another out immediately. To this there was no reply, except, "Wait, your honour—step in a moment and rest from your fatigue a little." Presuming this was merely to give them time to get ready, I walked into the room of the inn, which indeed was little better than a hovel, and sat down by the turf fire in company with some others, whom I could hardly distinguish for smoke. I paid the chaise and postillion, and soon afterwards heard it drive off on its way back. After a few minutes I inquired if the chaise was getting ready.

"Is it the chaise your honour means?" said the landlady.

"Yes," replied I, "a chaise on to Mount Grunnis Castle."

"Then I am sorry that your honour must wait a little; for our chaise, and the only one which we have, is gone to the castle, and wont be back till long after the moon is up. What will your honour please to take?"

"Not back till moonlight," replied I; "why did you not say so? and I would have gone on with the other."

"Is it with the other you mane, your honour? Then if Teddy Driscoll could make his horses go one step further than our door, may I never have a soul to be saved. Will your honour please to sit in the little room? Kathleen shall light a fire."

Vexed as I was with the idea of passing the night in this horrid place, there was no help for it; so I took up my portmanteau and followed the landlady to a small room, if it deserved the appellation, which had been built after the cottage, and a door broken through the wall into it. Ceiling there was none, it had only lean-to rafters, with tiles over head. I took a seat on the only stool that was in the room, and leant my elbow on the table in no very pleasant humour, when I heard the girl say, "And why don't you let him go on to the castle? Sure the chaise is in the yard, and the horses are in the stable."

"There's orders 'gainst it, Kathleen," replied the landlady. "Mr. M'Dermott was here this blessed day, and who can deny him?"

"Who is he then?" replied the girl.

"An attorney with a warrant against Sir Henry; and, moreover, they say that he's coming to strain upon the cattle of Jerry O'Toole for the tithes."

"He's a bould young chap, at all events," replied the girl, "to come here all by himself."

"Oh! but it's not till to-morrow morning, and then we'll have the troops here to assist him."

"And does Jerry O'Toole know of this?"

"Sure enough he does; and I hope there'll be no murder committed in my house this blessed night. But what can a poor widow do when M'Dermott holds up his finger? Now, go light the fire, Kathleen, and see if the poor young man wants any thing; it's a burning pity that he shouldn't have something to comfort him before his misfortunes fall upon him."

Kathleen made no reply. The horror that I felt at this discourse may easily be imagined. That it was intended that I should meet with foul play was certain, and I knew very well that in such a desolate part of the country the murder of an individual, totally unknown, would hardly be noticed. That I had been held up to the resentment of the inhabitants as a tithe collector and an attorney with a warrant, was quite sufficient, I felt conscious, to induce them to make away with me. How to undeceive them was the difficulty. Kathleen came in with fuel to light the fire, and looking rather hard at me, passed by, and was soon busy blowing up the turf. She was a very handsome, dark-eyed girl, about nineteen years of age, stout and well made. "What is your name?" said I.

"Kathleen, at your service, sir."

"Listen to me, Kathleen," said I in a low voice. "You are a woman, and all women are kind-hearted. I have overheard all that passed between your mistress and you, and that M'Dermott has stated that I am a tithe collector and an attorney, with a warrant. I am no such thing. I am a gentleman who wishes to speak to Sir Henry de Clare on a business which he does not like to be spoken to about; and to show you that what I say is the truth, it is about the daughter of his elder brother, who was killed when hunting, and who is supposed to be dead. I am the only evidence to the contrary; and, therefore, he and M'Dermott have spread this report that I may come to harm."

"Is she alive, then?" replied Kathleen, looking up to me with wonder.

"Yes; and I will not tell Sir Henry where she is, and that is the reason of their enmity."

"But I saw her body," replied the girl in a low voice, standing up, and coming close to me.

"It was not her's, depend upon it," replied I, hardly knowing what to answer to this assertion.

"At all events it was dressed in her clothes; but it was so long before it was discovered, that we could make nothing of the features.

Well I knew the poor little thing, for my mother nursed her. I was myself brought up at the castle, and lived there till after Sir William was killed; then we were all sent away."

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" cried the landlady.

"Call for every thing you can think of one after another," whispered Kathleen," leaving the room.

"I cannot make the peat burn," said she to the landlady, after she had quitted the little room; "and the gentleman wants some whiskey."

"Go qut then, and get some from the middle of the stack, Kathleen, and be quick; we have others to attend besides the tithe proctor. There's the O'Tooles all come in, and your own Corny is with them."

"My Corny, indeed!" replied Kathleen; "he's not quite so sure of that."

In a short time Kathleen returned, and brought some dry peat and a measure of whiskey. "If what you say is true," said Kathleen, "and sure enough you're no Irish, and very young for a tithe proctor, who must grow old before he can be such a villain, you are in no very pleasant way. The O'Tooles are here, and I've an idea they mean no good; for they sit with all their heads together, whispering to each other, and all their shillelaghs by their sides."

"Tell me, Kathleen, was the daughter of Sir William a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl?"

"To be sure she was," replied Kathleen, "and like a little mountain fairy."

"Now, Kathleen, tell me if you recollect if the little girl or her mother ever wore a necklace of red beads mixed with gold."

"Yes, that my lady did; and it was on the child's neck when it was lost, and when the body was found, it was not with it. Well I recollect that, for my mother said the child must have been drowned or murdered for the sake of the gold beads."

"Then you have proved all I wished, Kathleen; and now I tell you that this little girl is alive, and that I can produce the necklace which was lost with her; and more, that she was taken away by Sir Henry himself."

"Merciful Jesus!" replied Kathleen; "the dear little child that we cried over so much."

"But now, Kathleen, I have told you this to prove to you that I am not what M'Dermott has asserted, no doubt with the intention that my brains shall be knocked out this night."

"And so they will, sure enough," replied Kathleen, "if you do not escape."

"But how am I to escape? and will you assist me?" And I laid down on the table ten guineas from my purse, "Take that, Kathleen, and it will help you and Corny. Now will you assist me?"

"It's Corny that will be the first to knock your brains out," replied Kathleen, "unless I can stop him. I must go now, and I'll see what can be done."

Kathleen would have departed without touching the gold; but I caught her by the wrist, collected it, and put it into her hand.

"That's not like a tithe proctor, at all events," replied Kathleen; "but my heart aches, and my head swims, and what's to be done I know not." So saying, Kathleen quitted the room.

"Well," thought I, after she had left the room, "at all events I have not been on a wrong scent this time. Kathleen has proved to me that Fleta is the daughter of the late Sir William; and if I escape this snare, Melchior shall do her justice." Pleased with my having so identified Melchior and Fleta, I fell into a train of thought, and for the first time forgot my perilous situation; but I was roused from my meditations by an exclamation from Kathleen. "No, no, Corny, nor any of ye—not now—and mother and me to witness it—it shall not be. Corny, hear me, as sure as blood's drawn, and we up to see it, so sure does Corny O'Toole never touch this hand of mine." A pause, and whispering followed, and again all appeared to be quiet. I unstrapped my portmanteau, took out my pistols, which were loaded, re-primed them, and remained quiet, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

It was more than half an hour before Kathleen returned; she looked pale and agitated. "Keep quiet, and do not think of resistance," said she, "it is useless. I have told my mother all, and she believes you, and will risk her life to save him who has watched over the little girl whom she nursed; but keep quiet, we shall soon have them all out of the house. Corny dare not disobey me, and he will persuade the others."

She then went out again, and did not return for nearly an hour, when she was accompanied by her mother. "Kathleen has told me all, young sir," said she, "and do what we can, we will; but we hardly know what to do. To go to the castle would be madness."

"Yes," replied I; "but cannot you give me one of your horses to return the way I came?"

"That was our intention; but I find that the O'Tooles have taken them all out of the stable to prevent me; and the house is watched. They will come at midnight and attack us, that I fully expect, and how to conceal you puzzles my poor head."

"If they come, and we can but persuade them that he has escaped," replied Kathleen, "they will no longer watch the house, and he will then have some chance."

"There is but one chance," replied the mother, who took Kathleen aside, and whispered to her. Kathleen coloured to the forehead, and made no reply. "If your mother bids you, Kathleen, there can be no harm."

"Yes; but if Corny was——"

"He dare not," replied the mother; "and now put this light out, and do you get into bed, sir, with your clothes on." They led me to a small bed-room, a miserable affair; but in that part of the country considered respectable. "Lie down there," said the mother, "and wait till we call you." They took the light away, and left me to myself and my own reflections, which were any thing but pleasant. I lay awake, it might be for two hours, when I heard the sound of feet, and then whispering under the window. Shortly afterwards a loud knocking at the door, which they were attempting to burst open.

Every moment I expected that it would yield to the violence which was made use of, when the mother came down half-dressed, with a light in her hand, hastened to me, and desired me to follow her. I did so, and before she left my room, she threw the window wide open. She led me up a sort of half-stairs, half-ladder, to a small room, where I found Kathleen sitting up in her bed, and undressed. "O mother! mother!" cried Kathleen.

"I bid ye do it, child," replied the mother, desiring me to creep into her daughter's bed, and cover myself up on the side next the wall.

"Let me put on some clothes, mother."

"No, no, if you do they will suspect, and will not hesitate to search. Your mother bids you."

The poor girl was burning with shame and confusion.

"Nay," replied I, "if Kathleen does not wish it, I will not buy my safety at the expense of her feelings."

"Yes, yes," replied Kathleen, "I don't mind now; those words of yours are sufficient. Come in, quick."

There was no time for apology, and stepping over Kathleen I buried myself under the clothes by her side. The mother then hastened down-stairs, and arrived at the door just as they had succeeded in forcing it open, when in pounced a dozen men armed, with their faces blackened. "Holy Jesus! what is it that you want?" screamed the landlady.

"The blood of the tithe proctor, and that's what we'll have," replied the O'Tooles.

"Not in my house—not in my house!" cried she. "Take him away, at all events; promise me to take him away."

"So we will, honey darlint; we'll take him out of your sight, and out of your hearing too, only show us where he may be."

"He's sleeping," replied the mother, pointing to the door of the bed-room, where I had been lying down.

The party took the light from her hands, and went into the room, where they perceived the bed empty and the window open. "Devil a bit of a proctor here any how," cried one of them, "and the window open. He's off—hurrah! my lads, he can't be far."

"By the powers! it's just my opinion, Mrs. M'Shane," replied the elder O'Toole, "that he's not quite so far off; so with your lave, or by your lave, or without your lave, we'll just have a look over the premises."

"O! and welcome, Mister Jerry O'Toole; if you think I'm the woman to hide a proctor, look every where just as you please."

The party, headed by Jerry O'Toole, who had taken the light out of Mrs. M'Shane's hand, now ascended the ladder to the upper story, and as I lay by Kathleen, I felt that she trembled with fear. After examining every nook and cranny they could think of, they came to Mrs. M'Shane's room, "O! go in—go in and look, Mr. O'Toole; it's a very likely thing to insinuate that I should have a tithe proctor in my bed. Search, pray," and Mrs. M'Shane led the way into her own room.

Every part had been examined, except the small sleeping room of

Kathleen; and the party paused before the door. "We must search," observed O'Toole doggedly.

"Search my daughter's! very well, search if you please; it's a fine story you'll have to tell, how six great men pulled a poor girl out of her bed to look for a tithe proctor. It will be a credit to you any how; and you, Corny O'Toole, you'll stand well in her good graces, when you come to talk about the wedding day; and your wife that is to be, pulled out of her bed by a dozen men. What will ye say to Kathleen, when you affront her by supposing that a maiden girl has a tithe proctor in bed with her? D'ye think that ye'll ever have the mother's consent or blessing?"

"No one goes into Kathleen's room," cried Corny O'Toole, roused by the sarcasms of Mrs. M'Shane.

"Yes, Corny," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "it's not for a woman like me to be suspected, at all events; so you, and you only, shall go into the room,—if that will content ye, Mr. Jerry O'Toole."

"Yes!" replied the party, and Mrs. M'Shane opened the door.

Kathleen rose up on her elbow, holding the bed clothes up to her throat, and looking at them as they entered, said, "O Corny! Corny! this to me?"

Corny never thought of looking for any body, his eyes were rivetted upon his sweetheart. "Murder, Kathleen, is it my fault? Jerry will have it."

"Are you satisfied, Corny?" said Mrs. M'Shane.

"Sure enough I was satisfied before I came in that Kathleen would not have any one in her bed-room," replied Corny.

"Then good night, Corny, and it's to-morrow that I'll talk with ye," replied Kathleen.

Mrs. M'Shane then walked out of the room, expecting Corny to follow; but he could not restrain himself, and he came to the bed-side. Fearful that if he put his arms round her, he would feel me, Kathleen raised herself, and allowed him to embrace her. Fortunately the light was not in the room, or I should have been discovered, as in so doing she threw the clothes off my head and shoulders. She then pushed back Corny from her, and he left the room, shutting the door after him. The party descended the ladder, and as soon as Kathleen perceived that they were all down, she sprang out of bed and ran into her mother's room. Soon after I heard them depart. Mrs. M'Shane made fast the door, and came up stairs. She first went to her own room, where poor Kathleen was crying bitterly from shame and excitement. I had got up when she came into Kathleen's room for her clothes, and in about five minutes they returned together. I was sitting on the side of the bed when they came in: the poor girl coloured up when our eyes met. "Kathleen," said I, "you have, in all probability, saved my life, and I cannot express my thanks. I am only sorry that your modesty has been put to so severe a trial."

"If Corny was to find it out," replied Kathleen, sobbing again. "How could I do such a thing!"

"Your mother bid you," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "and that is sufficient."

"But what must you think of me, sir?" continued Kathleen.

"I think that you have behaved most nobly. You have saved an innocent man at the risk of your reputation, and the loss of your lover. It is not now that I can prove my gratitude."

"Yes, yes, promise me by all that's sacred, that you'll never mention it. Surely you would not ruin one who has tried to serve you."

"I promise you that, and I hope to perform a great deal more," replied I. "But now, Mrs. M'Shane, what is to be done? Remain here I cannot."

"No; you must leave, and that very soon. Wait about ten minutes more, and then they will give up their search and go home. The road to E———" (the post I had lately come from) "is the best you can take; and you must travel as fast as you can, for there is no safety for you here."

"I am convinced that rascal M'Dermott will not leave me till he has rid himself of me." I then took out my purse, in which I still had nearly twenty guineas. I took ten of them. "Mrs. M'Shane, I must leave you in charge of my portmanteau, which you may forward by-and-by, when you hear of my safety. If I should not be so fortunate, the money is better in your hands than in the hands of those who will murder me. Kathleen, God bless you! you are a good girl, and Corny O'Toole will be a happy man if he knows your value."

I then wished Kathleen good by, and she allowed me to kiss her without resistance; but the tears were coming down her cheeks as I left the room with her mother. Mrs. M'Shane looked carefully out of the windows, holding the light to ascertain if there was any body near, and, satisfied with her scrutiny, she then opened the door, and calling down the saints to protect me, shook hands with me, and I quitted the house. It was a dark cloudy night, and when I first went out, I was obliged to grope, for I could distinguish nothing. I walked along with a pistol loaded in each hand, and gained, as I thought, the high road to ———, but I made a sad mistake; and puzzled by the utter darkness and turnings, I took, on the contrary, the road to Mount Grunnis Castle. As soon as I was clear of the houses and enclosure, there was more light, and I could distinguish the road. I had proceeded about four or five miles, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and shortly afterwards two men on horseback passed me. I inquired if that was the way to ———. A pause ensued, and a whisper, "All's right!" replied a deep voice. I continued my way, glad to find that I had not mistaken it, and cogitating as to what must be the purpose of two men being out at such an hour. About ten minutes afterwards I thought I again heard the sound of horses' feet, and it then occurred to me that they must be highwaymen, who had returned to rob me. I cocked my pistols, determined to sell my life as dearly as I could, and awaited their coming up with anxiety; but they appeared to keep at the same distance, as the sound did not increase. After half an hour I came to two roads, and was undecided which to take. I stopped and listened—the steps of the horses were no longer to be heard. I looked round me to ascertain if I could re-

cognise any object so as to decide me, but I could not. I took the road to the left, and proceeded until I arrived at a brook which crossed the road. There was no bridge, and it was too dark to perceive the stepping stones. I had just waded about half way across, when I received a blow on the head from behind, which staggered me. I turned round, but before I could see my assailant, a second blow laid me senseless in the water.

When my recollection returned, I found myself in the dark, but where I knew not. My head ached, and my brain reeled. I sat up for a moment to collect my senses, but the effort was too painful, I fell back, and remained in a state of half stupor. Gradually I recovered, and again sat up. I perceived that I had been lying on a bed of straw, composed of two or three trusses apparently. I felt with my extended arms on each side of me, but touched nothing. I opened my eyes, which I had closed again, and tried to pierce through the obscurity, but in vain—all was dark as Erebus. I then rose on my feet, and extending my hands before me, walked five or six steps on one side, till I was clear of the straw, and came to a wall. I followed the wall about twenty feet, and then touched wood; groping about, I found it was a door. I then made the circuit of the walls, and discovered that the other side was built with bins for wine, which were empty, and I then found myself again at the straw upon which I had been laid. I was in a cellar no longer used—but where? Again I lay down upon the straw, and as it may be imagined, my reflections were any thing but pleasing. "Was I in the power of M'Dermott or Melchior." I felt convinced that I was; but my head was too painful for long thought, and after half an hour's reflection, I gave way to a sullen state of half-dreaming, half-stupor, in which the forms of M'Dermott, Kathleen, Melchior, and Fleta, passed in succession before me. How long I remained in this second species of trance I cannot say, but I was roused by the light of a candle, which flashed in my eyes. I started up, and beheld Melchior in his gipsy's dress, just as when I had taken leave of him.

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for this treatment?" replied I.

"No; not to me," replied Melchior. "I do not command here; but I knew you when they brought you in insensible, and being employed in the castle, I have taken upon myself the office of your gaoler, that I might, if possible, serve you."

I felt, I knew this to be false, but a moment's reflection told me that it was better at present to temporize.

"Who then does the castle belong to, Melchior?"

"To Sir Henry de Clare."

"And what can be his object in treating me thus?"

"That I cannot tell you, because I am a party concerned. You remember the little girl, Fleta, who left the gipsy camp with you—she is now somewhere under your care?"

"Well, I grant it; but I was answerable only to you about her."

"Very true, but I was answerable to Sir Henry; and when I could only say that she was well, he was not satisfied, for family reasons now make him very anxious that she should return to him; and, in-

deed, it will be for her advantage, as she will in all probability be his heir, for he has satisfactorily proved that she is a near relative."

"Grant all that, Melchior; but why then did not Sir Henry de Clare write to me on the subject, and state his wishes, and his right to demand his relative? and why does he treat me in this way? Another question—how is it that he has recognised me to be the party who has charge of the little girl? Answer me those questions, Melchior, and then I may talk over the matter."

"I will answer the last question first. He knew your name from me, and it so happened, that a friend of his met you in the coach as you were coming to Ireland; the same person also saw you at the post-house, and gave information. Sir Henry, who is a violent man, and here has almost regal sway, determined to detain you till you surrendered up the child. You recollect, that you refused to tell his agent, the person whose address I gave you, where she was to be found, and, vexed at this, he has taken the law into his own hands."

"For which he shall smart, one of these days," replied I, "if there is law in this country."

"There is law in England, but very little, and none that will harm Sir Henry in this part of the country. No officer would venture within five miles of the castle, I can assure you; for he knows very well that it would cost him his life; and Sir Henry never quits it from one year's end to the other. You are in his power, and all that he requires is information where the child may be found, and an order for her being delivered to him. You cannot object to this, as he is her nearest relative. If you comply, I do not doubt but Sir Henry will make you full amends for this harsh treatment, and prove a sincere friend ever afterwards."

"It requires consideration," replied I; "at present I am too much hurt to talk."

"I was afraid so," replied Melchior, "and that was one reason why I obtained leave to speak to you. Wait a moment."

Melchior then put the candle down on the ground, went out, and turned the key. I found, on looking round, that I was right in my conjectures. I was in a cellar, which, apparently, had long been in disuse. Melchior soon returned, followed by an old crone, who carried a basket and a can of water. She washed the blood off my head, put some salve upon the wounds, and bound them up. She then went away, leaving the basket.

"There is something to eat and drink in that basket," observed Melchior; "but I think, Japhet, you will agree with me, that it will be better to yield to the wishes of Sir Henry, and not remain in this horrid hole."

"Very true, Melchior," replied I; "but allow me to ask you a question or two. How came you here? where is Nattée, and how is it, that after leaving the camp, I find you so reduced in circumstances, as to be serving such a man as Sir Henry de Clare?"

"A few words will explain that," replied he. "In my early days I was wild, and I am, to tell you the truth, in the power of this man; nay, I will tell you honestly, my life is in his power; he ordered me to come, and I dare not disobey him—and he retains me here."

"And Nattée?"

"Is quite well, and with me, but not very happy in her present situation; but he is a dangerous, violent, implacable man, and I dare not disobey him. I advise you as a friend, to consent to his wishes."

"That requires some deliberation," replied I, "and I am not one of those who are to be driven. My feelings towards Sir Henry after this treatment, are none of the most amicable; besides, how am I to know that Fleta is his relative?"

"Well, I can say no more, Japhet. I wish you well out of his hands."

"You have the power to help me, if that is the case," replied I.

"I dare not."

"Then you are not the Melchior that you used to be," replied I.

"We must submit to fate. I must not stay longer; you will find all that you want in the basket, and more candles, if you do not like being in the dark. I do not think I shall be permitted to come again till to-morrow."

Melchior then went out, locked the door after him, and I was left to my meditations.

Was it possible that what Melchior said was true? A little reflection told me that it was all false, and that he was Sir Henry de Clare. I was in his power, and what might be the result? He might detain me, but he dare not murder me. Dare not! My heart sank when I considered where I was, and how easy it would be for him to despatch me, if so inclined, without any one ever being aware of my fate. I lighted a whole candle, that I might not find myself in the dark when I rose, and exhausted in body and mind, was soon fast asleep. I must have slept many hours, for when I awoke I was in darkness—the candle had burnt out. I groped for the basket, and examined the contents with my hands, and found a tinder box. I struck a light, and then feeling hungry and weak, refreshed myself with the eatables it contained, which were excellent, as well as the wine. I had replaced the remainder, when the key again turned in the door, and Melchior made his appearance.

"How do you feel, Japhet, to-day?"

"To-day!" replied I; "day and night are the same to me."

"That is your own fault," replied he. "Have you considered what I proposed to you yesterday?"

"Yes," replied I; "and I will agree to this. Let Sir Henry give me my liberty, come over to England, prove his relationship to Fleta, and I will instantly give her up. What can he ask for more?"

"He will hardly consent to that," replied Melchior; "for, once in England, you will take a warrant out against him."

"No; on my honour I will not, Melchior."

"He will not trust to that."

"Then he must judge of others by himself," replied I.

"Have you no other terms to propose," replied Melchior.

"None."

"Then I will carry your message, and give you his answer to-morrow."

Melchior then brought in another basket, and took away the for-

mer, and did not make his appearance till the next day. I now had recovered my strength, and determined to take some decided measures, but how to act I knew not. I reflected all night, and the next morning (that is, according to my supposition) I attacked the basket. Whether it was that ennui or weakness occasioned it, I cannot tell, but either way, I drank too much wine, and was ready for any daring deed, when Melchior again opened the door.

"Sir Henry will not accept of your terms. I thought not," said Melchior. "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Melchior," replied I, starting up; "let us have no more of this duplicity. I am not quite so ignorant as you suppose. I know who Fleta is, and who you are."

"Indeed," replied Melchior; "perhaps you will explain?"

"I will. You Melchior, are Sir Henry de Clare; you succeeded to your estates by the death of your elder brother, from a fall when hunting."

Melchior appeared astonished.

"Indeed!" replied he; "pray go on. You have made a gentleman of me."

"No; rather a scoundrel."

"As you please; now will you make a lady of Fleta?"

"Yes, I will. She is your niece." Melchior started back. "Your agent, M'Dermott, who was sent over to find out Fleta's abode, met me in the coach, and he has tracked me here, and risked my life, by telling the people that I was a tithe proctor."

"Your information is very important," replied Melchior, "but you will find some difficulty to prove all you say."

"Not the least," replied I, flushed with anger and with wine. "I have proof positive. I have seen her mother, and I can identify the child by the necklace which was on her neck when you stole her."

"Necklace!" cried Melchior.

"Yes, the necklace put into my hands by your own wife when we parted."

"Damn her," replied Melchior.

"Do not damn her; damn yourself for your villany, and its being brought to light. Have I said enough, or shall I tell you more?"

"Pray tell me more."

"No, I will not, for I must commit others, and that will not do," replied I; for I felt I had already said too much.

"You have committed yourself, at all events," replied Melchior; "and now I tell you, that until——never mind," and Melchior hastened away.

The door was again locked, and I was once more alone.

I had time to reflect upon my imprudence. The countenance of Melchior when he left me, was that of a demon. Something told me to prepare for death; and I was not wrong. The next day Melchior came not, nor the next; my provisions were all gone. I had nothing but a little wine and water left. The idea struck me, that I was to die of starvation. Was there no means of escape? None; I had no weapon, no tool, not even a knife. I had expended all my candles. At last it occurred to me, that, although I was in a cellar, my voice

might be heard, and I resolved, as a last effort, to attempt it. I went to the door of the cellar, and shouted at the top of my lungs, "Murder—murder!" I shouted again and again as loud as I could, until I was exhausted. As it afterwards appeared, this plan did prevent my being starved to death, for such was Melchior's villanous intention. About an hour afterwards I repeated my cries of "Murder—murder!" and they were heard by the household, who stated to Melchior, that there was some one shouting murder in the vaults below. That night, and all the next day; I repeated my cries occasionally. I was now quite exhausted, I had been nearly two days without food, and my wine and water had all been drunk. I sat down with a parched mouth and heated brain, waiting till I could sufficiently recover my voice to repeat my cries, when I heard footsteps approaching. The key was again turned in the door, and a light appeared, carried by one of two men, armed with large sledge hammers.

"It is then all over with me," cried I; "and I never shall find out who is my father. Come on, murderers, and do your work. Do it quickly."

The two men advanced without speaking a word; the foremost, who carried the lantern, laid it down at his feet, and raised his hammer with both hands, when the other behind him raised his weapon—and the foremost fell dead at his feet.

"Silence," said a voice that I well knew, although his face was completely disguised. It was *Timothy!!* "Silence, Japhet," again whispered Timothy; "there is yet much danger, but I will save you, or die. Take the hammer. Melchior is waiting outside." Timothy put the lantern in the bin, so as to render it more dark, and led me towards the door, whispering, "when he comes in, we will secure him."

Melchior soon made his appearance, and as he entered the cellar, "Is it all right?" said he, going up to Timothy, and passing me.

With one blow I felled him to the ground, and he lay insensible. "That will do," replied Timothy; "now we must be off."

"Not till he takes my place," replied I, as I shut the door, and locked it. "Now he may learn what it is to starve to death."

I then followed Timothy, by a passage which led outside of the castle, through which he and his companion had been admitted. "Our horses are close by," said Timothy; "for we stipulated upon leaving the country after it was done."

It was just dark when we were safe out of the castle. We mounted our horses, and set off with all speed. We followed the high road to the post town to which I had been conveyed, and I determined to pull up at Mrs. M'Shane's, for I was so exhausted that I could go no further. This was a measure which required precaution, and as there was moonlight, I turned off the road before I entered the town, or village, as it ought to have been called, so that we dismounted at the back of Mrs. M'Shane's house. I went to the window of the bedroom where I had lain down, and tapped gently, again and again, and no answer. At last Kathleen made her appearance.

"Can I come in, Kathleen?" said I; "I am almost dead with fatigue and exhaustion."

"Yes," replied she, "I will open the back-door; there is no one here to-night—it is too early for them."

I entered, followed by Timothy, and as I stepped over the threshhold I fainted. As soon as I recovered, Mrs. M'Shane led me up stairs into her room for security, and I was soon able to take the refreshment I so much required. I stated what had passed to Mrs. M'Shane and Kathleen, who were much shocked at the account.

"You had better wait till it is late before you go on," said Mrs. M'Shane, "it will be more safe; it is now nine o'clock, and the people will all be moving till eleven. I will give your horses some corn, and when you are five miles from here, you may consider yourselves as safe. Holy saints! what an escape!"

The advice was too good not to be followed, and I was so exhausted, that I was glad that prudence was on the side of repose. I lay down on Mrs. M'Shane's bed, while Timothy watched over me. I had a short slumber, and then was awakened by the good landlady, who told me that it was time for us to quit. Kathleen then came up to me, and said, "I would ask a favour of you, sir, and I hope you will not refuse it."

"Kathleen, you may ask any thing of me, and depend upon it, I will not refuse it, if I can grant it."

"Then, sir," replied the good girl, "you know how I overcame my feelings to serve you, will you overcome yours for me? I cannot bear the idea that any one, bad as he may be, of the family who have reared me, should perish in so miserable a manner; and I cannot bear that any man, bad as he is, even if I did not feel obliged to him, should die so full of guilt, and without absolution. Will you let me have the key, that Sir Henry de Clare may be released after you are safe and away? I know he does not deserve any kindness from you; but it is a horrid death, and a horrid thing to die so loaded with crime."

"Kathleen," replied I, "I will keep my word with you. Here is the key; take it up to-morrow morning, and give it to Lady de Clare; tell her Japhet Newland sent it."

"I will, and God bless you, sir."

"Good bye, sir," said Mrs. M'Shane, "you have no time to lose."

"God bless you, sir," said Kathleen, who now put her arms round me and kissed me. We mounted our horses and set off.

We pressed our horses, or rather ponies, for they were very small, till we had gained about six miles, when we considered that we were, comparatively speaking, safe, and then drew up, to allow them to recover their wind. I was very much exhausted myself, and hardly spoke one word until we arrived at the next post town, where we found every body in bed. We contrived, however, to knock them up, and Timothy having seen that our horses were put into the stable, we lay down till the next morning, upon a bed which happened to be unoccupied. Sorry as were the accommodations, I never slept so soundly, and woke quite refreshed. The next morning I stated my intention of posting to Dublin, and asked Tim what we should do with the horses.

"They belong to the castle," replied he.

"Then in God's name, let the castle have them, for I wish for nothing from that horrid place."

We stated to the landlord that the horses were to be sent back, and that the man who took them would be paid for his trouble; and then it occurred to me, that it would be a good opportunity of writing to Melchior, *alias* Sir Henry. I do not know why, but certainly my animosity against him had subsided, and I did not think of taking legal measures against him. I thought it, however, right to frighten him. I wrote, therefore, as follows:—

SIR HENRY;—I send you back your horses with thanks, as they have enabled Timothy and me to escape from your clutches. Your reputation and your life are in my power. How far you may be safe at the castle, surrounded by your adherents, I know not; but if you or M'Dermott, whom I shall include in the warrant—being able to prove him an accessory—venture to leave your present security, you will be immediately apprehended; and, as the fact of your intending murder, is fully proved by my friend Timothy, who was employed by you in disguise, and accompanied your gipsy, you cannot escape the sentence of the law. Prepare yourself, then, for the worst, as it is not my intention that you shall escape the disgraceful punishment due to your crimes.

Yours,
JAPHET NEWLAND.

Having sealed this, and given it to the lad who was to return with the horses, we finished our breakfast, and took a postchaise on for Dublin, where we arrived late in the evening. During our journey I requested Timothy to narrate what had passed, and by what fortunate chance he had been able to come so opportunely to my rescue.

"If you recollect, Japhet," replied Timothy, "you had received one or two letters from me, relative to the movements of the gipsy, and stating his intention to carry off the little girl from the boarding-school. My last letter, in which I had informed you that he had succeeded in gaining an entrance into the ladies' school at Brentford, could not have reached you, as I found by your note that you had set off the same evening. The gipsy, whom I only knew by the name of *Will*, inquired of me the name by which the little girl was known, and my answer was, Smith; as I took it for granted that in a large seminary there must be one, if not more, of that name. Acting upon this, he made inquiries of the maid servant to whom he paid his addresses, and made very handsome presents, if there was a Miss Smith in the school; she replied, that there were two, one a young lady of sixteen, and the other about twelve years old. Of course the one selected was the younger. Will had seen me in my livery, and his plan was to obtain a similar one, hire a chariot, and go down to Brentford, with a request that Miss Smith might be sent up with him immediately, as you were so ill that you were not expected to live; but previous to his taking this step, he wrote to Melchior, requesting his orders as to how he was to proceed when he had obtained the child. The answer from Melchior arrived. By this time he had discovered that

you were in Ireland, and intended to visit him; perhaps he had you in confinement, for I do not know how long you were there, but the answer desired Will to come over immediately, as there would be in all probability work for him, that would be well paid for. He had now become so intimate with me, that he disguised nothing; he showed me the letter, and I asked him what it meant; he replied that there was somebody to put out of the way, that was clear. It immediately struck me, that you must be the person if such was the case, and I volunteered to go with him, to which, after some difficulty, he consented. We travelled outside the mail, and in four days we arrived at the castle. Will went up to Melchior, who told him what it was that he required. Will consented, and then stated he had another hand with him, which might be necessary, vouching for my doing any thing that was required. Melchior sent for me, and I certainly was afraid that he would discover me, but my disguise was too good. I had prepared for it still further, by wearing a wig of light hair; he asked me some questions, and I replied in a surly, dogged tone, which satisfied him. The reward was two hundred pounds, to be shared between us; and as it was considered advisable that we should not be seen after the affair was over, by the people about the place, we had the horses provided for us. The rest you well know. I was willing to make sure that it was you before I struck the scoundrel, and the first glimpse from the lantern, and your voice, convinced me. Thank God, Japhet, but I have been of some use to you, at all events."

"My dear Tim, you have indeed, and you know me too well to think I shall ever forget it; but now I must first ascertain where the will of the late Sir William is to be found. We can read it for a shilling, and then I may discover what are the grounds of Melchior's conduct, for to me it is still inexplicable."

"Are wills made in Ireland registered here, or at Doctor's Commons in London?"

"In Dublin, I should imagine."

But on my arrival at Dublin I felt so ill, that I was obliged to retire to bed, and before morning I was in a violent fever. Medical assistance was sent for, and I was nursed by Timothy with the greatest care, but it was ten days before I could quit my bed. For the first time, I was sitting in an easy chair by the fire, when Timothy came in with the little portmanteau I had left in the care of Mrs. M'Shane. "Open it, Timothy," said I, and see if there is any thing in the way of a note from them. Timothy opened the portmanteau, and produced one, which was lying on the top. It was from Kathleen, and as follows:—

DEAR SIR;—They say there is terrible work at the castle, and that Sir Henry has blown out his brains, or cut his throat, I don't know which. Mr. M'Dermott passed in a great hurry, but said nothing to any body here. I will send you word of what has taken place as soon as I can. The morning after you went away, I walked up to the castle and gave the key to the lady, who appeared in a great fright at Sir Henry not having been seen for so long a while. They wished to detain me after they had found him in the cellar with the dead man,

but after two hours I was desired to go away, and hold my tongue. It was after the horses went back that Sir Henry is said to have destroyed himself. I went up to the castle, but M'Dermott had given orders for no one to be let in on any account.

Yours,
KATHLEEN M'SHANE.

"This is news indeed," said I, handing the letter to Timothy. "It must have been my threatening letter which has driven him to this mad act."

"Very likely," replied Timothy; "but it was the best thing the scoundrel could do, after all."

"The letter was not, however, written with that intention. I wished to frighten him, and have justice done to little Fleta—poor child! how glad I shall be to see her."

The next day the newspapers contained a paragraph, in which Sir Henry de Clare was stated to have committed suicide. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, was the winding up of the intelligence. I also received another letter from Kathleen M'Shane, confirming the previous accounts; her mother had been sent for to assist in laying out the body. There was now no further doubt, and as soon as I could venture out, I hastened to the proper office, where I read the will of the late Sir William. It was very short, merely disposing of his personal property to his wife, and a few legacies; for as I discovered, only a small portion of the estates were entailed with the title, and the remainder was not only to the heirs male, but the eldest female, should there be no male heir, with the proviso, that should she marry, the husband was to take upon himself the name of St. Clare. Here, then, was the mystery explained, and why Melchior had stolen away his brother's child. Satisfied with my discovery, I determined to leave for England immediately, find out the dowager Lady St. Clare, and put the whole case into the hands of Mr. Masterton. Fortunately, Timothy had money with him sufficient to pay all expenses, and take us to London, or I should have been obliged to wait for remittances, as mine was all expended before I arrived at Dublin. We arrived safe, and I immediately proceeded to my house, where I found Harcourt, who had been in great anxiety about me. The next morning I went to my old legal friend, to whom I communicated all that had happened.

"Well done, Newland," replied he, "after I had finished. I'll bet ten to one that you find out your father. Your life already would not make a bad novel. If you continue your hairbreadth adventures in this way, it will be quite amusing."

(To be continued.)

OH! WHERE IS HE WHA LOVES ME BEST?

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! where is he wha loves me best,
My love Willie?
Oh! where is he wha loves me best,
My love Willie?
His bonnie bark is on the sea,
But weel I ken his heart's wi' me;
Oh! what I'd gie his face to see,—
My love Willie!

He loved me frae his boyish days,
My love Willie!
He loved me frae his boyish days,
My love Willie!
He wooed me wi' his winsome een,
We danced together on the green,
And aye frae kirk wi' me was seen,
My love Willie!

'Twas sweet to meet, but sair to part,
My love Willie!
'Twas sweet to meet, but sair to part,
My love Willie!
I clasp'd his plaid aboon his breast,
And lang and fond my lip he press'd,
But few the words our grief express'd,
My love Willie!

When he comes back to marry me,
My love Willie!
When he comes back to marry me,
My love Willie!
He'll deck me like a high-born maid,
Wi' golden brooch and silken plaid,
And a' wi' gems my locks he'll braid,
My love Willie!

Oh! where is he wha loves me best,
My love Willie?
Oh! where is he wha loves me best,
My love Willie?
His bonnie bark is on the sea,
But weel I ken his heart's wi' me;
Oh! what I'd gie his face to see,—
My love Willie!

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA,

WITH SOME REMARKS ON

The Bastille; or, the Iron Mask. An Historical Play, in Three Acts. By FRANCIS MILLS. Unpublished.

THE decline of dramatic taste in this country has excited as much surprise, as any modern phenomenon that ever puzzled the brains of those who pretend to philosophize upon every thing. But the surprise has been still greater that this decline has hitherto never been satisfactorily accounted for. Like most other mundane circumstances, the plain and simple fact has been evolved by numerous combinations of accidents—accidents that would seem individually opposed to each other, yet all tending to one common end. When Shakspeare wrote, the thirst for knowledge was equally as extensive and goading as it is now; but, at that juncture, the fountains were but few at which the public could drink. There was then scarcely anything like a periodical press; but comparatively few books were printed, and most of the popular information that then circulated was confined to the court, the bench, and the clergy. Men, at that period, had also a more reverent idea of authority. Discussion was not encouraged, hardly permitted. There was only one general school open for knowledge; and, as in that forum, the highest degree of amusement was combined with the noblest thoughts, beautiful essays in morals, and displays of the struggles of passions the most sublime, it never wanted either frequenters, disciples, or lovers.

The theatre was then almost the only arena into which the spirit of the times beckoned genius, and nobly was the invitation answered by Shakspeare, Dryden, Ford, Massinger, and the host of older dramatists, whom now only to *imitate* successfully, is held to be a wondrous achievement. Circumstances and events created that palmy state of the drama; and what they created, for some time they encouraged and fostered; events and circumstances, in their ceaseless round of changes, are now bearing in an opposite direction, and nothing but the lowest farce, or the most hideous monstrosities, can command even a partial and temporary attention.

It would be derogating from the divine goodness not to suppose that, at this present moment, geniuses that might rival him of Avon exist; but they are buried under a superincumbent mass of adverse accidents, and they will only start into the sphere of glory at their proper time, be it soon or late; but we lament to add, that we fear the time will be late indeed.

When the drama begins to revive, its first show of a healthy resuscitation will be at the minor theatres. With the refined and the highly cultured, the taste for the theatre *has* been, and is passed. The managers of the larger theatres, by a curious skilfulness of folly, have done their very best to keep away the educated from their

houses, at the very time that they will not lower their prices, or adapt their representations to an inferior grade of auditors. Instead of giving those who lead the fashion in this country the pleasures appropriate to high intellect, they offer them nothing better than an elephant, a dog, horses, a lion, unmeaning pomp, and tinselled show. Did it never occur to a manager that people seldom go to the top of the Monument, or St. Paul's, or to see the lions in the Tower, more than once? A show is meant for but one inspection; and, latterly, it is upon this principle that the directors of the privileged theatres have acted. They seem to wish to make their houses raree shows to be peeped at, not the sublime temples in which is displayed the epic poetry of action. They wish to create wonderers, not frequenters, and behold they have succeeded miraculously.

We will not listen to the pusillanimous cry, that they cannot obtain the attendance of fashion. They must attempt it, or make up their minds at once to act upon the same principle as, and enter into a rivalry with, the minor establishments. How this attempt is to be made, we will hereafter suggest.

A sagacious manager might read a very instructive lesson at the playhouses on the other side of the water. He would there see crowded houses, and the intellectuals of those valuable members of society, so cruelly called "the unwashed," paying their shilling for their seat in the pit, and entering most rapturously into the interest of the performances. Amongst them there is no want of relish for the drama, and, as to taste, that is now forming. At present they most applaud that which most excites; but they, merely from the habit of frequenting the houses, will soon look for and demand something beyond this—they will call for those pleasurable sensations arising from the contemplations of moral and intellectual beauty. The dramas performed there will gradually meet this call, and the actors will cease to attempt to extract an unmeaning cheer by unmeaning rant; but endeavour, by a just appreciation of nature, to embody the fine workings of the poet's mind. We are rather of opinion, that the reform of the English drama, if it is to be reformed in our age, will commence at the unjustly despised minor theatres.

In conjunction with the reasons we have already stated for the decline in the drama, there are many other co-operating and subservient causes that we are about to state. No one will deny that we have as efficient a corps dramatique as the metropolis ever possessed. We may not, just now, have so many stars, (Heaven preserve us from the autocrasy of stars!) but the corps de théâtre of the present day is certainly, on the whole, of a very superior description. Actors and actresses are now much more liberally educated. There is a gentlemanly feeling, and an air of good society predominant among them. From the many sad vicissitudes of fortune in these times of change among the better classes, many valuable characters are now upon the stage who would, perhaps, formerly have spurned at it as a profession. It is therefore very evident that this desertion of the theatre is not attributable to the inferiority of the actors. The late hours of dining, now become so prevalent, must certainly have some effect; but this adverse circumstance may be easily ob-

viated, by commencing the performances one hour later, and by offering such attractions as will successfully compete with those of political argument, conducted over heavy port and sour claret.

Another impediment to the drama's success, and one not so trivial as it may at first appear, is in the curious and captious tyranny exercised by the moral author of the "Broad Grins," and many other equally stiff-necked moral productions, in his capacity of licenser. Indeed, with this licenser we have no patience. Why so prurient an author should have been selected as the corregidor of dramatic exuberance, we cannot imagine, unless it be upon the principle that the greater is the sinner, the greater will be the saint; or upon the axiom of the police offices, that the greatest thief makes the best thief-taker. The licenser has certainly reformed, but upon the most economical plan possible—upon the writings, and at the expense, of others; and has become eminently religious—we do not mean in his life—but in the dash of his pen. He serves God, by driving his quill through—"Oh! the devil!" and endeavours to defy the devil, by writing *dele* "O God!" Seeing this, we cannot help reverting to certain farces of his own, and we are just calculating that after he had struck out all the loose expressions, all the immoral tendency, and all the indecent allusions, we think that what would have been left to supply the place of wit, humour, and point, would have excited in the audience a grin that could not be termed either long or short, narrow or broad. Though he has ceased affording the public any more "Broad Grins," we think that we have one in store for them, in giving them an anecdote of Mr. Colman's abject adoration, and unlimited respect, for the powers above. It so happened, that in a farce presented for his license, a Sir John Tuberville was one of the characters. Mr. Colman objected to that name, as it savoured of disrespect to the sovereign, who had lately permitted the addition of the syllable "ville" to the name of a very eminent and a very courtly architect.

Upon our honour, after this, we do indeed believe that the licenser has become a reformed man, and is now amply making amends for all his former *peccadilloes*. But why, in the name of good taste, should Mr. Colman's conversion stand in the way of redemption for the drama? Because he has become "virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" We really believe that he could get to heaven, where we very piously wish him, without sending the theatre to the devil. What man of spirit will undergo the humiliation of submitting to such an ordeal as we see personified in the sanctity of the dealer out of many *deles?* He is, really, one of the great *little* obstructions to the success of the drama.

Now, messieurs and mesdames, the accomplished actresses and actors on the London boards, we have also a very little bone to pick with you; and which bone, if we pick it together amicably, may be the means of giving you hereafter more bones to pick, with more flesh upon them. We have certainly done justice to you as a body; now we wish to show you how you may do a little more justice to yourselves, and thus remove another *little*—no, not a little—obstruction to the success of that by which you live. Did it never occur to yourselves,

that you were a trifle, a mere trifle too petulant and captious—that there is a slight inclination among you to become a body of managers, instead of a body of players? We know that you can all roar in the lion's part, most mellifluently, even as sucking doves; but still—all to be lions, is something *de trop*. We pray you not to think that your reputations will suffer by attempting parts not exactly suited to you. Already there has, from this feeling, arisen a very disastrous consequence; that is, that plays are now written for the actors, and not for the public. It is a sad thing, that a good poet should be compelled to take the elegant Mr. ——— for his hero, and the still more elegant Miss ——— for his heroine, instead of the historical character he may have selected, or the creation of his own imagination. Really, my friends—for such indeed you are, and we thus address you personally—by this conduct you undermine, most surely, the foundation upon which you should build your own fortunes—you give a great blow to good dramatic writing; for the poor scribe, in writing for you alone, most probably will, and does, write ill: thus he and you are left "all alone in your glory."

It is no mark of talent not to be able to take a part unless it be exactly suitable. Many comedians that we could mention have a certain cast of character, tragedy, high comedy, low comedy, the melodrama, &c., and they adhere to their peculiar castes almost as devoutly as the Hindoo natives in the East. This is the great fault, they have subdivided the drama into parts; content to be great in one, they will not attempt the others. Now we assert that this is not acting. An actor ought to be so versatile as to be able to play many parts; and in proof of our assertion, we quote the immortal Garrick, who could act the highest tragedy one evening, and the next appear in Scrub, the lowest comedy. We might add Kean, who from a harlequin and buffoon, walked pre-eminent in the highest characters. We have now living actors who are capable of doing the same. We will mention but one, Wallack, who has, perhaps, the most versatile genius in existence; he can electrify, he can draw tears from hundreds, and at the same time there is no branch of either comedy or tragedy which he is not equal to. Farren is another; but—ay there is the but—they are so trammelled by usage, that they are afraid if they quitted their peculiar line of acting, or descended to a lower grade, that they would lose *caste*. So fearful are they of their reputation, that they will refuse a character if it is too young or too old for their years. We know that Macready has done this, although he wished to take the part, but he was afraid, not of his acting, for that there was no fear of, but of the remarks of the press, who would have libelled him for his temerity in taking a part too *young*. Now we repeat, that this system is wrong altogether—an actor ought to be every thing, and it is only by actors being every thing, that the various plays that are offered can be performed. The fact is, that if a play is accepted by the manager, it has still to be accepted by the actors; and if the parts do not exactly suit their ideas, it is by them not positively, but virtually rejected.

Besides, this imitation of the annuals is derogatory to you, this turning you into copperplate engravings, to which the authors write

up—for, my dear friends, it is supposing you to be mere fixtures—automatons, that are capable only of a limited number of tones and motions. He or she, who rightly understands the histrionic art, will represent faithfully every character, not wholly unsuited to the sex and years. If the lady or gentleman cannot do this, they are as yet but pupils in their profession, and have still much to learn. By such proceedings as those upon which we have just commented, they throw another bar in the way of a good writer, forgetting that he had before quite sufficient in the fastidiousness of the public, the ignorance of managers, and the sanctimony of licensers.

And this brings us directly to the consideration of the play, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. We think that the reception of every meritorious piece is one step gained, its rejection one lost, to the triumphant revival of the drama. The "Bastille" has been accepted by judicious managers, and pertinaciously rejected by injudicious performers—this democracy, this *imperium in imperio*—has thus, with a suicidal success, injured themselves in injuring the author, and depriving the public of that right to pass sentence upon a work, which right is not, and ought not to be inherent in the actors themselves.

The "Bastille" is founded upon the well known, yet much disputed historical fact, of the "Man in the Iron Mask." Many are the volumes that have been written to prove who he was, and who he was not, and that he never was at all; but, by a recent search into some of the old archives of France, it is incontestably the fact, that this personage was the twin brother of Louis Quatorze. By the salic law established by Charlemagne, it was ordained, that, in the case of the birth of twins, the one of the twain who should see the light last, should be considered as the *first born*. Upon what physiological subtlety such a decision was founded, can only be explained by the imperfect state of science in those dark ages—we have only to do with the fact. At the accouchement of Anne of Austria, the Parisian populace, with a gallantry truly national, were waiting with a loyal anxiety in immense crowds round the palace the event of the obstetric process going on within—no doubt with a very decorous silence. A son was born, and carried to the window and shown to the devoted subjects of Louis XIII. They were well satisfied, and each blessed himself for the boon so graciously vouchsafed to them. It never rains but it pours. Some three hours afterwards there appeared another august heir to the monarchy of Clovis. Here was a dilemma—but it was not a dilemma long, for there was a priest in the room—the Cardinal Mazarine. Out of respect to the royal blood, they did not immediately throttle the intruder, but what they did do, is beautifully detailed in the drama before us.

The scene opens in the country, near Sémur, and the Baron D'Aubigny, a leader of the persecuted Protestant party in France, who has obtained possession of the secret that we have just entrusted to the reader, is looking for the countenance of the last born twin, who is under the tuition of Father Anselm, a Jesuit, and in total ignorance of his high birth. D'Aubigny had obtained, by some means, the despatches of Mazarine, among which is a letter from the queen, in

which she speaks openly of her son, now under the name of Gaston. The Jesuit is blinded, and giving the Protestant lord every information concerning the youth under his charge, the audience thus becomes very artfully made acquainted with the *statu quo*. Gaston now appears, and the similitude between him and the reigning Louis strikes D'Aubigny as being "most marvellous."

Fully trusting to the possessor of the stolen documents, Anselm, the Jesuit, leaves D'Aubigny alone with Gaston, and it must be confessed that the Huguenot makes good use of his time, for he converts him from the Catholic faith, and extracts from him a confession of his love for Costanza, the daughter of the Baron D'Orville, residing in the neighbourhood. In this dialogue, which is spiritedly conceived, and beautifully expressed, Gaston shows his soul to be naturally imbued with the noblest sentiments.

In the next scene we have Costanza, the loved one of Gaston; her character is also beautifully worked out, and is made still more interesting by a slight touch of astrology which besets her. It was the failing of the age, and puzzled the poor lady extremely, as her horoscope told her that her path was intimately bound up with that of the King of France, whilst her heart was still more closely bound to that of Gaston—not knowing that Gaston was the rightful sovereign. This interview is rather a harassing one for Gaston, for she informs him that she has an *old* lover—old in its most offensive sense, who will shortly make his appearance to urge his obnoxious claims. Both the Jesuit, Anselm, and the huguenot Baron, D'Aubigny, are averse to this love proceeding; the former, because it is against the secret orders received from court—the latter, because he has other employment for the unknown sovereign, than that of making love. The Baron D'Orville, Costanza's father, is, however, a right-hearted man, and he says—

Baron. Yet know me better, sir! my child,
The honour of my house—these my first thoughts,
My dearest wish is for her happiness!
I can once more renounce the court, give up
The friendship of the great, can name you as . . . .
My son-in-law . . . .
Gaston. Oh! joy.
Costanza. Dear Gaston!
Anselm (*to D'Aubigny.*) But, but . . . . .
D'Aubigny (*to Anselm.*) Have patience!
Baron. You're the son of Baron D'Aumont?
Gaston. Y—e—s . . . sir!
Baron. D'Aumont! but pr'ythee pardon me,
The name escapes me—is he at the court?
Gaston. Here, sir! Anselm can best reply. Speak now.
My father, is he at the court?
Anselm (*hesitating.*) The . . . . the . . . .
The baron is not at the court.
Baron. Where is he?
Anselm. I cannot say. (*To D'Aubigny.*) This once I tell no falsehood.
Baron. His ancestors!
Anselm. There's no one knows them.
Gaston. Heavens!
What says he?
Costanza (*with emotion.*) Oh, Gaston, my love, take heart.

Baron. Never see his son—who was this young man's mother?
D'Aubigny (*aside to Anselm.*) She was a peasant girl!
Gaston (*impatiently to Anselm.*) My mother, sir!
Anselm. Was not the baron's wife!
Gaston (*vehemently.*) No—no.
Anselm. I speak the truth.
Baron. Not the baron's wife!
Costanza. Then all our hopes are bruis'd and broken reeds!
Baron. Enough, sir! from this moment there is nought
'Twixt me and you in common.
Gaston. What born, born
Without a name! with none to own me. No!—
It cannot be. (*To Anselm.*) Retract your words. Was this
My destiny, and but to learn it now,
For the first time to-day! If it be true,
The fault be upon you. This love you saw,
You watch'd it shoot, and blossom, and you might
Have kill'd it in the budding—but now, now
It has become the better part of me,
Life of my life; to tear it from me so,
Would be to make a desert of my heart,
I *will* not, *cannot* now renounce Costanza!
Baron. You must forget her very name.
Gaston. Forget!
Forget I've outgrown infancy, for by
Her love I learn'd it!
Costanza (*clasping her father's knees.*) Oh! unsay that word!
It is the cold eclipse of every hope;
Father! you would not bid him t' it.
Baron. No more.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lord,
The Marquis De Longueville!
Baron. 'Tis well. I come.
(*To Gaston.*) You, sir, have heard my firm resolve, and will
Conform yourself to what it has enjoin'd.
Come, girl!

[*Makes Costanza rise and exit with him.*]

After this decided rejection, the Baron de Longueville, the old lover, appears, and D'Aubigny takes a very proper advantage of Gaston's state of mind to work upon him, and at length to convey him from under the surveillance of the Jesuit. All this part would act exceedingly well—it is full of incident, situation, and passion. The scene is afterwards removed to Paris, and we find, assembled at an inn there, several of the Protestant faction, among whom is one Nostrodamus, a man who has been so unfortunate also as to have drawn the horoscope of the king; and, having by these means become acquainted that there is a double in the affair, for this knowledge the cardinal is persecuting him to the death. The prince is now introduced to them by D'Aubigny, the astrologer verifies his person as being the legitimate sovereign, and a very effective scene ensues. In the mean time, it appears that the abduction of Gaston has been discovered, and his route traced, by the indefatigable Mazarine, who despatches the Count de St. Mars upon the scent. He appears among the conspirators, knows his prey immediately, by his great likeness to Louis, and demands a private audience. Gaston's friends caution him, but

he begins to king it already, and with a true Capetian self-willedness, follows his own course. The two are alone, and the following spirited dialogue takes place.

St. Mars. (*Aside*) Now for my letter of instructions, writ
In haste.—(*Reads*)—It says—"question and quarrel too."
Gaston. Well, sir, to your business.
St. Mars. (*Aside.*) That form, the tone
Of voice! (*Aloud.*) A great and powerful noble seeks
To have an interview with you.
Gaston. Who, sir?
St. Mars. I know not how to answer—What, if
The cardinal should wish to be unknown?
Gaston. The cardinal I would refuse.
St. Mars. Your answer
Would astonish him—you are, I'd fain suppose,
A true and loyal Catholic!
Gaston. Sir!
St. Mars. You—
Have never seen the court, have been brought up
In some far distant province!
Gaston. That to you
Imports but little.
St. Mars. If it were of moment?
Gaston. And that I did acknowledge it as such,
I then would say that I had liv'd near Sémur.
St. Mars (*aside.*) Strange! (*Aloud.*) Was't on the banks of the Yonne?* with Father
Anselm? Your name D'Aumont? and your abode
Near that of Baron D'Orville?
Gaston. And are you
The same St. Mars, the persecutor of
The province that you rul'd, so hateful there?
St. Mars. You know Costanza D'Orville, sir?
Gaston. I do.
St. Mars. I've ask'd her hand in marriage of the king,
And wish to know if you have dar'd to raise
Your hopes unto her! Your addresses, sir!
Does she *permit*?
Gaston. And yours does she *endure*?
St. Mars. Your answers seem more brief than they do use,
Who are of gentle blood.
Gaston. And yet nathless,
They may be suitable from me to you.
St. Mars. I may not deem 't offence in one who 's not
My equal.
Gaston. And would not be.
St. Mars. In your birth
There is a passport for impunity.
Gaston. And yet you may be thankful for your own.
St. Mars. Hear me. I boast pretensions to the hand
Of fair Costanza, and brook not a rival
Of your degree. Retire!
Gaston. 'Sdeath! a command
To me!
St. Mars. Are ye but of gentle blood?
Gaston. Before
High Heaven! I am.
St. Mars. Then you shall answer this.
Gaston. When? Where? (*Aside.*) What am I doing? Compromise
My life with such a man!

* The River Yonne.

St. Mars. You hesitate!
Gaston. I spare you—begone.
St. Mars. What nobly born?
You falter . . . .
Gaston. Madman! know ye whom ye taunt?
St. Mars. Boy!
Gaston. Boy! Stoop, kneel, sue for pardon.
St. Mars. I pity you.
Gaston. Pity! The eagle, not the mousing owl,
Will gaze upon the sun.
[*Takes off St. Mars' hat, and tramples on it.*
St. Mars. Thou base-born slave,
Who are you?
Gaston. I am . . . . . draw—your life or mine——
[*They fight.*

Servants enter.

St. Mars (*puts up his sword.*) We're interrupted now. I await you
Behind the Louvre.
Gaston I follow.
St. Mars. And quickly!
(*Aside.*) I have my guards without. [*Exit.*
Gaston. (*To the servants.*) Tell the Count D'Aubigny I return anon.
[*Exeunt servants.*

We need only observe that this creature of the cardinal entraps the royal scion out of the house into a band of soldiers, and AN IRON MASK. This closes the first act, and we say, without hesitation, that it contains sufficient incident to form a complete drama of itself.

A lapse of ten years intervenes between the first and second acts. We now find ourselves on the sea-shore, near the fortress in which the iron-bound prisoner is confined. The scene opens with a barcarolle song, of great merit, by a fisherman, which, stealing as it does upon the quiet of the hour, and the solemnity of the scene, must have upon the audience a very striking effect. After which the Protestant baron, D'Aubigny, disguised as a fisherman, and under the name of Maurice, now makes his appearance, to endeavour to effect the second escape for Gaston, who is in the custody of St. Mars, who entrapped him in the last act. Maurice has gained the jailor's confidence, by betraying to him some operations that he has himself directed. The prince has also perceived him, and has thrown out of the window into the sea, under the walls, a piece of plate, on which he has inscribed these words, "Try to enter the fort—the garrison is weak—you'll find me true to my royal birth-right—the Man of the Iron Mask." This piece of plate is brought to him by the fisherman, which forms a little incident of itself, as Maurice had purchased the produce of the next cast of his net. Whilst Maurice has the plate in his hand, the Count St. Mars approaches, and it is given to him openly. But so dreadful is this secret to whomsoever may become so unfortunate as to possess it, that it would have been death to the supposed fisherman, had he not asserted that he could not read. Even as it is, he is told that he must be confined for ever in the castle, and he gets the appointment of waiting personally upon the prince, the object at which he aimed.

It now appears that the Baron D'Orville is also, for some state reason, confined in the same fortress with the "Iron Mask." Cos-

tanza, impelled by filial affection, has clandestinely gained entrance to her father, and the scene between them is touching and affecting. She tells him that she has nearly procured for him his pardon from the king, and that it is hourly to be expected. In the midst of this dialogue, St. Mars breaks in, and the baron has hardly time to secrete his daughter in an adjoining apartment. The governor wants this very apartment for the reception of the "Iron Mask," known in the château by the title of Marchiali, as after his attempt to communicate, by means of the silver plate, with some person outside, he deems an inner apartment to be necessary. The baron, of course, gives up his room with reluctance, as his daughter is secreted in a neighbouring closet. The "Iron Mask" is now in the close proximity of the lady of his heart, and when left alone, he thus gives vent to the bitterness of his feelings.

Marchiali. After ten years! Ten years! these executioners!
I thought just now of dashing out my brains
Against the iron of this mask—a ray
Of hope still makes me cling to life—my blood
Is parch'd—it burns, this pressure burns my brow;
Oh! for an hour of sleep! a dream! a dream!
Of sunshine and of liberty. [*Rises and crosses the stage.*

Costanza—half opening the door.

Costanza. All's silent!
They're gone—(*she approaches Marchiali,*) My father!

(*Marchiali turns round.*)

Marchiali (*aside.*) A woman! Ah! how came she here? what is't
I see? Oh no—it cannot be—my sense
Deceives me, my mind wanders. Yes, 'tis she,
Such as I saw her in my dreams—but this
Is not a dream.
Costanza. Who are you? say! oh say!
Marchiali (*aside.*) She knows me not. (*To her*) Speak low.
Costanza. That voice! in mercy
Tell me who you are.
Marchiali. Who! 'twere death divulg'd—
I am the Man of the Iron Mask; 'tis all
By which I can be known.
Costanza. Oh! horror! horror!
Marchiali. How gain'd you entrance here, you came to meet . .
Costanza. Yes.
Marchiali. Whom?
Costanza. My father!
Marchiali. Ah! your father!
Costanza. You
Have a father too—friends—perhaps a wife. [*He shakes his head.*
They know not of your piteous destiny!
Marchiali. True!
Costanza. And will never know it!
Marchiali. Never!
Costanza. Oh!
How I pity you! but do not despair,
Love often outlives absence; from myself
I know this. Haply those you love, weep for you,
Tho' far away, their hearts still true to you.
Marchiali (*aside.*) The mirror of her soul is there.

Costanza. Poor prisoner!
I hear your sobs, but cannot see your tears!
Marchiali (*aside.*) So near, yet not to clasp her in my arms,
Nor dare reveal myself. This interview,
Since death will be the bridegroom of who knows me,
Must rest a secret between heaven and me.
(*Aloud.*) I know not how, or whence you came—'twere best
That we should part, and quickly.
Costanza. I must wait.
Marchiali. No fly—Costanza, fly—
Costanza. You know my name?
Marchiali. What have I said?
Costanza. Just heaven!
What strange suspicion haunts me! No—no—no,
It is not possible—and yet—that voice!
Those stifled sobs!—tell me—is it Gaston?
Oh! no, 'tis *not*—for he could never be
So wretched—such a sufferer! You are not
Gaston!—tell me you are NOT!
Marchiali. Costanza!
Costanza (*throws herself into his arms.*)
'Tis he, 'tis he!—none so could say Costanza!
Marchiali. My love! my life! you shudder, whilst your tears
Bedew a face of iron; yet feel my heart,
And beats it not like thine own Gaston's heart?
Costanza. And was it thus, was it in such a place,
That we were doom'd to meet again? perhaps
For the last time! Alas! I never dream'd . . .
I knew not of thy fate. When I have heard
Of the Iron Mask, I listen'd—yes, *I*, Gaston,
Listen'd with patience,—wept not—thought he was
Some criminal,—and it was thou! This mask
Why can't I tear it off? Would I might see
Once more thy features, trace them once again!
How chang'd must such a world of suffering
Have made thee? Thou'st no sleep—is it not so?
Never a moment's calm or quiet? anguish
Feeds on thy heart—despair tortures thy brain!
And—and—thou can'st not weep? O that I could
But rest thy burning brow upon my hands,
And cool it with my breath!
Marchiali. It may not be.
Upon the forfeit of thy precious life
Let not this fatal secret be reveal'd.
I've warn'd you. Death!
Costanza. Ah! Gaston. Why, oh why,
May I not ask to share thy destiny?
Here, any where, with thee I could be happy.
Marchiali. Too cruel fate to see thee thus, perhaps
No more to see thee! Of all memories, thine
To me was dearest, and thy heart I priz'd
Above a throne!
Costanza. Hark! there's some one comes.
Marchiali. Fear not,-Costanza, the governor himself
Shall not reach thee.

Now D'Aubigny enters and informs the prince of the methods devised for his escape, and the adherents who are ready to receive him; but all these arrangements are jeopardised by St. Mars having requested a reinforcement from a division of troops in the vicinity, as it was a part of Maurice's plan to overpower, *vi et armis*, all resistance within the château. This reinforcement, the Count Louvois, the prime minister

of Louis, brings in person, and with it a document for the "Iron Mask" to sign, renouncing all right and title to the throne. The unfortunate prisoner is strongly tempted, but at length refuses. In the mean time, as a last resource, Maurice writes false despatches, and causes the news to be promulgated that the king, Louis, is dead. There can be no mistake as to the hand-writing, for it is written by Maurice, in his proper character of the Count D'Aubigny. In this despatch, the prime minister is entreated to take measures for the tranquillity of the kingdom, and whilst he and St. Mars are debating upon the policy of immediately proclaiming the "Iron Mask" as king, Costanza rushes in and ruins all. She brings in a pardon for her father, signed on the 16th, by Louis's own hand, whilst the fictitious despatch of his death is dated on the 14th.

Of course, Louvois exclaims to the soldiers, pointing to Maurice, "Arrest that traitor."

Louvois. Soldiers, your king's alive. (*Pointing to Maurice.*) Arrest that traitor!
Marchiali (*to the soldiers.*) At your peril!
Louvois. Obey!
Marchiali. Desist—or I reveal my name.
Louvois. What say'st thou?
[*Marchiali leads Louvois to the front of the stage.*
Marchiali. Louvois, I'm no longer king,—
But I have means of stirring up revolt.
And by a single word—forty now hear me,
And forty heads may fall to keep your secret.
March off your soldiers—at that price I hide
One brother's crimes, another's punishment.
Louvois (*aside.*) Great peril on one hand, and on the other
A man unknown!—(*Aloud.*) Release him—let him go.
[*They release him.*
Maurice. It is the debt of life I owe—'twill be
Repaid. Farewell. [*Exit.*
(*Costanza throws herself on her knees between Marchiali and St. Mars.*)
Costanza. In mercy spare him! wreak
Here your vengeance—the pardon's forg'd, I did it—
My brain is craz'd. I would not die, for men
Would pass my grave as by a spot they loathed,
Whereon no flower would grow; oh! I have prov'd
The noisome weed to choak thy budding hope.
(*To Marchiali.*) Can you forgive me? [*Clings to his knees.*
Marchiali (*aside.*) I must dissemble,
Tho' my heart o'erflows, her life depends on't.
(*Aloud.*) Who are ye, woman? I know you not—begone.

This is spirit-stirring and well managed, and with this ends the second act.

The third and last act is altogether of a more subdued and melancholy nature. St. Mars has now grown hoary in the charge of his ill-fated prisoner, and ten more years have elapsed, and see him still masked, and now confined in the Bastille. St. Mars has become heartily weary of his charge, and wishes for and endeavours to contrive his death. This wickedness seems to have been almost gratuitous, as the length and the severity of his sufferings have almost worn the noble prisoner to the grave. He is already reduced to the last stage of physical and moral debility—crushed to the earth in body,

and imbecile in mind. This is a pitiable picture, and drawn with an able hand. Yet these symptoms do not allay the fever of the jailor's impatience—he is promised a dukedom when death shall relieve him from his charge, and he longs to rush upon his panted-for honours. Still, the watchful D'Aubigny is again near the prince, now in the disguise of a guard. We have no space to quote the trying scene when the faithful adherent becomes known to his suffering liege. Costanza, as a sister of charity, is also again introduced, to administer to the prince the consolations of religion. When she becomes known to him, he shakes off his imbecility, as would the newly interred corpse its shroud at the last trumpet, and exclaims—

Gaston (*aroused.*) Thou soul of truth and love! to thee I owe
The first, the only gleam of happiness,
That has broke in upon my dreary cell.
Costanza. I fear'd to come too late.
Gaston. Aye—they would take
My life.
Costanza. Oh heavens! your life!
Gaston. Yes, love! my life,—
My life!—its torch has been long since extinct.
You view in me no form of living man,
No shape of breathing clay—but a mere corpse
Who has died daily in a mask of iron—
I've known not many winters, yet my hair
Is grey, my brow deep furrow'd, as you see,
And my blood seems like ice within my veins.
This mask! it once stifled me, tore my flesh,
But now my hollow cheeks no longer fill't.
Beneath this cold unyielding mockery
Of human features, mine have grown like it
Fleshless, scarce human, thro' my agonies!
Costanza. Did Heaven refuse its succour in thy need?
Gaston. Oh! I have pass'd long nights upon my knees,
And would have pray'd; but no—the bitterness,
The hoarded bitterness of my o'ercharg'd soul,
Has turn'd my prayers to curses—oh! accurs'd
Be they who gave me being—cursed they
Who've nerve by nerve dissected me alive,
Thus measuring out mine agony. Curs'd this world,
This over-peopled world, where there's no room,
No breathing-place for me, for one man more.
No—God could never thus have will'd it. Curses,
Curses . . . . . [*Falls into a chair.*

This exertion has been too much for him, and he falls into a lethargy so like the sleep of death, that the idea occurs to D'Aubigny to convey him out of the Bastille as a corpse, and to do which, the now repentant Jesuit, Anselm, promises to co-operate. In the meanwhile the assassin that St. Mars has hired, approaches the prince, and, thinking him asleep, is about to stab him, but the watchful D'Aubigny slays the assassin at a blow. This is a very fortunate occurrence, as they have now a real dead body to convey away, the *natural* death of the prince having been certified to the governor, and it is now resolved upon that the prisoner shall walk out of the Bastille in the helmet and costume of the slain assassin. But as the escape is all but effected, Gaston cannot bear up—he throws away the helmet and exclaims—

Gaston. I'll have no fetters to my thoughts. Away!
Ah! repulse me not, my brother! I ask not,
Claim not a share of our inheritance,
But set me free. Oh! let me not die here.
Now shall I see again the life-giving sun!
Is't so? I'm free. I feel the winds of heaven
Playing around my locks,—they fan my brow;
Set there no diadem—look! that iron mask!
They fasten to't the crown. Costanza, fly!
Hide thyself—quick—they're coming! fly! oh fly! . . .
[*Sinks in D'Aubigny's arms.*
D'Aubigny. Help! give there some resting place!
[*They seat Gaston.*

St. Mars arrives with the guards, and he is once more, and for the last time, discovered. But the jailor is caught in his own toils—his attempt at assassination is discovered by D'Aubigny, and he is borne away a prisoner. The unfortunate prince sinks down into what the audience may conceive to be merely a prelude to death; and over his body the faithful Costanza breaks out into the inspiration of prophecy, denouncing all the fatal ills that shall avenge this foul act upon the future line of the Bourbons. The whole of this admirable and poetic denunciation we would have quoted most gladly, had we not already so far exceeded the limits that we had prescribed to ourselves when we began this article. We must not, however, omit one of the beautiful similes with which this play is embellished. Costanza is describing the advent to her cottage, on the sea-shore, of the stranger who was to procure her father's pardon.

One night, the winds so rag'd
There was no path-way on the ocean left
Precipitous as broken cataracts,
I saw a shroudless bark, that stagger'd on
From wave to wave, like Drunkenness,
Then lurch'd and reel'd upon the beach.
Baron. It bore some freight!
Costanza. But one lone soul, &c. &c.

We now trust that we have given the reader a tolerable idea of the drama so often rejected by the players. We have found in it almost all the requisites for a good tragedy. There is only one objection that, by any possibility we can find against it, as far as the players are concerned, and that is the wearing of the iron mask upon the stage. They might think, perhaps, it would have smothered the voice a little, and if not well managed, have appeared a little ludicrous. We know how short is the step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and that a few giggling fools might, by their folly, have endangered the success of the piece, at the sight of a man walking about caged up in an uncouth-looking vizor of iron. But this objection is not valid. For the vizor is by no means of an inelegant shape —is only worn in one scene, and that one in which the interest is centered in Costanza. But this danger ought to have been boldly met and overcome for the sake of the excellence of the drama. We wish we may be so fortunate as to excite that interest for this production, as to procure for it a fair trial on the boards of one of the theatres, that have their privileges conferred upon them for the purpose of patronizing the regular drama.

As to the objection of the violated unities of time and place, we shall merely say, that no countryman of Shakspeare's has a right to make it—and no one that has read Dr. Johnson's elaborate opinion upon the subject, a right to repeat it—and those who have not, have no right to give an opinion at all.

We have now shown a few of the causes of the present decline of the drama. According to our promise, we will attempt to give our ideas of what proceedings would somewhat palliate, if not entirely remove, this misfortune.

In the first place, the properties should be clear of all mortgages and encumbrances; it can hardly be supposed that any house, however well conducted, can afford to pay renters, and interest upon money borrowed, as well as high rent, and yet support the members of the histrionic profession who are dependent upon it. In the next place, make the hours a little more conformable to the convenience of society. Let the managers not rely too much upon their own judgment, when they exercise it upon the reception or rejection of a piece. Let the comedians be a little more obedient, and study their authors more, and themselves less. Then, we fear, that the larger houses must lower their prices—certainly, the boxes and pit are too dear, for even the possessors of the greatest fortunes have got into the habit of requiring value for their money. It is too much to pay seven shillings for four hours' tedium. We are positive that the audience parts of the house, both in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are too large—the stage by no means so—even if the proscenium were widened, and the part of the house before the stage enlarged laterally, but considerably reduced in depth, so as to bring all the spectators nearer to the actors, we think that it would be an improvement. All these are certainly but very trifles; but the aggregate of small things constitute the greatest. What, at the present time, we think the most important advice we can give, is, for the managers to encourage native talent, and reject importations from abroad. We can never have a national theatre by servilely imitating the French; and without we have a national theatre, justly so called, we ought not to, and will not, have our dramatic attempts patronized.

Finally, let the managers encourage good authors by offering good prices, and they will get good pieces. Supposing sound judgment in the reception and rejection of a play to be equal to six; let the manager's opinion be in the ratio of one, that of his reader one, and that of a well-educated and *disinterested* gentleman, if he can procure one, stand as three; and the other unit, let it be divided equally between the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room and the author, though we rather think that we have allowed too much value to the judgment of these parties, by giving them one to divide in small fractions between them.

Offer, with the ameliorations we have mentioned, not one good thing only, but a continuation of good things worthy a sensible and highly-intellectual public, and we firmly believe they will neither be rejected nor coolly looked upon; and a very little perseverance in this course would, in a comparatively short time, restore the legitimate drama to that purity, excellence, and estimation, that so noble an auxiliary to poetry, to the expression of heroism, and to the inculcation of morals, deserves.

SOUR GRAPES.

BY JOHN FRANCIS, ESQ.

" The fox tried to reach the fruit, but could not. So he turned away, and said 'the grapes are sour.'"—ÆSOP.

Don't call me inconstant and false,
I declare that it's no fault of mine;
For I vow by my very last *valse*,
I made conquests of no less than nine!
And you know I *can't* marry them all;
(I don't say I *would*, with the power!)
So, because in their arms I don't fall,
The grapes turn exceedingly sour!

I confess, I *did* walk with Jane Murray,
But never dream'd any thing serious,
So she walked herself off in a hurry,
And I thought the young man was delirious,
When her brother call'd on me—" red-hot"—
To talk of " decision"—" no dower"—
Said I—" I'm—a—capital—shot "—
The grapes were remarkably sour!

I *once was* in love to a passion,
She wore—the most elegant chain—
Whatever she did was the fashion,
I adored—but adoring was vain.
What *she* sang—'twas the fashion to sing,
If *she* smiled—*we* all laughed by the hour;
I offered myself—and a ring—
She declined—so the grapes were turn'd sour!

From twenty to thirty are dying,
Alas! I can marry but one,
So what is the use of their sighing,
And what in the world can be done?
I shall act in the best way I can,
Pluck the balm without sting from the flow'r;
I'm a very unfortunate man,
To find all my grapes thus turn sour!

I've had letters in twenties from mothers,
" Broken vows! blighted hearts! and an action!"
I've had visits in fifties from brothers—
" Determine! revenge! satisfaction!"
But mothers may talk of decision,
And brothers may threaten and low'r,
I turn all such threats to derision,
Determined *my* grapes sha'n't be sour!

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

I FOUND the Eos all rigged and strong in the breeze, with the not very agreeable aroma of dock-yard paint. The ship's company was not, however, on board of her. They were hulked on board of the Pegasus. A very brief introduction to the officers of the watch, and I was shown down, with my sea-chest, my shore-going trunk, and quadrant, cocked hat, &c. to the midshipmen's berth in the hulk. One of the after-guard performed for me the office of gentleman-usher. It was a gloomy, foggy, chilly day, and the damp of the atmosphere was mingled with the reeking, dank, animal effluvia that came up, thick and almost tangible, from the filthy receptacle of crowded hundreds. As I descended into darkness, and nearly felt overpowered by the compound of villanous smells, I was something more than sick at heart. My pioneer at length lifted up the corner of a piece of dirty canvas, that screened off a space of about six feet square from the rest of the ship's company. This I was given to understand was the *young gentlemen's* quarters, their dining-room and their drawing-room combined. Even I, who had not yet attained my full growth, could not stand erect in this saloon of elegance. I am stating nothing but literal facts. On an oaken table, still more greasy than the greasy decks over which I had slipped in my passage to this den, stood a flickering, spluttering, intensely yellow candle, of very slender dimensions, inserted in a black quart bottle. Beside it was placed a battered bread-basket, containing some broken biscuit; and a piece of villanously-scented cheese, distinguished by the name of purser's, lay near it, in company with an old, blood-stained, worn-out tooth-brush, and a shallow pewter wash-hand basin, filled with horridly dirty water. For seats round this table there were no other substitutes than various chests of various dimensions. Of such sordid penury as I then witnessed I had read, but never supposed I should be compelled to witness, much less to share. Notwithstanding the closeness of this hole, it was excessively cold. There was not a soul there to welcome me, the various petty officers being all away on dock-yard duty. It might have been ten o'clock when I was first ushered into this region of darkness, of chill, and evil odours. I remained with my surtout coat on, sitting on my chest, with my hands clasped before me, stiff with cold, and melancholy almost to tears. How much then I panted for the breeze that blew over the heathy common where I had lately wantoned, leaped, and laughed! As I there sat, I fell into a deep and dream-like reverie. I could not, after a pause, convince myself that all I saw around me was real. The light that the single, unsnuffed candle gave, became more dim and smoky. I began to think that my spirit had most surely stepped into the vestibule of the abode of shadows; and I wished to convince my-

[1] Continued from vol. xii. p. 438.

self that my body was far, far away sleeping in a pure atmosphere, and under a friendly roof. Minute after minute dropped its weight heavily, like so many pellets of lead upon my disordered brain. I became confused—perhaps I was nearly upon the point of syncope from the sudden change to bad air. I felt that all I saw about me, if not real, would prove that I was mad; and I feared that I should become so, if the scene turned out to be no illusion. At last I jumped up, as I felt my stupor and my sickness increasing, exclaiming—"This is hell—and there's the devil!" as I observed a hideous shining black face peering at me over the top of the screen, grinning in such a manner, with a row of white teeth, that reminded me of so many miniature tombstones stretching right across a dark churchyard.

"No debbel, sar—my name, sar, Lillydew—vat you please vant, sar?—steward to young gentlemen, sar. Will young massa have a lilly white bit soft tommy, sar—broil him a sodger, sar—bumboat along side, get a fresh herring for relish, sar."

"Get me a little fresh air—take me up stairs."

"O Gemminnie! hi! hi! hi!—young gentleman, Massa Johnny Newcome. This way, sar."

Conducted by this angel of darkness, I regained the deck and daylight, and the nausea soon left my chest and the pain my head. I then made this reflection, that whatever glory a naval officer may attain, if he went through the ordeal I was about essaying, he richly deserved it. The captain and some of the other officers now came on board. I was introduced to most of them, and the skipper made himself very merry with an account of my recent adventure with the master's mate, who was still at the mast-head, as a convincing proof of the accuracy of the story, and was plainly distinguishable some half mile higher up the Medway.

I soon entered into conversation with one of the young gentlemen who was destined to be, for so long, my messmate. I told him that the air below would kill me. He acknowledged that it was bad enough to kill a dog, but that a reefer could stand it. He also advised me not to have my uniforms altered by the ship's tailors, as it would be done in a bungling manner; but to get leave to go on shore, and that he would introduce me to a very honest tradesman who would do me justice. I expressed my hopes to him, in a dry manner, that he did not belong to the regiment of the horse marines. He understood me, and said, Upon his honour, no; that it was all fair and above board; and, as a recommendation, which he thought would be irresistible, he added, that this tailor had a very pretty daughter, with the pretty name of Jemima.

As the latter information was very satisfactory evidence as to the skill and the honesty of the tradesman, I could not be guilty of such a *non sequitur* as not to promise to employ him. I then told him to make haste and come on shore with me. I now was made painfully sensible that before I could enjoy my wishes a little ceremony was needful. In fact, that my powers of locomotion were no longer under my own control, excepting for about one hundred and twenty feet in one direction, and about thirty-five in another. As I was

passing over to the starboard of the quarter-deck to ask leave to go on shore, the captain accosted me, and did me the honour to request my company to dine with him at his table. Finding him in so bland a humour, I preferred my request to live on shore till the ship sailed. He smiled at the enormity of my demand, and asked what induced it. I frankly told him the filth and bad smell of my accommodations; and also my wish not to be seen on board until my uniforms were complete.

"He's an original," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "but there is some sense in the request. I suppose *you* have no objection, Mr. Farmer. Young gentleman," he continued, turning to me, "you must always ask the first lieutenant, in future, for leave. Mind, don't be later than four o'clock."

My messmate, with all manner of humility, now made his request, which being granted, we went down together to my chest, and making a bundle of all the clothes that required alteration, we placed that and ourselves in a shore boat, and made our way to the tailor's. I was there introduced to the lovely Jemima. She looked like a very pretty doll, moddled with crumbs of white bread; she was so soft, so fair, and so unmeaning. After the order was given, my maker of the outward man hazarded a few inquiries, in a manner so kind and so obliging that quite made me lose sight of their impertinence. When he found that I had leave to remain on shore, and that my pocket-book was far from being ill-furnished, he expatiated very feelingly upon the exactions of living at inns, offered me a bed for nothing, provided only that I would pay for my breakfast, and appoint him my tailor in ordinary; and declared that he would leave no point unturned, to make me comfortable and happy. As this conversation took place in the little parlour at the back of the shop, Jemima—Miss Jemima—was present, and, as I seemed to hesitate, the innocent looking dear, slily came up beside me, and taking my hand pressed it amorously, stealing at me a look with eyes swimming with a strange expression. This by-play decided the business. The agreement was made, the terms being left entirely to Mr. Tapes. Covering my inappropriate dress with my blue surtout, I was about leaving with my messmate, when the young lady said to her father, "Perhaps Mr. Percy would like to see his room before he goes out?"

"Not particularly."

"Oh, but you must. You may come in, and I and the servant may be out—this way—you must not come up, Mr. Pridhomme, *your* boots are so abominably dirty. There, isn't it a nice room?—you pretty, pretty boy," said she, jumping up, and giving me a long kiss, that almost took my breath away. "Don't tell old leather-chops, will you, and I *shall* love you so."

"Who is old leather-chops—your father?"

"Dear me, no—never mind him. I mean your messmate, Mr. Pridhomme."

"I'm stepping into life," thought I, as I went down stairs, "and with no measured strides either."

"What do you think of Jemima?" said Mr. Pridhomme, as we walked arm-in-arm towards the ramparts.

"Pretty."

"Pretty—why she's an angel! If there was ever an angel on earth it is Jemima Tapes. But what is mere beauty? Nothing compared to sincerity and innocence—she is all innocence and sincerity!"

"I am glad that you believe so."

"Believe so—why look at her! She is all innocence. She won't let her father kiss her."

"Why?"

"She says it is so indelicate."

"How does she know what is, or what is not, indelicate?"

"D—n it, younker, you'd provoke a saint. She assures me, when she is forced to shake hands with a grown-up man, that it actually gives her a cold shudder all over. I don't think that she ever kissed any body but her mother, and that was years ago."

"Perhaps she does not know how."

"I'm sure she don't. If I had a fortune, I'd marry her to-morrow, only I'm afraid she's too modest."

"Your fear is very commendable. Are the ladies at Chatham so remarkable for modesty?"

"No—and that's what makes Jemima so singular."

I like to make people happy if they are not so, and if they are, even though that happiness may be the creation of a delusion, I like to leave them so. I, therefore, encouraged Mr. Pridhomme to pour all his raptures into, what he thought, an approving ear, and Jemima was the theme, until he left me at the door of the hotel at which I was to dine with Captain Read. Whatever the reader may think of Jemima, I was, at this period, perfectly innocent myself, though not wholly ignorant. I should have deemed Miss Jemima's osculatory art as the mere effect of high spirits and hoydenly playfulness, had it not been for the hypocrisy that she was displaying towards my messmate. I had translated Gil Blas at school, and I therefore set her down for an intrepid coquette, if not *une franche avanturière*. However, though I pitied my messmate, that was no reason why I should not enjoy my dinner.

That day I liked my little saffron-coloured captain much better. He played the host very agreeably. He made as many inquiries as he dared, without too much displaying his own ignorance, as to the extent of my acquirements, and, when he found them so far beyond his expectations, he seemed to be struck with a sudden respect for me. The tone of his conversation was more decorous than that of the preceding evening; he gave me a great deal of nautical advice, recommended me to the protection particularly of the first and second lieutenants, who were also his guests, approved of my plan of sleeping at the tailor's, and dismissed me very early, no doubt with a feeling of pleasure at having removed a restraint, for, as I left the room, I just caught the words—"Make a d—d sea lawyer by-and-by."

Pridhomme had been lying in wait for me, and picked me up as I left the hotel. We went to the theatre, a wretched affair certainly, the absurdities of which I should have much enjoyed, had I not been bored to death by the eternal Jemima. That lady was like Jemima,

and that was not. Was the person in the blue silk dress as tall as Jemima; or the other in the white muslin quite as stout? Jemima was all he could talk about, till at length, I was so horribly Jemimaed that I almost audibly wished Jemima jammed down his throat; but as every thing must have an end, even when a midshipman talks about Jemima, we at length got to the tailor's door, which was opened by the lovely Jemima in *propriâ personâ*. Not a step beyond the step of the door was the lover admitted, whilst the poor wretch was fain to feast on the ecstacies of remembering that he was permitted to grasp the tip of her fore-finger whilst he sighed forth his fond good night.

In a few days the Eos being perfectly equipped, dropped down to Sheerness, and I, for the first time, slept under the roof provided for me by his Britannic Majesty. That is to say, I was coffined and shrouded in a longitudinal canvas bag, hung up to the orlop deck by two cleets, one at each end, in a very graceful curve, very useful in forming that elegant bend in the back so much coveted by the exhibitors in Regent Street.

I had taken a rather sentimental leave of Jemima, who had somehow or another persuaded me to exchange love tokens with her. That which I gave her was a tolerably handsome writing-desk, which I could not help buying for her, as she had taken a great fancy to it; indeed, she told me it had annoyed her for some months, because it stood so provokingly tempting in the shop-window just over the way; and besides, "She should be so—so happy to write me such pretty letters from it." The last argument was convincing, and the desk was bought; in return for which she presented me with a very old silver pencil-case—its age indeed, she gave me to understand, ought to be its greatest value in my eyes—she had had it so long; it was given to her by her defunct mother. So I promised to keep it as long as I lived. Really there was no chance of my ever wearing it out by use, for it was certainly quite useless; but love dignifies things so much! After having split it up by shoving a piece of black-lead pencil into it, I put it into my waistcoat pocket, saying to the heiress of the Chatham tailor—

"*Rich* gifts prove poor when givers prove unkind."

"Ah, Edward!" said the giver of rich gifts, "*I* shall never prove unkind." So we parted, and as I walked down the street she waved her hand, which would have been really white, had she not scored her forefinger in a most villanous manner by her awkward method of using her needle, when her father was short of hands.

When I afterwards heard of Chatham as being the universal depôt of "ladies who love wisely and not too well," rogues, and Jews, I could not help thinking of my writing-desk, and adding to the list, Jewesses also.

About a week after, as we were still lying at Sheerness, and I had totally forgotten the innocent-looking Jemima, Mr. Pridhomme was smoking in a lover-like and melancholy fashion, against orders, a short pipe in the midshipmen's berth. As the ashes accumulated, he became at a loss for a tobacco-stopper, and I very good-naturedly

handed him over the broken, broad-topped, vulgar-looking pencil-case, the gift of the adorable Jemima. His apathy, at the sight of this relic of love, dispersed like the smoke of his pipe.

"Where did you get this, younker?" he cried, swelling with passion in the true turkey-cock style.

"It was given me as a keepsake by Miss Jemima," said I very quietly.

"It's a lie—you stole it."

"You old scoundrel!"

"You young villain!"

"Take that!" roared my opponent, and the bread-basket, with its fragmental cargo of biscuits came full in my face, very considerately putting bread into my mouth for his supposed injury.

"Take that!" said I, seizing the rum bottle.

"No, he sha'n't," said Bill Cox, the master's mate, laying hold of the much-prized treasure, "let him take any thing but that."

So I flung the water-jug at his head.

We were just proceeding to handycuffs, when the master-at-arms, hearing the riot, opened the door. We then cooled upon it, and a truce ensued. Explanations followed the truce, and an apology, on his part, the explanation; for which apology I very gladly gave him the pencil-case, that I had promised to keep as long as I lived, and a heartache at the same time.

The poor fellow had given the faithful Jemima this mutable love-gift three days before it came into my possession, on which occasion they had broken a crooked sixpence together. I moralized upon this, and came to the conclusion, that, whatever a tailor might be, a sailor is no match for a tailor's daughter, born and bred up at Chatham.

Now, I have nothing wherewith to amuse the reader about the mischievous tricks that were played upon me in my entrance into naval life. The clues of my hammock were not reefed. I was not lowered down by the head into a bucket of cold water, nor sent anywhere with a foolish message by a greater fool than myself. The exemption from these usual persecutions I attribute to my robust and well-grown frame; my disposition so easily evinced to do battle on the first occasion that offered itself; and, lastly, my well-stocked purse, and the evident consideration shown to me by the captain and the first lieutenant.

As I write as much for the instruction of my readers, as for their amusement, I wish to impress upon them, if they are themselves, or if they know any that are, going to enter into the navy, the necessity, in the first instance, of showing or recommending a proper spirit. Never let the debutant regard how young or how feeble he may be—he must make head against the first insult—he must avenge the first hoax. No doubt he will be worsted, and get a good beating; but that one will save him from many hundreds hereafter, and perhaps the necessity of fighting a mortal duel. Your certain defeat will be forgotten in the admiration of the spirit that provoked the contest. And remember, that the person who hoaxes you is always in the wrong, and it depends only upon yourself to heap that ridicule

upon him that was intended for your own head; to say nothing of the odium that must attach to him for the cruelty, the cowardice, and the meanness, of fighting with a lad weaker than himself. This I will enforce by a plain fact that happened to myself. A tall, consequential, thirty-years-old master's mate, threatened to beat me, after the manner that oldsters are accustomed to beat youngsters. I told him, that if he struck me, I would strike again as long as I had strength to stand, or power to lift my hand. He laughed and struck me. I retaliated—it is true that I got a sound thrashing; but it was my first and last, and my tyrant got both his eyes well blackened, his cheek swollen—and was altogether so much defaced, that he was forced to hide himself in the sick list for a fortnight. The story could not be told well for him, but it told for me gloriously; indeed, he felt so much annoyed by the whole affair, that he went and asked leave to go and mess with the gunner, fairly stating to the captain that he could not run the risk of keeping order—for he was our caterer—if he had to fight a battle every time he had to enforce it.

But I cannot too much caution youngsters against having recourse in their self-defence to deadly weapons. I am sorry to say, it was too common when I was in the navy. It is un-English and assassin-like. It rarely keeps off the tyrant; the knife, the dirk, or whatever else be the instrument, is almost invariably forced from the young bravo's hand, and the thrashing that he afterwards gets is pitiless, and the would-be stabber finds no voice risen in his favour. He also gains the stigma of cowardice, and the bad reputation of being malignant and revengeful. Indeed, so utterly futile is the drawing of murderous instruments in little affrays of this sort, that, though I have known them displayed hundreds of times, yet I never knew a single wound to have been inflicted—though many a heavy beating has followed the atrocious display. By all means let my young friends avoid it. Now this preachment is finished, I will on with my adventures.

On the day before we sailed from Sheerness, the captain had an order conveyed to the first lieutenant to send me away on duty immediately, for two or three hours. I was bundled into the pinnace with old canvas, old ropes, and old blocks, condemned stores to the dockyard, and, as I approached the landing-place appropriated for the use of admirals *in posse*, I saw embark from the stairs, exclusively set apart for admirals and post captains *in esse*, my captain and the port admiral in the admiral's barge, and, seated between these two awful personages, there sat a civilian, smiling in all the rotundity and fat of a very pleasant countenance, and very plain clothes, and forming a striking contrast to the grim complacency, and the iron-bound civility, of the two men in uniform.

The boat's crew were so much struck with this apparent anomaly, for to them, any thing in the civilian's garb to come near an officer, and that officer a naval one, was hardly less than portentous, and argued the said civilian to be something belonging to the *genus homo* extraordinary—and the fat specimen in the boat with the port admiral, they thought was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, or even Mr. Croker himself—the notion of whose dimly-understood attributes

was with them of a truly magnificent nature. Whoever this person was, he was carefully assisted up the side of our ship, and remained on board for about an hour, whilst we were burning with curiosity and eagerness to be on board to satisfy it, and forced to do our best to allay this tantalizing passion, by hauling along tallied bights of rope, and rousing old hawsers out and new hawsers into the boat—a more pleasant employment may be easily imagined for a raw, cold, misty day in winter.

I regarded all these operations very sapiently, knowing as yet nothing of the uses, or even of the names, of the different stores that I was delivering and receiving. The boatswain was with me, of course; but, notwithstanding that I had positive orders not to let the men stray away from the duty they were performing—as this official told me, after we had done almost every thing that we had come on shore to perform, that he must borrow two of the men to go up with him to the storekeeper's private house, to look out for some strong fine white line with which to bouse up the best bower anchor to the spanker-boom-end, when the ship should happen to be too much down by the stern, I could not refuse to disobey my orders upon a contingency so urgent. And there he left me, for about two hours, shivering in the boat; and at length he and the men came down, with very little white line in exchange for his not very white lie; and truly, they had been bousing up something; for Mr. Lushby, the respectable boatswain, told me, with great condescension, that he was a real officer, whilst I was nothing but a living walking-stick, for the captain to swear at when he was in a bad humour; and that he had no doubt but that I should get mast-headed when I got on board, for allowing those two men, who were catching crabs, to get so drunk.

Similar tricks to this, every young gentleman entering the service must expect, tricks that partake as much of the nature of malice as of fun. Now, in the few days that I had been in the service, I very well understood that the care of the men, as respected their behaviour and sobriety, devolved on me, the delivering old, and the drawing of new stores, on the boatswain; yet, for the conduct of those men that he took from under my eye, I felt that, in justice, he was answerable. I therefore made no reply to the vauntings and revilings of Mr. Lushby, but had determined how to act. The boat came alongside. There was nobody on deck but the midshipman of the watch, and Mr. Lushby tumbled up the side, and down the waist in double quick time, sending the chief boatswain's mate and the yeoman of the stores to act as his deputy. He certainly did his duty in that respect, as two sober deputies are worth more than is a drunken principal.

However, I walked into the gun-room to report myself and boat to the first lieutenant. The officers were at their wine. I was flattered and surprised at the frank politeness of my reception, and the welcome looks that I received from all. I was invited to sit, and a glass placed for me. When I found myself tolerably comfortable, and had answered some questions put to me by Mr. Farmer, our first lieutenant, the drift of which I did not then comprehend, and putting a little wilful simplicity in my manner, I asked with a great deal of apparent innocence, if all the sailors caught crabs when they were drunk.

"Catch crabs, Mr. Percy!" said Mr. Farmer, smiling. "Not always; but they are sure to catch something worse—the cat."

"With white line—how strange!" said I, purposely misunderstanding the gallant officer. "Now I know why Mr. Lushby took up the two men—and why all three came down in a state to catch crabs. I thought that white line had something to do with it."

"Yes, Mr. Percy, white line has." Mr. Farmer then motioned me to stay where I was, took up his hat, and went on deck. I need not tell my naval readers that the boatswain was sent for, and the two men placed aft. It was certainly a very cruel proceeding towards the purveyor of white line, who had just turned his cabin into a snuggery, and had taken another round turn, with a belay over all in the shape of two more glasses of half-and-half. When he found himself on the quarter-deck, though the shades of evening were stealing over the waters, (I like a poetical phrase now and then,) he saw more than in broad daylight—that is to say, he saw many first lieutenants, who seemed with many wrathful countenances, with many loud words, to order many men to see him down many ladders, safely to his cabin.

The next morning this "real officer" found himself in a very uncomfortable plight; for, with an aching head he was but too happy to escape with a most stinging reprimand; and, he had the consolation then to learn, that had he not endeavoured to play upon the *simplicity* of Mr. Percy, he would most surely have escaped the fright and the exposure.

The simplicity!

Now, I have mentioned this trifling incident, merely to show how easy it is for a youth just entered, by a little manœuvring, to make it a very dangerous thing to play tricks upon him, avoiding on the one hand, the odium of a tale-bearer, and, on the other, that *ultima ratio*, of kings as well as midshipmen, war, in the repelling of insult.

But I must now explain why I had become so suddenly a favourite in the ward-room. The very stout gentleman, who came off with the admiral and captain, undertook the aquatic excursion on my account. He made every inquiry as to my equipments, my messmates, and my chance of comfort. Yet I, the person most concerned, was sent out of the way, lest by accident I should meet with him. I never knew who he was, nor do I think the captain did. My shipmates had their conjectures, and I had mine. They took him to be what is usually called, not a person, but a personage. I believe that he was nothing more than a personage's fat steward, or some other menial obesity—for it was very plain that he was ashamed to look me in the face; and I understand he gave himself many second-hand airs. If now living, I hope this may meet his eye.

And now we are off in earnest. The Nore-light is passed; the pilot is on the hammock nettings. The breeze takes the sails, the noble frigate bends to it, as a gallant cavalier gently stoops to receive the kiss of beauty—the blocks rattle as the ropes fly through them—the sails court the wind to their embrace, now on one side, now on the other. I stand on the quarter-deck, in admiring disorder at the astonishing effects of this wonderful seeming confusion. I am pushed here, and ordered there—I now jump to avoid the eddy of the un-

curling ropes as they fly upwards, but my activity is vain, a brace now drags across my shins, and now the bight of a lee-spanker-brail salutes me, not lovingly, across the face. The captain and officers are viewing the gallant vessel with intense anxiety, and scrutinizing every evolution that she is making. How does she answer her helm? Beautifully. What lee-way does she make? Scarce perceptible. The lead is hove repeatedly—seven, seven and a-half, close hauled. Stand by, the captain is going to work her himself. She advances head to the wind bravely, like a British soldier to the breach—she is about! she has stayed within her own length—she has not lost her way! "Noble! excellent!" is the scarcely suppressed cry; and then arose in the minds of that gallant band of officers, visions of an enemy worthy to cope with; of the successful manœuvre, the repeated broadsides, the struggle and the victory; their lives, their honour, and the fame of their country they now willingly repose upon her—she is at once their home, their field of battle, and their arena of glory. See how well she behaves against that head sea! There is not a man in that noble fabric who has not adopted her—who has not a love for her—they refer all their feeling to her, they rest all their hopes upon her. The Venetian Doge may wed the sea in his gilded gondola, ermined nobles may stand near, and jewelled beauty around him—religion too may lend her overpowering solemnities;—but all this display could never equal the enthusiasm of that morning, when above three hundred true hearts wedded themselves to that beauty of the sea the Eos, as she worked round the North Foreland into the Downs.

The frigate behaved so admirably in all her evolutions, that when we dropped anchor in the roadstead, the captain, to certify his admiration and pleasure, invited all the wardroom officers to dine with him, as well as three or four midshipmen, myself among the rest.

It was an animated scene, that dinner party. The war was then raging. Several French frigates of our own size and class, and many much larger, were wandering on the seas. The republican spirit was blazing forth in their crews—and ardently we longed to get among them. As yet no one knew our destination. We had every stimulant to honourable excitement, and mystery threw over the whole, that absorbing charm, that impels us to love and to woo the unknown.

But this meeting, at first so rational, and then so convivial, at length permitted its conviviality to destroy its rationality. Men who spoke and thought like heroes one hour, the next spoke what they did not think, and made me think what I did not speak. No one got drunk except the purser, who is always a privileged person; yet they were not the same men as when they began their carouse, nor I the same boy when they had finished it. On that evening I made a resolution never to touch ardent spirits, and, whilst I was in the navy, that resolution I adhered to. It is a fact—I am known to too many, to make on this subject, a solemn assertion, falsely. I did not lay the same restriction on wine—yet, even that I always avoided, when I could do so without the appearance of affectation. My reason, such as it was, never in the slightest degree tottered on her throne, either with a weakness or a strength not her own. The wine-cup

never gladdened or sorrowed me. Even when the tepid, fœtid, and animalized water, was served out to us in quantities so minute, that our throats would count it by drops, I never sought to qualify its nauseous taste, or increase its quantity, by the addition of spirits, when spirits were more plentiful than the courted water. This trait proves, if it proves nothing else, that I had a good deal of that inflexibility of character, which we call in others obstinacy, when we don't like it, firmness when we do—in ourselves, always decision.

And all my messmates,—where are they? I shall not quote the trite phrase and say, "Echo answers, 'where,'" which, by-the-by, must have been an Irish sort of echo; but my echo shall, as echoes usually do, repeat the last two syllables, and by a question, answer, "Are they?" It is a melancholy question—and I must answer, "Alas! I know not." Indeed, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, we can put the question to ourselves, only with heaviness upon our hearts. Yet, some there are, but how many more that are not!

Tempus edax rerum. I deny the assertion. The old mumbler is continually defrauded. How few are there of those gallant fellows who will fall ripe into his gumless jaws! Food for Time! Alas! they have been food for almost everything else. "Food for powder, food for powder," according to honest Jack, as many of them have been! Some have been food for another Jack, whose prefix is yellow. More than one have been food for sharks. Yes, Time has been defrauded of them, and they of time. How many have been buried in the sea!

When at the last trumpet they shall arise from the vast and blue depths, and they shake from them the salt wave, may it wash away with it one half of their sins—and in the beneficence of the Creator they may fearlessly trust for the remission of the other; for who among them, through a wild life, has not suffered in the performance of a hard, and died in the execution of a sacred, duty? For this numberless, this unuttered dead, there have been but few tears, and there is no trophy. No trophy! yes, there is one, the best, the most imperishable. The past and the present glory of that country, for which they have died. This can be never taken from them. Even should England bend to the general law that destroys men and ruins empires, or fall to pieces by internal faction, still the glory of the past is theirs irrevocably. May England ever foster and honour the race, and while she does, though her prosperity may fluctuate, independence and superiority will never leave her ship-defended shores.

(To be continued.)

DUET.

AIR.—*" Birks of Aberfeldy."*

BY L. M. J. M. MONTAGU.

DONALD.

LOWLAND lassie, will ye gang
O'er the heath and through the heather;
Frae thy native shades among,
Where sae aft we've roamed th'gether?

NANNIE.

Soldier laddie, tempt na me,
Frae the hame that nature treasures;
Wha could see a mither's e'e
Filled wi' grief, for a' their pleasures?

DONALD.

Lowland lassie, I maun gang
O'er the wild, and o'er the billow,
Where the arms o' foemen clang,
Where the grave may be my pillow.

NANNIE.

Soldier laddie, leal and brave,
Pride o' Scotland, pride o' me!
Fain my foolish heart wad leave
Hame and a', to follow thee.

DONALD.

Lowland lassie, think o' me,
When frae love I fly to duty:
Tell me, lassie, should I dee,
Wha will wear my flower o' beauty?

NANNIE.

Soldier laddie, lane and blighted
Maun thy simple flow'ret be,
Gin the beam that lang has lighted
Nannie's bosom, fades frae me.

DONALD.

Lowland lassie, take this token,
Pledge o' faithful love frae me:
Oh, my heart! 'tis a' but broken!
Now I look my last on thee.

NANNIE.

Soldier laddie, maun we sever,
That sae aft wi' joy ha'e met?
Oh! that I could fauld thee ever!
Dinna—dinna, me forget!

ON WAR.

Von Kiege. Hinterlassenes Werk des General Carl von Clausewitz. Berlin. 2 vols. 8vo.*

To such of our readers as may be acquainted with the German language, we cannot too strongly recommend the perusal of this posthumous production of General Von Clausewitz; than which, few publications connected with the elementary principles of war were ever more deserving of attention—none more essentially calculated to elevate the author to the highest rank amongst strategists and philosophers.

To analyze a work, where every superfluity has been avoided, and where there is so great an abundance of valuable matter, is no light undertaking. But as no translation has hitherto appeared, we shall do our best to accomplish our task, begging the reader to bear in mind, that such extracts as we have given are condensed paraphrases, rather than literal versions of the author's words.

The first chapter opens with the following question. "What is war?" and thus it is defined. "War is the act of compelling an opponent to submit to one's will. Thus force is the *medium*, and submission the *object*, and the latter can only be attained by the development of the former. In order to effect this, the enemy must be rendered powerless. This is the grand aim of all hostilities." The basis of this object, that is, submission, is founded upon a triple unity, that is, in "the reduction of the enemy's army, territory, and will. The *first* of these must be overcome, or placed in a situation completely innocuous. The *second* must be subdued, otherwise it would reproduce supplies of men and treasure, and thus revive the first. The *third* must be vanquished or worn out, or else through the means of alliances or political connexions, it may so operate on distant points, on the flanks and rear of the victor, as to distract him from his direct conquest, and thus leave the vanquished at liberty to reorganize his forces, and again trust to the hazard of collision."

The results of the French revolutionary and imperial wars, fully verify these conclusions; for whenever Napoleon discomfited his enemies in battle, and overran their territory, he lost no time in concluding treaties, by which, if he did not succeed in utterly crushing, he at least *neutralised* "the will of resistance." These treaties secured him for a time, and thus completed the object, or triple unity. This was exemplified in Italy after the battle preceding the treaty of Campo Formio; in Prussia, after Jena; in Austria, after Austerlitz and Wagram; and in Poland, after the combat of Friedland. Whereas, in Spain, although the French troops occupied nearly the whole territory, and although the national armies were constantly defeated, still, the will of resistance remained intact. The unity was incomplete, and thus a flame burst forth which eventually produced that general reactive conflagration, which led to the destruction of the mighty spirit, whom all European nations then regarded as their oppressor.

* General Clausewitz was preceptor to the present Crown Prince of Prussia, Director of the Military School at Berlin, Inspector General of Artillery at Coblentz, and finally, Chief of the Staff to Field Marshal Gueisenaw. Upon the death of the latter at Posen, he removed to Breslau, where he died on the 16th of November, 1831. The work is edited by his widow; it consists of four books, divided into forty-six chapters.

The position of almost all continental states was nearly similar—that of Great Britain peculiar. For the integrity of her territory was maintained inviolate, and, although her brave troops were not always successful in the field, until the genius of Wellington pointed out the certain path of victory, her valiant seamen were invariably triumphant on the waters. Besides, "her will" to resist was imperishable. Augmenting with the perils that menaced her on every side, it seemed to derive nourishment and intensity from the defalcation of friends, and the agglomeration of enemies. Like pure steel, it acquired temper and nerve from heat and contact. With her, "the will" held the first rank, and was in fact the grand stimulant. It was that which upheld her courage, animated and united her people, and imparted to them that concentrated, wedgelike power, which at length succeeded in riving asunder the mighty mass that had coalesced against her. It was this "will," comparable to those ingenious mechanical engines, the boast of her industry, which after rending to pieces the opposing block, detached parts from the whole, wrought them again together, and propelled them forward: so that France, which had previously constituted the nucleus of an almost irresistible power, became weakened; its core was laid bare, and at length it fell, enveloped in its own toils. Frederic the Great in the seven years war—Alexander after the fall of Moscow, and the Cortes after the capture of Madrid, gave proofs that without the subjugation of the will, the loss of battles or even portions of territory, is not a fulfilment of the grand object of war.

General Clausewitz classes "the will" in the *third* rank—we are inclined to consider it as the pivot, or key-stone of war. It may be objected—how is "the will" to be subjugated without the development of the two other agents constituting the medium? To this we reply, that without "the will" there could be no development on either side. There must be the will to commence, and that to continue, or there could be neither outset nor endurance. There must be the will to provide the sinews of war, for without them, no numerical strength can avail, and there must be a general national impulse or will, that shall unite the people with the government, and the government with the cause. If either fail, the whole must languish.

There never was a period in the history of nations, that more fully illustrated the force of will, than the occurrences of the last war. England almost to a man was unanimous. No sacrifices were too great for her generous people—no projects too vast for her enlightened statesmen—no disparity of numbers disheartened her soldiers, and no superiority of force checked the ardour of her gallant mariners. She may be said to have demonstrated in the highest degree the *genius of constancy*, whilst other nations only showed the *instinct of resistance*. It is true, she ruled the floods; the ocean quailed beneath her glorious banner, and Napoleon found, to his cost, the verity of the maxim, "that to be master of the sea is an abridgment of monarchy." But, unless she had the will to proceed farther, she might have contented herself with this supremacy, which Bacon admirably terms "her national dowry." She had no need to have taken other share in the war; nay, she might have gone hand in hand with the spoiler, and have purchased either his co-operation or neutrality at an almost boundless premium. But such a proceeding was unsuited to the genius of a free and magnanimous nation, and no minister would have dared propose such a Machiavelian source of grandeur to the representatives of the people.

"Will," whether passive or active, may therefore be said to be the *primum mobile*, the true essence of war. So long as the inclination to resist remains unconquered, the destruction of any given force, or the reduction of territory, can but partially fulfil the ultimate design. Numerical strength is a fluctuating power, its diminution can be but temporary.

The laws of nations, aided by improving civilisation and science, render it a continually increasing agent. Let the momentary drainage be what it may, a brief space suffices to replenish the void. Look to Poland! In her, we have a striking illustration of the force of will. There it is constant, and forms an inherent portion of individual organization. It enters the world with the new-born, and even survives the grave, for it is bequeathed as a legacy from father to child. Extermination, or what General Clausewitz terms "the utmost application of force," can alone extirpate this will. Without extermination, Poland may be enchained, but not subdued; and after short intervals of repose, revolts will burst forth, rivers of blood will flow, and, alas! borne down by the overwhelming strength of her gigantic master—she must again succumb.

We will not follow the author through his profound philosophical researches into the theory of causes and objects, but go with him at once to the development of the "medium," that is, battle. The object of war is rather a question of politics than tactics or strategy, and is more fitted for the study of the statesman than the soldier. To the latter, the ultimate design is a secondary consideration. Causation with him is nothing—immediate effect is all. He moves mechanically, and the object he has in view is the instant defeat of the foe, not his ultimate subjugation. Resistance is his element, his existence: he reaps from it glory, advancement and honours. Submission, or in other words peace, is moral death, for it arrests him in his career, lops off his hopes, puts to flight his visions of fame, and in fact, converts him into a mere liveried stipendiary, shackled with all the restraints of military discipline, without any of its soul-stirring excitements.

Admitting the submission of an enemy to be the grand object of war—"We see," says General Clausewitz, "that various paths conduct to the goal. Not that each case absolutely depends upon the *extinction* of an opponent; for, defeat, conquest, occupation, invasion, and expeditions, based upon political relations, and finally, the passive waiting for an enemy's attack—are all means that may be had recourse to according as circumstances lead me to anticipate greater success from one or the other. We might add a whole catalogue of projects and means as shorter roads to the object, and which may be designated as arguments *ad hominem*; but it is only necessary to allude to them. To attempt specification would be pedantry. If all these collateral means are included, the paths to the attainment of the object are countless. After all, however, there is but one absolute medium, and that is battle. However diversely constituted, or however far removed from the barbarism of personal animosity; how great soever the number of intervening circumstances that may be said to be independent of actual collision, it is indispensable that all military operations emanate directly from, and tend immediately to, battle. That it must be the case, no matter how divergent the accessories, is shown by the following fact. Every occurrence of war must be effected by the aid of armies; and where armed men are employed, the groundwork of every operation must be predisposition for battle. Every thing appertaining to armies resolves itself into warlike efficiency, in which are compressed, *production, maintenance,* and application. Production and maintenance are the *means,* and application the object."

This maxim is incontestable, for the failing of any one of those three essentials must entail inevitable failure. If the ranks are not replenished, no physical efforts, no genius, however transcendent, can enable an army to maintain its ground—its powers of reproduction being the province of its creators, whilst the germs of rapid decay are immediately within itself. Again, even if its numbers be kept up to a given standard, unless it be well provided, it must go to pieces, as did the French in Russia in 1812. But the most important of all considerations is the "application," for,

however efficient and well provided, unless the employment be opportune and sagaciously conducted, it is but an idle waste of blood and treasure. The expedition to Walcheren, in 1809, may serve as an illustration of the error of application, the sage distribution of the British troops in the Peninsula, as a proof of the effects of enlightened combination. When the three requisites are united, (their union, as well as their impulsion, is the direct duty of governments,) then the art of war is reduced to a much narrower basis, that is, to the knowledge of "giving battle at the right moment."

This again brings me to a still more circumscribed sphere. The matter then becomes a business of speciality or individual capacity, for it may be said, that the just application of force entirely depends upon the selection of a commander. This may be taken as an invariable rule. It would be superfluous to adduce examples. The names of Gustavus, Turenne, Frederick, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington, are sufficient illustrations. But here again, the question of individuality is one of extreme precariousness and hazard, and comes beneath the circle of what Clausewitz intitles the "*Frictions*" of war. Of all circumstances connected with the art, the most important are the three essentials above mentioned, and the last includes the *choice of a chief*. The first duty of government is to produce, the second to maintain—for without reserves and magazines, it were useless to take the field, and in these matters misplaced economy may be fatal to armies and kingdoms. A penury of battering artillery, engineers, cavalry, and other requisites, had like to have paralyzed all the combinations of the British commander in the Peninsula, and would have done so, had not his own genius, aided by the invincible constancy of his soldiers, and other fortuitous circumstances, counterbalanced the deficiency. But this could only be effected at a great expense of blood, and consequently of treasure; we say consequently, for experience shows, that it is infinitely less expensive to maintain *two* old soldiers, during a campaign, than to produce *one* recruit. It were better, therefore, for government to make a greater outfit of cannon and stores, nay, even to sacrifice a portion of them, than to risk the loss of seasoned troops for the want of them. That is, by compelling the bayonets of veteran soldiers to act as substitutes for such appurtenances, as was the case at Badajos and Burgos. This is peculiarly applicable to Great Britain, whose mode of recruiting and geographical position enhances the costs attendant upon replenishing her armies, when employed on foreign service.

Supposing, however, that a government fulfils its duty by organizing and sending forth an effective army, and by maintaining it at the original standard, an immense difficulty still remains in the selection of a commander. It may be replied, that production, organization, and maintenance, are mechanical processes, for which rulers may be held responsible, but that it is not in their power to create genius, to controul intellect, or to impart to officers a superior ability for war. True—but they can most indisputably select the most capable, and take heed that no party interest, no patronage, no parliamentary or court intrigue, shall influence their choice, in a matter involving the dearest interests of their country. The history of British military expeditions is not exempt from this flagitious blemish.

One of the first elements of success in war, whether taken collectively or individually, is "military genius." Much subtle argument may arise as to the true definition of this quality, but it will be admitted that amongst the component parts, *courage* holds a first rank. Let our author speak. "War," says he, "is the empire of peril; consequently, valour is above all things most important in soldiers. Valour is of two kinds, viz. the courage to confront *personal* danger, and that of supporting *moral*

responsibility. Our business is with the former. Personal courage is of two kinds—firstly, it may be a contempt for peril, arising from *individual organization, indifference to life,* or *habit.* In either of these three cases it must be considered as a *permanent* quality. Secondly, courage may emanate from *fluctuating* motives, such as *ambition, love of country,* or *excitement* of various kinds. In the latter cases, valour is not so much a quality, as an emotion or fugitive passion. Of course, both kinds operate differently. The first are more certain, since, from having become a second nature, they never abandon a man. The second are impulsions, that may however urge him farther. *Firmness* is the offspring of the one, temerity of the other. The first leaves the mind more composed, the second sometimes excites, but often intoxicates. Both united compose the most perfect kind of valour."

The elements necessary to the composition of this invaluable unity are graphically defined; but if we fully comprehend the meaning of "indifference to life," we should be inclined to remove it from the first category, and replace it by "love of country," which cannot, under any circumstance, be deemed ephemeral or fugitive. Notwithstanding the lucidity with which the author has treated this point, we shall venture upon a still further physiological analysis, and strive to reduce to an approximative scale, the portions as well as sum total of valour, which appears to be the heritage or characteristic of the principal nations composing the great European family.

We shall doubtless subject ourselves to accusations of overweening boldness and invidiousness, for attempting to reduce moral qualities to a numerical standard, and for venturing to apply to each nation a fixed position in the scale of courage. It is not pretended to lay down an absolute rule, all we aim at is the production of a philosophical theory.

The component parts of valour are divided by Clausewitz into *six* fractions: let us, therefore, take these ingredients to compose our "Barometer of National Courage." In order to accomplish this more easily, let us give to the whole, that is, to perfect valour, a supposed maximum, represented by a number, say 120—and then let 20 stand for each of the six component parts. Then, adding together the various fractions possessed by each nation, let us turn to the aggregate, which will designate the comparative degree of the highest grade of valour exhibited by each. It would have been possible to have carried the research still further, and to have affixed a graduated numerical value to each of the component parts, and in that case we should have attributed a greater specific gravity to some qualities than to others, but this would have plunged us too deeply in the mazes of theory. The following table will better illustrate our meaning.

Barometer of National Courage.

NATIONS.	QUALITIES.						TOTAL.
	PERMANENT.			FUGITIVE.			
	Individual Organisation.	Custom and Discipline.	Patriotism	Ambition.	Excitement.	Indifference to Life.	
Austria . . .	9	15	14	10	12	3	63
France . . .	8½	12	13	18	20	6	77½
Britain . . .	15	20	18	5	8	5	71
German States	7½	13	12	9	11	4	56½
Italy	5	7	8	12	13	3	48
Portugal . .	6½	12	11	8	11	3	51½
Poland . . .	9	10	16	15	20	6	76
Prussia . . .	8½	16	15	11	13	4	67½
Netherlands .	8½	12	14	5	7	5	52½
Russia . . .	12½	17	10	9	7	5	60½
Spain* . . .	8	9	15	10	10	3	55

* The Ottomans are omitted, their reckless courage being the offspring of fatalism.

Now supposing, by way of hypothesis, that this scale be tolerably correct: we see that the French and Poles stand highest; that is, they lay claim to a larger total than the English; but on examining the component parts, it results that the latter possess a preponderance of those qualities constituting permanent courage, consequently, though they may have less ardour, they can boast of more firmness. The enduring constancy of the British infantry is not less proverbial than the daring temerity of the French. Experience has proved that the fiery impetuosity of the one has been repeatedly extinguished by the cold impassibility of the other. It may be invidious to draw comparisons, but nevertheless we do not hesitate to give the preference to those who possess what Clausewitz indicates as inherent qualities.

We must request the reader's indulgence, whilst we attempt a further research into these qualities. By individual organization, is not only meant that physical vigour and inflexibility natural, in a lesser or higher degree, to man in his crude state, as exemplified in savages, but a more exalted organization fortified by climate, food, education, national traditions, and various accessories, tending to develope the germ, and thus gradually to mature it, until it becomes a permanent condition of the highest order. Some portion of these qualities may be said to be hereditary, or indigenous, in every country; but nowhere more so than in Great Britain. Take, for example, a child born of English parents; let him be alienated from them, and educated entirely on the Continent. In proportion as the faculties of his mind receive developement, he will be found to exhibit several of those characteristics, that are the type of the British islands. He will be less vivacious, more concentrated, resolute, and independent, than the youth of the land where he may be brought up —in short, he will soon betray various physiological peculiarities clearly denoting his origin. The same typical distinctions may be remarked in other nations: but with them, the symptoms of individuality are much less prominent, and it is for this reason that we have attributed to the British so large a portion of individual organization.

Habit, or second nature, must emanate from early education, in which must be included the pastimes of youth, and their mode of settling personal disputes. It may be said (however faulty the system of education in England) that they stand pre-eminent in all those virile exercises, that are calculated to give energy and robustness to the frame; even as their manner of personal combat tends to inspire them with a contempt for danger. The point of honour, and what may be called nationality of courage, is more intimately connected with the latter than might be imagined at first sight; but the instantaneous and direct manner with which boys resent any imputation on their veracity or honour, and the horror they entertain to yielding, without a struggle, even to more powerful adversaries, may be taken as the basis of that tendency to resistance, that independence of spirit, that characterises the people. They are accustomed from earliest boyhood to avenge insult, to rise up against oppression, and to meet their opponents face to face, eye to eye, hand to hand, and only to yield when their physical strength is exhausted, and their blood has flowed; and this habit of youth is the forerunner of that inflexible courage which upholds Englishmen upon the deck, or in the square, and which propels them steadily, but irresistibly, forward, in boarding and in the charge. The severe discipline of the British system, being grafted upon these tendencies, constitute the whole secret of that remarkable endurance for which its infantry is so celebrated. We have, therefore, attributed to her people the maximum of custom and discipline.

Under the head of ambition, must be included hopes of promotion and honours. Taking the vast majority of the English army, it is indisputable that they possess less of this quality than almost any other European

nation, and the reasons are obvious. 1st. The soldiers may be said to be excluded from all prospect of advancement, reward, or notice. There are exceptions, but of extreme rarity. The mention of non-commissioned officers' or privates' names in a despatch would be an anomaly. 2nd. Subaltern officers have no prospect of honorary distinctions, or public praise. Indeed, the baneful influence of patronage, interest, and wealth, whether in the army or navy, is generally so exclusive as to render merit, in inferior ranks, a mere dead letter, and often to stifle all feelings of legitimate ambition.* Thence it is, that Englishmen execute their duty with that cold-blooded stoicism, for which they are so proverbial. They go to battle as they would to church, for they have no other stimulant than an innate sense of duty and principle of national honour, which being handed down to them from their forefathers, and intimately connected with love of country, may be assimilated to patriotism.

This latter virtue does not alone consist in defending one's native hearth against aggression, but in sustaining the honour of one's country, though the scene of action be a thousand leagues distant. Clausewitz has placed patriotism amongst the fugitive portions of valour. This is a grievous error, for if ever a sentiment was firmly implanted in man's breast, it is the love of country. It is connected with parents, children, home, the abodes of our early friends, the graves of our ancestors, and with all that is most cherished, most permanent in the human mind. It is not the casual sentiment of a day, or the birth of circumstance, but forms an integral part of man's being, and is, generally speaking, the most durable of all moral sentiments. The English are scoffed at for carrying their customs, prejudices, and eccentricities, to the most distant portions of the globe; and, although domiciled for years in foreign parts, for still adhering to many national practises, at variance with those of other people.

Whence does this proceed? Foreigners assert from pride, and often from obstinacy. Be it so. But we would have Englishmen never abandon these nationalities, for we are inclined to attribute them to an inherent love of country, to a holy veneration and attachment for all those usages that remind them of the beloved land of their birth, of their families and predecessors. This then is patriotism, and true patriotism consists in upholding the customs as well as honour of one's country, in whatever clime fortune may guide our steps.

> Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properrimus et ampli
> Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

Indifference to life ought scarcely to be included in our barometer; for, taking it in its abstract sense, it is a dangerous, and fortunately a rare emotion, more calculated to produce evil than good, by generating excessive rashness, and destroying discretion. It may be glossed over with the specious varnish of self-abandonment, but unless a man desire death, he cannot be indifferent to life. The object of battle, however paradoxical it may appear, is to preserve life, that is, to inflict the utmost possible loss upon an enemy, at the least possible cost of blood to one's self. Indifference to life can only be a morbid sentiment, emanating from a diseased mind, or from some other cause, that renders life burthensome. The man that courts death in battle, does so, because, whilst he desires to cast off an insupportable existence, he is eager to disguise suicide in the glorious garb of self-devotion. He may also desire to compound with his conscience, and thus hope to escape that penalty which religion and morality tell us will be the consequence of our wilfully throwing away that being with which God has vouchsafed to endow us. Indifference to life, if pro-

* We do not identify ourselves with the above remarks.—Editor.

ducing its extinction, is nothing else than suicide tricked out in the brilliant halo of extreme valour.

Were a whole army to be animated with such a sentiment, they would be like a host of maniacs, rushing blindfold upon destruction. They would hurl themselves upon the enemy's bayonets with heedless temerity, and, losing all self-possession or controul over their passions, would defeat the sagest combinations. It is, however, in the French and Polish ranks, more than in any other, that we find instances of this reckless, unreflecting valour, bordering almost upon mental aberration. Indeed, so closely is indifference to life allied to hallucination, that it may be confounded with it. However, when we come to analise this emotion amongst the French, it will often be found to be the offspring of extreme temporary excitement, grafted on ambition.

Under the category of excitement must be classed that feverish ardour of the moment, that indescribable intoxication of the soul, which propel men to the most desperate exertions, and urge them to confront peril with a contempt inconceivable to those who have never witnessed or experienced the influence of these stimulants. It, in fact, baffles description, as much as in many instances it overcomes all resistance. It may have its source in national spirit, hatred, revenge, or from the nerves being acted upon by the tumult, the movement, or the various indefinable emotions that rush to men's hearts and elevate them, as it were, above themselves during the heat of battle. When tempered by prudence it is an admirable quality in soldiers, but dangerous in the highest degree when unrestrained.

Individuals liable to excitement should never command in chief. As seconds, under the guidance of others, they may do well, "for in council it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them." Excitement in the hands of a skilful general is an admirable lever; but even then it is sometimes detrimental. Thus, the impetuosity of the British horse has frequently caused much mischief, and the public despatches tell us that the guards at Talavera compromised themselves by a similar excess. Excitement may be likened to shocks of electricity, which decrease in intensity at each successive application. It is too much allied to passion to be durable, and in soldiers *endurance* and *self-possession* are the most desirable of all qualifications. It is certain that passion and self-command are two incompatible elements. Excitement is a fever, that influences the mind, and hurries man headlong onward; but if he encounter determined opposition, it is likely to evaporate, or at least to lose much of its elasticity. The result is depression, and thence repulse. Excitement can only be called into life by extraneous means, whereas, self-possession being permanent either from habit or organization, requires no support; it is of itself sufficient to sustain a man's mind through all the vicissitudes of battle. The French possess to an eminent degree the fever of action, the British are masters of the more constant virtue.

(To be continued.)

DUET.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

DONALD.

Come roam wi' me, lassie, the moorlands sae free,
'Mid heather sae blooming come wander wi' me;
Come roam wi' me, lassie, by bank and by stream,
Sin' youth is sae fleeting, and fades like a dream.
The roses o' spring they maun a' soon decay,
I'll weave them sae gaily in garlands for thee;
In a' the lang year there's *but one bonnie May,*—
Come roam o'er the moorlands, dear lassie, wi' me.

LUCY.

Oh! tempt me not, Donald, to wander wi' thee,
It wadna be right for a lassie like me;
Oh! tempt me not, Donald, the roses o' spring
Mair thorns than contentment, I trow me, wad bring.
Man's no to be trusted, my auld auntie says,
His heart is sae faithless, his smile it betrays;
A *will o' the wisp* is the *glance o' his ee,*—
Oh! tempt me not, Donald, to wander wi' thee.

DONALD.

Gang wi' me, dear lassie; there's naething to fear,
I've loved ye sae lang, and I love ye sae dear:
Gang wi' me, dear lassie, in a' the world wide,
There's nane but thysel I wad hae for my bride.
I'll build thee a bower a' wi' hawthorn entwined,
My flocks are a' roving by mountain and glen;
A heart that loves better ye never shall find,—
Oh! talk not to me o' the falsehood o' men.

LUCY.

Oh! Donald, I fear ye can match wi' them a',
To talk a young lassie's poor senses awa';
Your looks are sae fair, and your speech is sae kind,
You'd a' but persuade me to alter my mind.
When I've met ye at kirk, or we danced on the green,
I thought I read love in thae bonnie bright een;
But ye spake na a word, sae as fleet as the wind
The thought fled awa' frae a young lassie's mind.

DONALD.

Dear Lucy, I aye was devoted to thee,
But thought that ye loved the laird better than me,
Sae I turned frae the bloom o' my ain bonnie rose,
And said, for another than Donald it blows.
I'll gang to thy mither, and tell her of a',—
I'll make thy auld auntie look kindly on me,
And soon frae the kirk will I bear thee awa'
My winsome young bride, o'er the moorlands sae free.

LUCY.

Oh! Donald, what lassie your suit wad deny?
In truth a mair hard-hearted lassie than I.
The lairdie had wooed me wi' speeches sae fine,
But a' his fine speeches were naething to thine.
He talked o' my beauty, and promised me fair,—
A gay silken plaidie, wi' gowd for my hair;
But I'd rather be won by that bonnie bright ee,
And gang o'er the moorlands, dear laddie, wi' thee.

THE OXONIAN.[1]—No. XI.

Ingenui vultûs puer ingenuique pudoris.

I WAS inquiring last week at Dewe's excellent library after Washington Irving's new book, when I was somewhat surprised to see Timothy make his entrance. Mr. Joy had done his best in fitting him out with new clothes, after his uncle's order; but there was still a certain awkwardness in his gait, that even a tailor had not been able to get rid of. He came up to me at once, calling me "Sir;" and then with a slight blush, gave me to understand that he hoped I should not consider he had done wrong in coming in to ask for a novel. "For, sir," said he, "you must know, that a very particular friend of yours, belonging to a different college from mine, by name Mr. Cad, has been calling upon me two or three times, out of friendship for you; and this gentleman told me yesterday that I was a regular "Peter Simple." Now what I want to do by coming here is, to find out who was this famous "Peter Simple," about whom, it seems, a novel has been written. I understand, indeed, that he was a great warrior; and you know my father was a lieutenant; but I am not quite certain on this point: besides, I should like to discover in what age he lived, since I have always been taught to read chronology and history together, as being the best method of studying." He had got thus far, when the boy put the book that he wanted into his hands, upon which Timothy whispered in my ear, "What a clever boy that must be. Didn't you see how he pounced upon the book on the instant?" Then hiding the three volumes under his gown, lest any one should see them, he walked out with me into the street, saying that he could by no means think of troubling Mr. Dewe, so far as to have him carry the books to his college.

I was much amused by this simplicity in my young friend, although indeed I may perhaps have overstated it in this place, by reason of that proneness to exaggeration which is naturally inherent in mankind. At the same time it pleased me to remark, even in these little things, the native goodness of his disposition. But since I have observed in general, that extreme simplicity is the most likely of all qualities to be seduced into error, I was careful in warning him against Cad, giving him notice of his real character, which caused Timothy to observe that he would be cautious about that gentleman for the future; but that he always thought it right to judge the best of every one, having been so taught by his uncle. After this he proceeded to make various observations upon Oxford matters, remarking particularly, that all over Oxford at dinner, some men were eating meat, some pastry, and some cheese, all at the same time; "which," said he, "I think very ungentlemanly, and would certainly have reformed if pos-

[1] Continued from vol. xii. p. 410.

sible. Besides," said he, " Mr. Cad told me the other day that he never intended to pay for the things that he bought, it not being the custom in Oxford, which I cannot understand at all." In this way he continued making strictures after his own fashion, till I asked him whether he was reading hard now that he was settled, upon which he answered, that he was reading as hard as his uncle would let him, and was at present thinking of taking a double first. Then turning to me he inquired whether I did not think he had lost a good deal of the schoolboy look which he had when he came, bidding me know that there was a poor young freshman just come up, whom he pitied very much, and was thinking of calling upon, for that he was looking very dull.

A short while after this, some Lincoln scholarships being vacant, I thought it no ill plan to recommend Timothy to try for one; knowing indeed very well that he had no chance of succeeding; but considering that such an exercise is very useful to freshmen, who are unversed in matters of this kind. To this proposal Timothy acceded with great readiness, saying that he was very glad the scholarships were open to the whole university, since he should despise getting a close scholarship. Accordingly he went in with the rest, at eight, as I remember, every morning, coming to me with an account of his adventures at the close of each day. On the first day I attended him myself to the college, since he appeared to be in no small alarm now that he was come to the point, giving me to understand that he felt something very odd about his stomach. But after going once or twice he became quite bold, and was able to tell me all about certain of his competitors whom he had particularly remarked. " You must know," said he one day, " there is a little fellow sitting next to me, who scribbles away so fast that I can scarce see his pen move, and seems never to be at a loss for a word, whatever turns up. However, I dare say that he does not think at all, which makes it even between us, for I think a great deal, and am particularly careful to follow your advice, in writing my words clear, so that the examiners may read them without trouble. But," he went on, " the person whom I am most afraid of is a grave gentleman with a gown on, who sits at the end of our table, and is always looking up to the ceiling with a wrinkling of his eyebrows. He does not write so fast as I do, but never scratches out, and I observed that in the Latin prose he wrote only one copy." In this way he would continue for some time, giving me accounts of each person whom he had cause to fear; but always concluding, unawares to himself, by telling me something that served to show his own chance to be getting stronger and stronger. For my own part I perceived, very clearly, from the rough papers which he brought me, that it was all over with him; but was willing that the event should show this rather than myself. This event came at last; of the scholars that were elected not one being Timothy, which, however, he bore much better than I had expected, bidding me observe that there was not a single twinge in his face. This request I did him the justice to comply with, and can answer for his heroism in this particular, especially as he sent me a note of invitation to a wine party the next day. The note ran thus:—

"Mr. Timothy Freshman presents his compliments to Mr. Query, and I hope for the honour of your company at a party for wine after dinner in my rooms, on March 24th, 1835.

"*Jesus College.*"

This being Timothy's first party, I was not backward in accepting the invitation, which I answered with the same formality that it was written in; although I did not fail the next day to explain to my friend that the most convenient usage in these matters was merely to write on one's card "wine on such a day." Eight days after this, the day being come which Timothy had fixed for his party, I entered his rooms directly after dinner, and found him assisting his scout in putting his dessert in order. He had on black trowsers and silk stockings, upon my noticing which, he gave me to understand, that, although he had never yet observed a man with silk stockings, in the society to which he was accustomed, he nevertheless considered it right for himself to dress in that style on the present occasion, inasmuch as he was master of the entertainment. Since this reasoning appeared to him very excellent, I did not gainsay it, upon which he informed me that he was very sorry for what he had to tell me, but that when he made mention of his party to Mr. Cad, who had called upon him the day before with an accusation of cutting him in the street, that gentleman had given him notice that he would come himself as a friend, and bring one or two good sort of fellows with him. He was proceeding to make further excuses upon this subject, when the gentleman of whom we were talking made his appearance, with Simon Strutt, who was mentioned in my last paper. Upon this Timothy got up and shook hands, making a low bow very gracefully, to which Cad replied, by telling him that he was an infernal ass, and so saying, seated himself in the only easy chair in the room. The next who made his appearance was Fancely, after whom came three other gentlemen, whom I had never seen before. Timothy not having a chair in the room for the last of these, was necessitated to bring one from his bed-room, which he did, apologizing all the while. When the company at last were comfortably seated, there was another difficulty, since, it seems, Timothy had bought nothing but sherry, which is but little drunk here. This, however, was remedied by the gentleman who came in last offering to lend Timothy some port, if he would send his scout for it, upon which Timothy went to the door and called for the scout down stairs, in so low a voice, that Cad ordered him to his seat, and took the office of Stentor upon himself. By these means we were at length in hopes of being settled to business, when Timothy, with many reflections upon his thoughtlessness, affirmed that he had no corkscrew, but this was also rectified by Mr. Cad, who, taking Timothy's handkerchief, wound it round the cork very exactly, and then with a neat twitch, put the contents of the bottle at our mercy. He helped himself first, for the sake, as he said, of seeing whether the wine was fit to be drunk, and then passing it to his friend Strutt, told him to say what he could make of it. This last accordingly took a glass in his hand, and after he had drunk it, wagging his head backwards and forwards three times, said very gravely, "Deuced bad, no body

at all." Upon which Cad told him that the wine was indeed no end of bad, but that he had only guessed what he said, for the sake of showing off, not having any real scientific knowledge of the matter. From this he diverged into a variety of anecdotes concerning his own skill in this line, being able, as he said, to distinguish port from sherry blindfold after twelve sips from each. After a while the conversation passed from this subject, as usual, into some other equally interesting, in the course of which various anathemas were pronounced against the proctors for their punishing so many men only because they went to the Warwick races. But in this last conversation Timothy would by no means join, since he considered it, he said, to be improper. As for Fancely, he did not say a word all the while, except to myself, not being overpleased, as it seemed, with having been introduced to such a person as Cad. In the midst of this there was a knock at the door, and upon Cad calling out "Come in," Dominie made his appearance, with his accustomed basket of oranges and biscuits. This personage is well known in the University, having lived here for a long while in the capacity of strolling fruit and cake-seller. He is an Irishman, and although he retains but little of his native dialect, professes nevertheless to be a strict Roman Catholic. His dress for the most part is black, with a white neckkerchief. On seeing the room to be full he was stepping back with an apology, when Cad bade him never mind, but come in, and taking a tumbler, poured it half full of port wine for him. When Dominie had drunk this, which he seemed to do with no small satisfaction, he made a low bow and said, "Mr. Cad, I always said you was a gentleman. Any Abernethy biscuits, sir? Got oranges very cheap; eight for a shilling the large ones."

Upon this Cad tells Timothy to hand him across half-a-crown, and putting it into Dominie's hand bids him bring out a shilling's worth of biscuits, and the same of oranges, keeping the other sixpence for good luck, at which Timothy made a strange face that I never saw him put on before. Mr. Strutt thinking it was now time for him to say a word, gave the wink to the company, and asked Dominie how long it was since he had been to confession. "Sir," says Dominie, "I go to confession as often as I can, and wish every gentleman here did the same."

From this he launched out into a long panegyric on the Roman Catholic faith, which led into a learned controversy of some twenty minutes, between himself and a pale gentleman who sat near the fire. In the course of this, Dominie, as is his wont, gave us to understand that he had been brought up for a Catholic priest, and then, to give us a taste of his learning, commenced a dissertation on the beauties of the first sentence in Livy's preface. "Pray, sir," said he, "just do me the pleasure of repeating to yourself the words, 'Facturus ne operæ pretium sim,' and observe how extraordinary harmonious they are. Livy, sir, was a fine author, take my word for it, sir, a thorough going Attic. Then, sir, there's Cicero, who, though he lived a little after the Augustan era, yet who ever wrote better orations? Sir, I have read Cicero like a brick, and admire him more and more every day I take him up, especially his speech against Cataline, which begins, 'Quousque tandem abutere, Catalina, patientiâ nostra,' and that

part again in the de Corona, 'Conticuere omnes.'" I know not how long Dominie would have continued in this way, had he not received two or three hints from the company, that Latin was not a fit ingredient for a wine party, upon which he commenced politics, informing us that he was determined there should be a repeal of the union before the year was out. At last, when he had exhausted himself on this point, having exhibited a fund of natural eloquence that was to be wondered at in one of his condition, he took up his basket, advising every one of us to read hard, which he said was the only way to get on. As he went out of the door he repeated with a very learned air, the words, "Rara est pecunia," but returned when he had got half way down stairs, to make a present of an orange to the gentleman with whom he had the controversy, with the view, as I suppose, of making peace between them. This orange, as well as all the others, we found to be very good, and here I will not omit the opportunity of recommending every gownsman, who shall read this, to make his purchases of this man, whom he will find to be a clever fellow in more ways than one. When he was gone, Timothy attacked very gallantly the gentleman who had been arguing with him about his religion, saying, that it was very unfeeling to ridicule any one for his religion, but especially in this case, where the man was poor, to which opinion Fancely added his assent, and the moment after took his departure.

This was a sign for a species of scandal to commence, which indeed is attributed in general to the sisterhood of old maids; but, as I think, will be found, after due inquiry, to flourish no less in this place. For no sooner was Fancely gone, than two or three gentlemen set up a loud cry against him, but especially Cad, who, after his usual fashion, designated him as a silly, sentimental looking fellow, who had nothing to say for himself. These words had scarce escaped his mouth, when being necessitated to depart for a supper party, the gentlemen, that he left behind, commenced a similar attack upon himself. Mr. Strutt, his intimate friend, calling him a regular blackguard, whom he had been thinking of cutting for a long time. From this the conversation passed into a strict analysis of Mr. Cad's character, conducted so philosophically, that one would suppose the company had just risen from a lecture on Aristotle's Rhetoric. In the course of this, Mr. Cad was shown to be as filthy a mixture as was ever concocted by an apothecary, but every one acknowledged that he was a very shrewd fellow, who, though he entered into all the rows, had contrived never yet to have an imposition set him. Mr. Strutt, a short while after wishing us a good night, the pale gentleman, whom I before noticed, commenced remarking how prevalent was the custom at Oxford of cutting up men behind their backs. "For instance," he went on, "there is that fellow Strutt, whom every one knows to be the most ill-bred man in Oxford, and yet he takes upon himself to speak against Cad, whose father is a knight. Besides, who ever saw such a chain as he wears." This set the company going on a learned dissertation upon gold chains, which however was dropped in the middle, by reason of the pale gentleman putting on his gown and taking his leave, upon whom the door had just closed, when the gentleman who lent Timothy the port wine,

said aloud, "I am pretty sure that man is a Deist. Did not you all observe how he sneered at the Roman Catholic religion? I dare say he thinks himself very clever, but I would have him know that there are other fellows cleverer than he is, although he may be going up for a second class in June." After this manner the sport continued till only myself and Timothy were left, the remnant of the company always running down the last person. Timothy then turning to me, with a very grave face, said that he never thought there was so much wickedness in human nature before, and, at the same time, remarked, that the gentleman who had just left was not a whit better than any of the rest, informing me that he had learnt one thing at any rate by this party, which was, always to be the last to go away. "But," said he, "I do not think I shall be able to put this observation in practice this term, since the Easter holidays are just at hand."

Before returning to my lodging I called at the post office, where I found the following letter waiting for me.

"Mr. OXONIAN,—Being yesterday at Mr. Jubber's engaged on an oyster patty, I had the fortune to find under the newspaper, the following verses, which seem to be the beginning of some famous poem written for the next prize. I have been very careful in searching amongst my poetical friends for the person who left the paper, which is a piece of foolscap disfigured with those strange faces which poets are used to scribble during the fervour of composition. But, not one having owned to the verses, I think I cannot do better than send them to you, who profess to be curious in odd matters, and by publishing may give them a chance of finding their parent.

"I am, sir,

"Yours respectfully,

"ANDREW PRIGG, Ch. Ch."

Dear is his home to Britain's haughty child!
Dear to the Indian is his Afric wild!
But dearer far to every Russian soul,
Yon spot enwrapt in Winter's vestal pall!
Where proudly swelling to the northern sky
Her glorious houses Moscow rears on high,—
Eternal Moscow! whose undying name
Sank not in slaughter! perished not in flame!

I have been thus particular in giving publication to these verses, partly out of respect to the gentleman who signs himself Andrew Prigg, and partly because I am afraid that the verses themselves are not very likely to gain publication in any other shape; unless, indeed, the author of them be bent upon printing, whether he gain the prize or not, as has been the case with certain other determined persons of late. But I hope the reader will not think that by my insertion of them, I mean to ridicule the whole of the poems, which go under the name of the Oxford English prize poems. It must, indeed, be confessed that some of them are written in a strange style of affected fervour, but if a judicious person will examine such of our last poems as are most admired, I make no doubt he will discover in them more

seeds of original excellence, than have appeared since the Apollo Belvidere. This is particularly to be observed of the last prize poem of all, entitled "The Hospice of St. Bernard," which deserves especial admiration for its descriptive beauties, and for its freedom from that false metaphor and mock pathos, which are the disgrace of our age. But since I intend hereafter to give up a whole paper to a critical examination of these poems, by which means I shall hope to put the public right concerning them, I will not further trouble the reader on this subject for the present.

FAITHLESS JEAN!*

SHALL a' our meetings come to *this*,
That a' must be forgot?
The vows o' love—the sighs o' bliss,
That cheered my wayward lot?
Then gie me back the pledge o' faith;
And here's the ring o' gold,
I've worn in joy and sorrow baith,
'Till a' thy love was cold.

Aft time within the birken shade,
We've sate, and watched the beam
O' yonder sun, (that gins to fade
O'er Logan's bonnie stream:)
And can those days be aye forgot?
And art thou changed to me?
Too weel I see thou lovest me not;
Go, false one, thou art free!

Oh! thou hast wranged the truest heart,
That love did ever melt;
Frae ony hand but thine, the dart
Had been as naething felt:
But sin' thy love is gane and past,
'Tis meet we now divide;
Ane kiss—ane kiss—it is my last!
Farewell, thou faithless bride.

C.

* "The Faithless Jean," was the beautiful Miss Jean Drummond, whom Dr. Austin, a physician, at Edinburgh, had wooed and won; when the fickle beauty, false to her first vows, (dazzled by the joint attractions of rank and riches,) married his Grace the Duke of Athol. The forsaken lover, in the moment of regret for a worthless mistress, composed the little popular and beautiful song, "For the sake o' gold she has left me!"

HOW TO WRITE MODERN BIOGRAPHY, EXEMPLIFIED IN SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF EPHRAIM SLOW.

WHEN I was a child I remember I made a regular practice of reading all the obituary notices that appeared in the public prints, and was astonished to find how many great men the world was constantly producing: and although in the case of the most of these worthies I had, previous to their decease, been in total ignorance of so much as their existence, yet I never hesitated to give them credit for all the brilliant qualities, which were so lavishly bestowed upon them by their biographers. How many Stubbes, and Jubbes, and Higginbottoms, have gone the way of all flesh, and lost this newspaper immortality, merely because they lacked a friend to step forward with a flourish of his goosequill, and rescue them from oblivion:—

"They had no poet, and are dead."

Another great man has fallen in Israel. Ephraim Slow, Esq., is no more! This afflicting intelligence will be received by the public with——but I must give the biography of this gentleman before I attempt his eulogy.

The great metropolis of England may claim the honour of his birth, for Ephraim Slow, Esq., first saw the light in London. He was born on the 31st of December, 1769, which being the last day of the year, gave rise to a witty saying of Peter Squeak, the parish clerk, that he came very near not being born at all. The date is remarkable on another account, for the year 1769 also witnessed the birth of the celebrated Bonaparte. Whether the influence of the stars was manifested in the production of these two distinguished persons within the same year might give rise to a dispute; but the circumstance is too remarkable to pass without notice. The house in which he was born is still standing: it is an ordinary looking edifice in Sprat Court, Upper St. Martin's Lane, the sixth door from the street. The building has little to distinguish it from the others in the same vicinity, except the words "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen" upon the front door; but this is probably a modern addition.

The Slows are an ancient family. Richard Slow, or Slowe, as the name is sometimes spelt, was a man of considerable note in Sussex at a period not long subsequent to the Norman Conquest. There is reason to believe the family is of Norman origin, and if tradition may be relied on, the grandfather of Richard Slow came over in the personal train of William the Conqueror, and escaped being killed at the battle of Hastings in consequence of being in the rear of the army. Be this as it may, it is certain that neither Richard Slow nor his grandfather was killed in the battle. The third descendant of Richard Slow was raised to the peerage, and became Lord Tardy. The seat of the family is at Standstill Hall, in the parish of Nevergo, in Sussex. The arms are a snail *couchant*, with the motto, *Festina lente.*

The richest blood in the realm, therefore, flowed in the veins of Ephraim Slow, and no doubt the consciousness of his noble lineage was among the main causes that inspired his youthful ambition. In fact, he is recollected, while a mere child, to have expressed an ardent wish that he were "a great lord!"—such is the powerful instinct of nobility! It is to be regretted that so few remembrances of his early years have been preserved; but those who had the care of his youth little dreamed of his future eminence, and many a characteristic event of his life has thus been suffered to pass down the stream of time into the gulf of irreclaimable

oblivion. He was taught his letters at the usual age by an old woman, who bore the familiar denomination of Granny Dobbs. It is a singular circumstance that his first attempts at literature should have been in the highest degree unpromising; for it is positively averred that he was twice as long in learning his letters as any other child in the school. The only anecdote of this interesting period of his career, which he is known to have related, is the following. When told that the first letter of the alphabet was A, he exclaimed, "Good gracious! is that A?"

In spite of this backwardness, however, he succeeded ere long in mastering the rudiments of language, and, having got through spelling, his reading and writing followed of course. I have not been able to discover that he was at this time distinguished among his fellow scholars, except by the circumstance of being often late at school; a habit which, in all probability, got him many a flogging. He was early addicted to whipping a top and playing at marbles, and was particularly fond of long taw. Trundling a hoop he seldom practised, the reason of which I have never been able to learn.

The subject of this memoir had the misfortune to lose both his parents at an early age, in which we may note a remarkable coincidence with the lives of several other distinguished persons. His mother died of a lingering consumption: I should have mentioned before, that her maiden name was Dawdle, and that she was closely related to the Dawdles of Tarrytown, in Yorkshire. The death of his father was accidental: the house in which he had lived happened to take fire in the dead of the night, and Mr. Slow not being particularly expeditious in putting on his breeches, remained so long upon the premises as to get sadly burnt, from the effects of which he never recovered. After the death of his parents, Ephraim Slow went to live with his aunt Patience Slow, at Great Ploddington, Devonshire. The records of this part of his life are rather scanty. A celebrated author has remarked with great justice, that the course of human existence in a country town has few striking characteristics beyond that of unvarying uniformity. In fact, the abodes of rustical retirement cannot be expected to afford that multifarious variety of scene and incident which are presented by the crowded haunts of the metropolis. Little, therefore, is now known of Ephraim Slow during his residence at Great Ploddington, except that he frequently amused himself by riding on horseback. The name of the horse was Dobbin, and he was probably a cart-horse belonging to one Jenkins, a neighbouring farmer; for the writer of this biographical sketch has heard him remark that his aunt kept neither horse nor cow, but only a tom-cat.

In this state of sluggish inaction his mental powers lay dormant and unnoticed; an ordinary observer would have been unable to discover in the simple and awkward rustic of Great Ploddington, the latent sparks of that genius which was destined to constitute at a future day the glory and admiration of the wits of Tapp's Alley, Lincoln's Inn Fields. But great events were in preparation. At this memorable period the French revolution burst forth—that great political explosion which shook the whole fabric of social organization. We may imagine the effect of this portentous shock upon a mind like that of Ephraim Slow: it was indeed an epoch in the history of his life, for his great uncle dying at this critical period, left him two hundred pounds a year. With this income he removed to London, and began the study of the law. He never after visited Great Ploddington, for which place he is known always to have entertained the most decided aversion.

Though Mr. Slow had embraced the legal profession, yet his labours in that department do not appear to have been directed with a view to the acquisition of either wealth or fame. In fact, he is little known to the public by his performances at the bar; yet his mind was a treasury of

legal science, and his opinons on all judicial matters were uttered with a confidence that denoted the most intimate persuasion of their soundness. It is not, however, to his legal acquisitions that he is indebted for his claim to renown: he will be chiefly known to posterity as the founder of the celebrated Apple Dumpling Club, an association of wits and philosophers who assembled weekly on each Saturday evening, in Tapp's Alley, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This whimsical name was bestowed on it in consequence of the apple dumplings which constituted a standing dish at the suppers which were eaten on these occasions. Some of the most distinguished men of the time were comprised in this society: we need only mention the late Peter Buzzard, Esq., George Jenkinson Doolittle, M.P., Mr. Jeffrey Wildgoose, author of the "Pleasures of Melancholy," and the celebrated Nicodemus Twist.

Amidst this bright constellation of wits and authors, Mr. Slow shone a star of the first magnitude: and he continued the ornament of the society and the delight of all his friends up to the period of his death, which took place at his lodgings in Chancery Lane, on the 30th of December last, being then within a single day of completing his sixty-fifth year.

Mr. Slow never was married; the reason of which he never would disclose, and though often rallied upon this point, yet he always contrived, with singular dexterity, to evade the question. Whether the true cause arose from a disappointment in early love, or whether it was owing to an original and deeply-seated anti-connubial inclination, it would be vain perhaps now to inquire. Had he married, he would beyond all doubt have proved a tender husband and an affectionate parent, for he was kind to his landlady, and paid his bills with scrupulous exactness, though sometimes with a little delay.

As a wit, Mr. Slow had few equals and no superior: scarcely a sentence dropped from his lips at the Apple Dumpling Club, without being devoured with the true attic salt: no person of the present age has made richer or more numerous additions to the sparkling pages of Joe Miller. His pun upon the Lord Chancellor's wig is in everybody's mouth, nor is his saying upon the Duke of Wellington's nose less celebrated.

Mr. Slow was a man of the deepest political foresight, and had his destiny led him into a parliamentary career, he would probably have taken his stand with Burke, and Pitt, and Canning, and the greatest statesmen of the empire. He was a searching and deep observer of mankind, and marked with the sagacity of genius the whole course of political events in his time. He saw into the true character of that extraordinary being Napoleon, long before his life was written by Sir Walter Scott; and he boldly pronounced, after the very first consideration of the matter, that Mr. Pitt's tax upon hair powder would never pay the national debt. His remarkable predictions respecting Old London Bridge and the Newcastle coal trade, are also well remembered. He had his doubts about the Reform Bill, but was decidedly of opinion that Liston excelled in low comedy.

The personal appearance of Mr. Slow was remarkable. He was five feet seven inches and three-eighths in height, and of a habit inclining to corpulency in his latter years: his face was rather short than long, and his nose would have been decidedly aquiline, had it possessed a somewhat greater degree of prominence: his forehead was expansive and thoughtful, rising immediately above his eyebrows. The crown of his head was considerably bald, a surprising circumstance, considering the general belief that married men only are subject to baldness. Lord Byron has remarked, in one of his letters, "all my married acquaintance have lost their hair and their good humour." But to return to our memoir: his eyes were of a twinkling grey, and he had a singular habit of opening

and shutting them whenever the wind blew. His usual dress was a snuff-brown, which he sometimes changed for drab or black:—bottle-green he never could endure. Altogether his general appearance was such as would have struck you at first sight, and the more you gazed at him, the more you became persuaded he could be no ordinary man.

Some of his habits were highly eccentric: he always breakfasted upon tea and hot muffins. Brandy toddy he drank sometimes of an evening, and he was remarked to have always given a loud *hem!* after swallowing a draught. It was his invariable rule to carry an umbrella in rainy weather, in which he bore a singular resemblance to Louis Philippe, the Duke of Wellington, and Paul Pry. He was occasionally seen in a Petersham great coat, but a nightcap he never wore. In fine, he was thoroughly English in his habits, opinions, and partialities, and always maintained that the Rialto by moonlight was nothing compared to Temple Bar in a Scotch mist.

Such was Ephraim Slow, and such were the brilliant talents of which England has been thus at a single blow deprived. His decease has left a chasm in society which nothing can fill up: to the Apple Dumpling Club in particular, the loss is immeasurable, and will be long felt. We are happy to state, however, that a collection of his most remarkable sayings will soon be published, under the care of Jeremiah Smallbeer, Esq., one of his most intimate friends. The work will be in three volumes large octavo, with the title of "Slowiana; or, the Table Talk of Tapp's Alley."—As a great demand for this work is anticipated, an early application will be necessary in order to secure copies. We subjoin Mr. Slow's epitaph:—

"Reader—pause, ponder, think, gaze, stare—for oh!
Death's swift-wing'd dart has sped—and here lies *Slow!*"

Q. Q.

OH! DINNA FORGET ME!

Oh! dinna forget me,
Though a' should forget;
Let the hour I last met thee,
In memory be set,
Like the bright star that keepeth
Its watch the lang night,
While the bonnie flower weepeth
Beneath its cold light.

Oh! dinna forget me,
My *ain* chosen dear!
Oh! dinna forget me,
When gay ones are near.
When at night round the earth, love,
Light spirits are met,
In the midst o' their mirth, love,
Oh! *dinna forget!*

C.

TEL FUT LE MONDE DÈS LE COMMENCEMENT.

" Tel fut le monde dès le commencement." These words struck my ear about five years back, as I was lounging on the Boulevard des Italiens. They were dropped by a man who walked before me, in company with another, and as I looked in his face, drawn and wrinkled more by care than age, and saw his eye bent sadly and musingly on the ground, I readily judged his opinion of the world, and that its troubles and vexations were the cause of his exclamation.

Many times since then, and on many different occasions, some of which my habits of mind keep fresh in my memory, I have repeated his words, and in much of what I conceive to have been his mood. From amongst these I will mention a few, hoping they may not be altogether without a moral.

A young friend of mine, residing at Paris, who had foolishly embarked in some of the political speculations which preceded the abdication of Charles X., induced me once to attend a secret meeting of his associates, men, he said, of firm honour, fast courage, unswerving determination, and whose chief desire was to die in the cause they had undertaken. At ten at night we left his lodgings, well disguised, and reached, by a circuitous route, through bye streets, the place of rendezvous, a miserable garret or loft, where some ten or twelve of the united brethren, as they called themselves, sate in conclave. A man with a dark lantern was placed on the stairs, whose duty it was to inspect all comers, and, in need, to give the alarm, the agitators themselves being in utter darkness.

Our arrival caused a pause in their proceedings, but my friend having given the pass word, we were admitted, and the orator then in possession of the meeting, resumed his declamation, winding up in these words: " I hold my life to be my country's property, and if the axe of despotism must light on a victim to my country's liberty, may mine be the first name to win the undying glory of a patriot's martyrdom." A loud murmur of applause followed this conclusion, when suddenly a scuffle on the stairs, and a battering at the door, were heard. A cry of police was raised, and the brethren rushed in a body to the window; only four of them, however, had time to gain the roof before the authorities effected an entrance, and secured the rest who were to be found, and having placed them in one corner, under the surveillance of two gentlemen with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, they proceeded to search for the others, piercing the rotten panelling of the room in all directions with their swords, but without effect.

" It is very odd," said I, who was myself under the care of the two gentlemen aforesaid; and I was wondering how the devotee to his country's weal had escaped, as from his position in the room, I conceived he must have been the last to attain the window, when one of the men thrusting his piece up the chimney, introduced the bayonet into some soft substance, which forthwith came rattling down, scream-

ing mercy, and murder, and shrieking out all kinds of vociferative entreaties, and promises to disclose all. "Can it be possible?" I said; "that voice?" They dragged the sooty abomination into the middle of the room; he spoke more composedly as he tendered himself for king's evidence, (for which honourable station the rest of the *détenus* forthwith became clamorous candidates,) and I knew him then, past all doubt, to be the orator who had so eloquently *offered* to *offer* his life at the shrine of his country's weal,—

"But 'stead of his throat he cut his corns."

"Ah!" said I, as we were marched along—"Tel fut le monde des le commencement."

On another, and a melancholy occasion, I was present at a police office in London, when a respectable man was brought up, charged with an assault on a *noble* lord. The unfortunate man was placed at the bar, where pickpockets, prostitutes, burglars, and forgers, had just preceded him; his accuser sate on the magistrates' bench, lolling the time away in stately listlessness. The case was called on, and his lordship narrated how the prisoner had, for whole days and nights, watched him, tracing him from town to country, and from the country to town; to the theatre, the opera, Almack's, the club, in fact, whereever he moved, continually seeking an opportunity to assault him. That on the previous day his lordship was alighting from his carriage, when the prisoner rushed at him with a stick in his hand, with which he aimed a blow at him, which he believed would have reached him, if his lordship's porter had not knocked the prisoner down, and that when he rose again, he repeated his attempt, when four of his lordship's servants interfered, and his lordship took shelter within his house till the prisoner was given in charge, and led away.

After this, some five or six menials, six feet high, as fat as porpoises, and clothed like princes, gave their evidence, "That my lord was *very nigh hit*, if they had not twice knocked down the prisoner, who was very noisy; and my lord was very much—alarmed—and my lord said, "Give that fellow into custody," and then they *gived him into custody*, and my lord did not perfectly recover till after dinner," &c. &c. &c.

The prisoner, who had been labouring gigantically to repress his agitation, being now called on for his defence, burst out like a dammed torrent.

"Your worship," he cried, "that scoundrel, sitting by your side on the bench, seduced the wife of my bosom, and a fond and faithful wife till then, from her home, her duty, and her children."

"Prisoner," said the magistrate, interrupting him, "that, if true, is ground for a civil action—we cannot listen to such matters—it is wasting our time, and that of the public; the king's peace must be kept."

"Well, gentlemen, I kept it long, but my wife's brother was not of my patient nature, he was an officer in the navy, he challenged that titled hound, who, like a coward, and a base cur that he is, gave information of the challenge, and put the officers on the scent. My

brother-in-law, to avoid them, went down to his friends at Dover, but the officers knew they would be well paid for their job, and followed him there, when to escape them, for they were close upon him, he pushed a boat off from the beach, and ran out to sea. Shortly after a gale came on, which blew all night, and the next morning his corpse was found on the shore. Let the coward there, deny these things if he can. It was for these I followed him, and will follow him, while I have a soul in my body, till I am revenged."

"Prisoner!" again said the magistrate, "these statements are most irregular, and cannot be permitted; it is monstrous to suppose that a nobleman of his lordship's rank is to be libelled in this *ex parte* manner, and even threatened, and in the face of this bench, with impunity. We must fine you ten pounds for the assault, and call upon you to find security, yourself in one thousand pounds, and two sureties in five hundred pounds each, to keep the peace towards his lordship."

Here his worship turned round to his lordship, with a look that seemed to say, I think that's pretty well; and my lord, uncrossing his legs, and raising his head from the newspaper, which he had been coolly perusing, smiled a gracious approval.

"Five hundred pounds each!" cried the prisoner. "Good God! where am I to find such securities? it is but three weeks since I became a bankrupt, owing to the confusion that crept into my affairs, through that villain's doings."

"Well," said the magistrate, "you have threatened to pursue his lordship till you are revenged; if I relax something of the amount of the securities, will you retract that threat, and give an assurance of your peaceable intentions?"

"No!" said the prisoner.

"Then you must be locked up till you find the securities," replied the man in office, and his worship again turned to his lordship, and commenced an interchange of small talk, while the poor man was led away by the gaoler. His worship afterwards bowed and smiled his lordship out, and next day the prisoner cut his throat and died. And when I heard his fate, I added a sigh, and a curse to my exclamation, "Tel fut le monde dès le commencement."

Some few years back I was walking early in the morning over an unfrequented part of Wimbledon Common, when I suddenly came on a low insulated spot, where some gentlemen were, as I soon perceived, preparing for a duel. While the principals were standing aloof, and the seconds were deliberating on the necessary preliminaries, I stepped up to the surgeon, who was alone, and some little distance from them, and begged to know if there was no possibility of preventing the contemplated collision.

"I am afraid not," he answered.

"Is the matter of disagreement very serious, then?" I inquired.

"I believe," said the surgeon, "it is some dispute on the purity of the pedigree of a pointer."

"Good God!" I said; "are these men going to stake their lives, perhaps their immortal souls, on the chastity of a bitch? Gentlemen," I continued, addressing the seconds, who had come up to ascertain the cause of my intrusion, "surely you will never allow these two

friends of yours to point their weapons at each other in such a trumpery dispute as this?"

"Trumpery, sir!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes, trumpery."

"I don't understand you, sir," continued one of them; "there has been a very serious difference between them; there is, in fact, a great mistake on one side, sir."

"Well," I replied, "is that a reason why they should attempt to murder each other, or why you should abet their endeavours that way? If, as you say, there has been a difference, and there is a mistake between them, let them reason themselves right; surely they are capable of infusing more logic into an argument than into a bullet?"

"Pooh, pooh, sir!" said the other second, "that's not the custom," and taking the arm of his fellow spadassin, they turned their backs upon me, and proceeded to load. As a last resource, I addressed myself to one of the principals; he received me sullenly, and asked me if I was in the commission of the peace. I answered that I was not.

"Then, sir," said he, "have the goodness to spare me your opinions. *Gentlemen*," he added, sneeringly, "have ways of their own of settling their differences."

I then applied to the other, a very young man, of an open and ingenuous countenance. In answer to my entreaties to him to desist, he said, "I should have no objection to oblige you, sir, but I'll see that fellow," eyeing his antagonist, "d—n'd first."

As he said these words, the seconds went up to their respective friends, and it was insisted on that I should withdraw, which I did, with great reluctance, taking my stand by the side of the surgeon. A moment after I had retired, the seconds gave the signal, and both parties fired at the same time; and in the same moment that I saw the flashes from their barrels, I saw the younger spin round, with his arms spread out in the air, like the sails of a windmill, rise from the ground, and then fall flat and heavily on it, with his face downwards, like a huge lump of clay or lead dropped from a height. Myself, the surgeon, the other principal, and the seconds, were quickly grouped round him.

"It's all over," said the surgeon. "Where are the carriages?"

"We must be off, by God!" cried the seconds.

"D———n!" exclaimed the surviving duellist, gnashing his teeth in agony, "this quarrel was my seeking. I am a murderer!"

In another minute I was alone with the corpse, and as I gazed on it, and thought of what had passed, wept for the perversity of human nature, as I whispered again—"Tel fut le monde dès le commencement!"

EPHRAIM TWIGG.

THE COCOS' ISLES.

WITHOUT pronouncing any opinion upon the merits of the case, we insert the following letter, the more especially, as it treats of a place so curious, so remote, and so little known.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Magazine.

New Selma, Cocos' Isles,
July 8th, 1834.

SIR;

Having lately seen in the Singapore Chronicle, some extracts from an article in your Magazine for September 1833, on the Cocos' Islands, I beg to submit to you the following remarks, being, in part, corrective of some errors into which your correspondent, the author of the article, may have been led by a hurried visit, or by incorrect information.

The islands—the body of which is situated in 12° 9′ S. lat. and about 97° 5′ E. lon.—are apparently of very considerable age, reckoning from the period when the billows of ocean first began to break upon the wall on which they are elevated. Portions of the *debris* produced by the incessant actions of those billows must have slidden downwards upon the outside, as well as other portions been thrown upwards and inwards, and hence, it is likely, originated the slope, which exists all round the exterior of the wall to such an extent as to afford anchorage in case of emergency at a safe distance beyond the breakers. This circle, and probably all the circles of coral isles which exist in these oceans, seem to be founded upon the walls of the craters of submarine volcanoes. This opinion is sanctioned by our having experienced, on May 25th 1829, an earthquake of considerable strength and duration—by the fact of Keeling's Isle, or the N. Coco, which lies detached fourteen miles N. of this group, being laid upon a base of black basalt and volcanic claystone—and by fragments of these substances being occasionally found on the beaches of the group. Reasoning, indeed, from the phenomena presented by the isle of St. Paul in the S. Indian ocean, we are led to infer, that, long after a submarine volcano has burst, and admitted the water of the ocean to extinguish its actually developed fires, a very considerable intensity of heat continues to be generated in the interior masses of the mountain, and is thence communicated to the walls of the crater, where it originally enables the germs of coral and other shelly animals to attach themselves, and commence those operations which put to shame the utmost efforts of the terrestrial lords of the creation.

The produce of the coco-palm is so well known to be valuable for mercantile purposes, that I should not, *en passant*, notice the mistake of your correspondent on that point, had it not been copied by the editor of the Singapore Chronicle, without such comments as the articles of coir, cocoanuts, and coco-nut oil, enumerated in the price-current columns of that paper, should have suggested to him. There is no sugar-loaf, or cone-formed isles in the Cocos' group. The only foundation for the statement consists in the existence of a few sand-hills, or heaps, which were apparently accumulated by the action of the winds anterior to the period when vegetation overspread the surface; but, as the trees, &c, that are growing on these heaps, do not overtop those which grow on the adjacent levels, no external indications of those hills are afforded to the distant spectator.

The little bird which is described as having a black head, with a red bill and red feet, has in reality snow-white plumage, with black bill and feet. Only one species of web-footed birds—the red-legged gannet—roosts upon trees. Here I may observe, that the brown birds, and the brown with white bellies, which seamen call boobies, &c., are the young of the gannet or soland geese. They become, in the second year of their age, of the same colour as their parents; and, with their nestling coat, throw off that stupidity for which they are previously so remarkable. Two species of the heron—a species of the crane which preys upon small birds, chickens, &c.—the tropic-bird—the frigate, or pirate bird—and the little white-feathered bird just mentioned—must be added to your correspondent's list of non-web-footed birds which are to be found here.

Of the species of craw-fish described by your correspondent as attaining to the size of a large hare, his informant, whoever he may have been, must have the credit of being solely cognizant. The common sea-cray-fish, and the land-crab, or land-lobster rather, are the only creatures of the sort, which are known to others as frequenting this place, and neither of these is nondescript.

Good fresh water is to be had only on the larger isles, and even of these Direction Isle is destitute of that important article.

Fowls, ducks, &c. cannot be reared on all the islands. What, on some of them, causes the death of the chickens, &c. we have not yet discovered.

Mr. Hare, of whom your correspondent was led to speak as the sole settler of the islands, was, indeed, on board the ship Borneo, in the year 1820, as a passenger from Java to the Cape of Good Hope, but he did not, at any subsequent period, set foot on board that ship. She was built, it is true, by me, on the island of Borneo; and was the first vessel of European model ever attempted to be constructed on that inestimably valuable island. Relative to that vessel, the following notice is to be found in the "Directions for Oriental Navigation," by Captain Horsburgh, the talented, well-informed, and indefatigable hydrographer to the East India Company. "In the bight, about three leagues S. E. of Banjar Masseen River, is situated Ross's River, which stretches inland to the N. E. On it, Captain J. C. Ross, with the assistance of the natives only, built the ship Borneo of four hundred and twenty-eight tons, launched in 1818; in which he has made several voyages between England and India, and which is considered to be a sound well-built ship." Let me add that she was lately lost, on a previously undiscovered shoal to the N. W. of Madagascar, where she bilged, but did not go to pieces under the feet of her crew, like the glass-work vessels of which too many of our merchant ships of all classes have afforded examples. These examples will not cease to be frequently repeated as long as the present unscientific manner of ship-building continues. If your correspondent had looked into the book just quoted, and which was surely in the ship in which he visited this part of the world, he would not have ascribed so much as he has done to Mr. Hare, for he would have read to the following effect:—The Cocos or Keeling's Isles have been briefly described in vol. i. of this work, but their value to navigators remained unknown, until Captain J. C. Ross visited the southern group, or Cocos properly so called, and found a good harbour, where he lay from the 5th to the 10th Dec. 1825. The isles and harbour he explored and sketched, while the men were employed in putting the ship into a proper state to encounter stormy weather, that might be expected on the passage to England, as she had been found rather crank after leaving Padang. "These isles have lately been inhabited by Captain Ross, who first discovered the harbour, to which he now applies the name of Port Albion; and who has given the name of New Selma to the village which he has formed at

his residence on the south eastern island, where he first settled himself, with his family and several followers, among whom are a smith and a carpenter; and instead of the extent of the group of isles being as heretofore supposed and described, viz., from 12° 4′ to 12° 21′ S. lat., he has ascertained more correctly that they extend only from 12° 3′ to 12° 14′ S. Ships homeward bound, after clearing Sunda Strait and Java Head, are liable to sustain damage in carrying sail, with a fresh S. E. trade wind, whilst steering to S. W. against the swell, which occasionally rolls along in that direction from the higher southern latitudes on to the north-eastern boundaries of the Indian Ocean; and as Port Albion is situated nearly in the direct route of these, as also of shipping bound to and from India and Australia, and outwards from England towards Sunda Strait, the west coast of Sumatra, and other places on the E. side of Bengal Bay, Captain Ross thought, that in forming the settlement of New Selma, he might, besides attaining his own peculiar objects, be providing the means of rendering important services to the commerce of the British empire, and to general navigation, by Port Albion affording a place wherein ships may repair damages, fill up water, and refresh their crews if needful, with good cocoanuts, and other vegetables, as also with hogs and poultry. These expectations have begun to be realized, by several vessels having touched and put in for these purposes." I would here recommend to navigators intending to pass between the Cocos and Keeling's Isle, that, as the ebb tides run to E. N. E., and are sometimes considerably increased in strength by currents running in the same direction from the Southern Ocean towards the straits of the Indian Archipelago, the course should be shaped so as to pass nearer to the north side of the Cocos, than the south side of Keeling's Isle, lest the tides and currents should horse the vessel upon the latter, as recently happened in the case of the British brig Earl of Liverpool, which was stranded upon it, in the night, on her passage homeward from Singapore.

Mr. Hare did land from the ship Hippomenes, on these isles, in the beginning of June 1826, with a party of Malays, &c. whom he had originally conveyed from their native countries to the Cape of Good Hope; and thence brought away in the vessel just mentioned, with the view of sitting down with them on Christmas Island. Finding his design impracticable, he next determined on locating himself on the Andamans; but the crew refusing to proceed thither, he disembarked on the Cocos, intending to remain no longer than till he could get some means of conveyance to the Andamans. Subsequently, however, he formed the project of staying here; and of establishing an oil-manufactory. But, in order that he might, for certain reasons peculiarly his own, as much as possible prevent general communication between the islands and shipping, he restrained the people under him from rearing a single fowl, or from having a foot of garden, or other ground, for their own use. The twenty dozen of ducks and fowls taken hence on board the vessel, wherein your correspondent was, (probably His Majesty'y ship Cruizer, Captain Parker, to the people of which, who had been long living on salt provision, the captain, in messes, ordered fowls, &c. to be given that were purchased here,) must have been obtained from persons under me, as Mr. Hare had, many months previously to her arrival, left the islands, taking away with him every individual over whom he had power. He certainly did, when projecting the oil-manufactory, draw up certain "rules and regulations;" but they were of a widely different kind from those attributed to him, by your correspondent's informant, which were in fact compiled by me. From the code, in reality adopted by Mr. H., I have some copious extracts taken by myself from the original in his writing. They would surprise if not amuse the public; but, as their insertion would greatly lengthen this letter, they must be kept back, at least for the present.

They clearly indicate the principles on which that gentleman was proceeding in his speculations on these islands—principles that led him to quarrel with me; and, at length, to take his departure, finding that I would not be his assistant in bringing them to bear on persons, who were not and never had been legal slaves. He himself stated, in writing, that, "he could not hope to carry on these works successfully, whilst I was entertaining paid servants so close by;" and "that he had calculated on the remote security of this place affording to him a depôt for his people, the door to which he could keep shut to all intercourse of shipping, and whichdoor I had persisted in opening."

Trusting that you will give place in your Magazine to these remarks, and by so doing neutralize any mischief, which some passages of the article in your former number may cause, or have caused, to my interests,

I remain, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. C. ROSS.

STANZAS ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF COLERIDGE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From living shapes that flit across my path,
I turn mine eye to genius in its shroud,
To him who now, alas! no dwelling hath
Amongst the sons of life. What visions crowd
My busy fancy, as I tread the spot,
Hallow'd by holy dust! each low desire,
And vulgar theme of earth, alike forgot.
O icy lips, that breathed seraphic fire!
O rifled casket of the mine-like brain!
O lifeless hands, that waked the living lyre!
O pulseless heart, that throbb'd for *others'* pain!
Ye scattered ruins of a gorgeous Tyre,
A *city of the soul,* whose incense rose
Up to the Lord of light, and scaled the skies!
Speak, mouldering ashes, from your dark repose;
Where is the soul that waked life's sympathies?
Ah! whither art thou vanished? dost thou rove
Amongst those argent worlds, that o'er me shine,
A seraph now, and minister of love?
Meet office for a nature sweet as thine,
That breathed like vesper-music from thy face,
Hallowing the brightness of thy day's decline.
Dear bard of meek humility and grace;
Oh! for a wing angelic, to pursue,
And track thy path of glory, mounting high,
From star to star, till bursting on thy view,
Th' eternal city of the Deity
Opens elysium, never seen of eyes,
But *spiritual,* and couched of earth's impurities.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

HAVING, the next time my friend, the surgeon, called upon me, shown him the above written pages, which cost me a good deal of time to write for want of practice; he said I must go on straight with my life from the beginning, and not treat of things which were happening now, until I came to that period of time, in the regular course of my history; however, as it is written I have let it go, because it informs the reader, in part, how this book came to be published, viz., at the instance of my good-natured friend. Not but that I always intended, if I lived long enough, to write my life myself without assistance, because I think I have seen as much as most men; but I must follow the advice given me, and let this appear in the following pages. Begging, therefore, the good-natured reader's pardon for the delay, I will go on, only reminding him that I have now determined to run away from the workhouse.

It was, however, a full week after the proposition was made before we could succeed in effecting our escape; at length one of my companions hid a short ladder belonging to the wood stack; when he had the job of sweeping the yard, he took the opportunity of secreting it under the wall, carefully covering it up with stones and rubbish.

That same night, when all were supposed to be asleep, we got out from our bed-room window into the yard, mounted the wall and then dropped down into the street. This, to me, was like a chicken breaking the egg-shell, to come out and have a peep at the surrounding world; but the simile ends there, I had no anxious hen waiting to cover me with her wings, and to instruct me how to pick up my food, or to drive away with her beak the enemies to my repose. We had neither of us a penny in our pockets, or a mouthful of any thing to eat; but the biggest boy undertook to general it for the party, and it soon appeared that his experience justly entitled him to that post of honour. At the time we left the workhouse there was no regular parish dress used, so he took us straight to a lodging-house, where the young sneaks and cadgers of that day used to find shelter for a penny, two-pence, or three-pence a night, according to the accommodation. In one of these houses we found from sixty to seventy boys lying upon straw in two rooms, most of them with their clothes on. We were at first refused admittance, because we had no money, but our leader had been an old customer, so he pledged his word to pay the next day, and we turned in among the rest. The following morning, as early as six o'clock, we started out in search of a breakfast. Our captain soon put me to a use; we went, I remember to Fleet

[1] Continued from vol. xii. p. 231.

market, where I crept under a wagon loaded with turnips, having a heap piled up beside it, from the bottom of which I pulled out bunch after bunch, while my companions carried them off through the spokes of the wheel into a court hard by; when we had got a good lot, our leader went and found a man with a donkey-cart, who gave us a half-crown for them. We then had some breakfast at a saloop stall in the street, and afterwards stole a basket of apples, which was sold to a woman for two shillings, basket and all. After this I got under a poulterer's stall, and pulled a fine goose off by the neck, which hung down; one of my confederates going on the other side of the way to give me the signal when the man in the shop was looking another way, and not upon his stock. As soon as I had it down the other put it into his flag, (apron worn for the purpose,) and went off with it; but before I could get out, being impeded by some hen-coops, the poulterer caught me; as his goose was gone, he had no evidence against me, so he fetched a stick, gave me a sound beating, and then let me go. I now began to think a little, not only of the stick and its effects, but of the employment I had so suddenly dropped into. Young as I was, conscience told me I was wrong, and showed me a glimpse in prospect of some very bad consequences; but then I was in the world like a bird caught in a trap, that is to say, I was in a trap of circumstances; I looked every way for a hole through which I might escape, but in vain. I believe, to this hour, that if any one at that moment had stepped forward to give me employment, that I should have remained an honest boy and man all my days; and that thousands of youths in the metropolis at the present day are often similarly situated; who not having a Cato's education, or a Cato's stoicism, cannot find virtue enough to starve before a voluptuous and thoughtless multitude revelling in superfluous abundance. By-the-by, the play of Cato came into my hands when I used to have the clothes at the Bailey, one morning I found it in a malefactor's pocket when I took his things home to examine. Thinking it was something about death, and that the poor fellow had read it to keep his courage up, I looked at it many times, and it is my opinion, that if Cato had been left to starve or steal when a boy, that he would have chosen the latter course, and the world have known nothing of his great virtues; and also, if he had been condemned to death by our recorder, that nobody would have found any merit in him, however large his soul might have been. But after all the noise made about this Cato, it strikes me that he was but a disappointed, discontented fellow, something like those conspirators who (in 1820) met in a street of his name up at Paddington, intending to murder Lord Harrowby and all the other ministers; and that, like them, he became desperate and regardless of life, because they knew they had gone too far to retreat. People in place and power, having it all their own way, seldom kill themselves for the good of the people; or of a cause, as it is sometimes called. There is, indeed but one instance in the English history, in my times, and he was an Irishman, conscience-pricked about the wrongs he had done his country. As to real Catos, I and the old doctor (as we call the ordinary) have seen more than all the Romans and Grecians put together: there was Jem Haynes, and Black Bob, and——but, as the surgeon says, I am digressing.

I had now lost my companions, and all the money we had made in this my first morning's walk into the town, was gone with them, so I walked about all day, comparing my present miserable condition with my unbounded delight the night before; and it is my belief that the sudden change tore my young heart in pieces, or, as my friend says, divided it from any connexion with the nerves. Such things are too much for young ones to bear, and afterwards grow up like other men. Those in the world who never knew want, when they talk of the poor, do not

think of these things; but I know I am right, and am sure the king's son would be like any other unfortunate lad, if he was brought up just in the same way. At one time I thought of going back to the work-house; but the attraction of the shops, and the freedom of the streets, overcame this resolution. Towards night I became so hungry, that I snatched three buns from a pastry-cook's shop, and got off with them by running under a hackney-coach into a crowd on the other side of the way. This was my first exploit upon my own independent account, still it gave no courage; I did not relish the act, and probably should rather have starved than committed it, but for the lessons I had had in the former part of the day. After dark I thought of the lodging-house where I had been the night before, and went there in the hope of seeing my two friends; I was soon informed that they had been there and paid sixpence for our last night's lodging, but were not coming back again; and I afterwards learnt that they having during the day made a watch (stole it) and a great coat, went to another house to avoid giving me regulars: that is, a fair share of the plunder. Not knowing what I should do, I began to cry, when a strange boy, who was sitting by the fireside, got up and said, "Ah! I see how it is, they have put you in the hole; (meaning that they had cheated me;) but if you will come along with me, I'll give you some supper; he then took me to a leg of beef shop, and gave me a good supper, telling me if I would consent to go out with his party the following day, that he would also pay for my lodgings." I began now to see pretty clearly that all the boys at the house where I had slept were sneaks, and that I was one of them; but being either too young, or having but little time for reflection, and no one to whom I could apply for advice, I thought but little more about it, and took his offer. The next day I found myself in company with three other boys, who took me into Monmouth Street, and fitted me out with some fresh clothes, which cost twelve shillings, they having drawn a guinea from the harridan who kept the lodging-house for the purpose. I was afterwards informed that these boys had, at that time, upwards of ten pounds in her hands; for the reader must understand, that it is a part of the policy of all thieves in London never to go out with money or property about them for fear of being taken, when it would, under search, fall into the officer's hands, and be more than a thousand chances to one if they ever got it again, even if discharged by the magistrate, or acquitted at the Old Bailey. By-the-by, this was once a villanous trade chiefly carried on by the Bow Street runners, and other officers, who made themselves acquainted with the thieves, and their girls, so that when any robbery was committed, they would go and indiscriminately search any of them, and under pretence of seeing whether the property they took from their persons was that which was stolen, they (the officers) enriched themselves by robbing the whole fraternity of thieves. This has been the case from the time of the great Jonathan Wild, a hundred and thirty years ago, down to Ikey Solomon, from whom the officers got upwards of two thousand pounds' worth of property, not more than twenty of which was ever brought to light—just enough to convict him; many an officer in my day, like Jonathan Wild, deserved, to my knowledge, as much to come into one of my nooses as the worst rogue they were employed to catch, and matters are not much mended under the new police act, if all were made known.

Having now my new toggery, I thought myself a great man, and my spirits were so raised that I was ready for any thing. The reader must be informed, that about fifty years ago there were, it is supposed, upwards of fifteen hundred boys who had taken to thieving, and carried on their calling independently of any connexion with old hands, and that at this present day there are in the metropolis a number, under sixteen

years of age, exceeding as many thousands. The older and knowing boys, are always on the look out for younger hands, who wanting experience, and having no sense of their danger, are ready to commit any action which their leaders impose upon them. One of these cunning and master hands I have known stand his ground, while through his means a hundred boys have been transported. Into such hands had I unfortunately got, and their tool, for a time, it was my destiny to become. Every master sneak is acquainted with the likely places for doing business upon the surest terms; I mean they know all the shops in London, whose goods are most exposed, and which trades and houses, together with the time of day, are best for attack. In the morning, therefore, when they start out for a day's adventure, the business is not conducted at random; the captain of the party carries with him a list of good shops, &c. (not altogether disregarding other opportunities, should they occur;) going direct to the first, he reconnoitres, and if he thinks it will do, the forces are called up and the affair tried on; if otherwise, he says, "We will pass this over to-day," and then goes on to the next on his list. Many old sneaks upon the town, when they are transported, will sell their list for five and six pounds, which sum of money is made up by subscription from a party who afterwards work it for their own benefit.

The first affair I was engaged in, with my new friends, was an attack upon a linendraper's pile of prints, placed upon the steps of the door. Watching the time when the shopmen were engaged inside with their customers, I carried off, at three separate trips, six pieces of print, worth, at that time, about two pounds each piece; these were immediately sold to a woman in Earl Street, Seven Dials, who kept a rag-shop, for four pounds. After this we went to see a man standing in the pillory at Charing Cross, where there was a great crowd collected. From a shop in St. Martin's Lane we observed the master run down to the corner to take a look at the scene; one of my companions immediately ran in and stole a ham, and another afterwards got a piece of beef in our way home, out of Newport market, with which we had a jollification that night in the landlady's own room, away from the other boys. The next day I was sent into a dentist's shop, pretending that my teeth were all knocked out by the pole of a coach. My associates had long marked this dentist's shop as good, if properly managed: it was known, that every day the proprietor went out regularly to a hairdresser's shop in the neighbourhood, while he left a servant girl to stand at the door until he returned, after having been shaved; and it was also known that he possessed a valuable gold watch, worth sixty-five pounds, which generally hung up inside a glass case, and that he seldom put the watch into his pocket when he went no farther than to the hairdresser's. On the morning in question, one of my companions led me into the shop, just after the dentist had been seen to leave it, with a handkerchief up to my mouth, crying out "For God's sake call your master, this poor boy has had all his teeth knocked out—run! run!" Away went the poor girl to call her master back again, and away went the gold repeater. This exploit being buzzed about at the sneaks' lodging-houses, I had, in a few days, twenty offers of forming more advantageous partnerships, according to their several statements. Out of this booty I was allowed to myself two whole guineas, it having been sold to a jew who was frequently at our sleeping place, but how much it fetched I never heard. After many similar adventures, I was one morning taken very ill, most likely from over-eating and an indulgence of appetite to which I had been unaccustomed.

My former companions finding me of no further use for the present, took no notice of me, and the woman who kept the house laid her hand upon what money I had about me, and put me upon an old filthy mattrass in a dirty closet. I know not how long I remained in that place, I

remember only that at times I had a basin of gruel and some water to drink, and that when I was able to rise up, she told me that I was in debt. My clothes were gone, and some old rags left me in their stead. My appetite returned all at once, but I had not a penny with which to buy a roll, and the woman declared she had lost too much by me to go any further, informing me that my acquaintances had not been there since I had been laid up, and that they were gone to Whitechapel. This was very probable, as these boys seldom stop long in one house; if, however, I had remained until night, I dare say I should have met with some one who would have lent me a shilling, and have taken me into his service, but so suddenly did my appetite return, that I could not wait an hour, so I hurried on my filthy clothes and sallied forth, undetermined and irresolute what course to pursue. I had not strength or courage to steal, and besides, I began to wish myself out of the calling, and, with this feeling, stopped several boys in the street, to ask them if they could tell me of a place where I might get employment, forgetting that I knew no kind of work, or had ability to perform any, however trifling.

At last I got so hungry that the sight of the shops with things in them to eat almost drove me mad. I have been hungry many times since, but never like that, and I am quite sure a man might, in the same state that I was then in, commit any offence, even murder, for a morsel of bread to eat. Oh! it was a dreadful feeling, and this is another of the recollections with which I shall never part; many first crimes I am convinced are committed under this gnawing and sickening feeling of the stomach, although that was not my case, I had begun before.

Passing by a cheesemonger's shop in Theobald's Row, I saw a half ham hanging up, very convenient for lifting off the hook. I watched the moment and succeeded. If I had known how to dispose of this, it would have bought me a famous dinner, but the older sneaks never let the younger ones know, so long as they can avoid it, where the things are to be fenced (sold.) The first thing I did when I got the ham, was to go down a gateway and begin gnawing it raw. One good thing, however, it is said always brings the want of another, and so I found it, for I had no bread; I, therefore, went in search of some, and got into Drury Lane before I could see a good opportunity for my purpose, and here my hunger became so furious that I could not wait any longer, but dashed at a loaf in the window and ran away with it; forgetting my weakness, I had here overshot the mark, especially with the encumbrance of the ham. I was taken, and conveyed to Bow Street Office, where I saw a gentleman who was every day at our workhouse, and who knew me well. All the time the charge was being made against me, he kept looking in my face, but when the magistrate asked if any one knew me, he walked away without saying a word. I have since been told that this gentleman had that year farmed the poor-house, and, therefore, was too glad to see one consumer for his food out of it, to interfere in bringing him back again. I was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. The mildness of my punishment was owing to the ham bone being gnawed, and my appearance, which at once showed that I had stolen the things to satisfy my hunger. What surprised me most was the little inquiry made about who I was, where I came from, or who were my friends. I expected all these questions to be asked, and was prepared to tell the truth. "Let him," said the magistrates, "go to prison for a month, it is a charity; perhaps somebody may own him in that time." How often have I thought of these words, when doing my business at the Old Bailey drop.

Here's another, says I to myself, as the man comes up the steps, (if he be a highwayman or a housebreaker), of the magistrate's charity children; one who has been served by our *humane* and *worthy* magistrate as the bear in the fable served his master, when asleep in the garden.

Out of kindness he went to drive a fly away, which had settled upon the nose, and by his clumsiness tore one side of his master's head off with his claws. All people hate the thoughts of a prison, if they were never in one; but when the ice is broken there's an end of the fear; is it good, therefore, to send little children to prison? Oh! what a fright was I in about going to jail! If they would have let me off, and found me out any way of living, I am sure I never should have done wrong again; but when I got into the jail, I found myself as much deceived about it, as I had been about getting out of the workhouse; I really liked it better than any place I had before been in. I was among men and lived a very jolly life, and heard more that month than all I knew in the whole of my life before. It is different now to be sure, but then the boys are altogether, and teach one another; so it all comes to the same thing in the end. The imprisonments of one, two, and three months, which the magistrates have the power of giving, have been the ruin of tens of thousands of boys and men too, and will, in the end, together with the game laws, destroy society.

During my stay in the prison, a very gentlemanly man was kind to me, and asked me if I would live with him when my time was out; I accepted his offer, and it was arranged, as he was going a few days before me, that he should come to the gate on the day of my liberation, and take me home with him, which he did, and I thought myself secured from want, without going again to the lodging houses. In a few days I was equipped with a new suit of clothes, and found plenty of employment in carrying letters to almost all parts of the town, and going at other times for answers to them. In my walks I sometimes met the boys about the streets that I had known at the lodging-house, from whom I learnt that three of my former associates were transported; this information made me stick more closely to my place, although the work my master gave me to perform was hard, and my companions pressed me to join them. When the summer came, my master went into the country, travelling from place to place, every where along the road employing me to leave letters; the meaning of which I did not then understand. He was, however, engaged in the *letter racket system;* that is, he imposed on the nobility and country gentry by false statements, and writing the names of great people to documents for various benevolent purposes, besides making out peculiar cases of extraordinary distress, and signing the names of persons known to the parties, as liberal subscribers, &c. &c. At Weymouth he was detected, a letter having arrived there before him, from some one who had found out his tricks; but, by some mismanagement, he got information that he should be apprehended, and went in the evening to the Island of Portland, from whence the next day he escaped in the packet to Guernsey, leaving me to shift for myself.

When the constable took me before the mayor, I told him that I was a poor lad, who thought my master a perfect gentleman, and that I was innocent of any offence; (I did not say that we met in prison.) After being confined for more than a week, and several times examined, finding nothing more was to be got out of me regarding my master and his game of *letter racket*, the mayor asked me, if I were sent to London, whether I could find my friends; upon which I said, certainly. He then informed me, that the captain of the Weymouth smack would take me up for nothing, and give me half-a-crown when I landed, that I should not starve while seeking my friends. This being all settled, I was to go on board the next morning. When, however, I got back to the place where I had been confined, the wife of another prisoner told me that if I once got out in the Channel I should be sure to be put on board of a man-of-war; this frightened me so much that I asked the jailor to let me go out and see something more of the town before I left it. As for the three days last

past, I had not been considered a prisoner, but only waiting for the mayor to send me up to London, he readily opened the door and let me out, as he thought for a walk; it was, indeed, for such a walk as I had no conception of. In my fright, I hesitated not to start direct for London, and before eleven o'clock that night reached Dorchester. Most luckily I had two shillings in my pocket, which I had kept on the sly; I therefore went into the only public house I saw open, and asked for my father, whom I said I had lost on the road to London, but thought I should see him there. I do not think they believed my story; I had, however, some bread and cheese and a pint of beer, for which I paid; after which the landlord gave me leave to sleep in the hay-loft for nothing, where I found a far more wholesome and comfortable bed than at the St. Giles's lodging-houses in London. Fearing a pursuit, I got up very early in the morning, and proceeded on my journey.

In constant dread of being overtaken, I quitted the high-road, which increased not only the distance but the labour of travelling; during my journey this day I reduced my stock of money to eight pence; but being fed only upon bread and cheese and beer, about five o'clock in the afternoon I became so much tired, that seeing a kind of Dutch barn in a field, I went in and scraped together some loose straw, upon which I lay down and immediately fell asleep; here, it appeared, I remained for fourteen hours, for at seven in the morning I felt something cold touch my face, when opening my eyes, a ferocious looking dog, with terrible large teeth, began barking over me. Presently a farmer came up and accused me of having stolen geese and fowls, and I know not what beside, off his farm; he then began to use his whip, which made me take to my heels, and then the dog came after me and caught me by the tail of my coat; which so enraged me, that I took up a heavy stone which lay on the ground, and knocked him down with it, using both hands; on which I again started off to escape the farmer's whip. In this skirmish I lost one side of my coat, and was obliged to tear off the other to make it correspond as nearly as possible. About four o'clock the next day I got to Salisbury, without a farthing of money. Thinking that I had no resource but in stealing something, I took a walk round the town, but recollecting that, if I could not steal money it would be of no use, there being no fences that I knew of in the town, I now took to the last hope, begging; it was not much to my taste, but I had no choice. At that time I thought it a much greater crime to beg than steal, and I was very near finding it so. The first gentleman I met, after coming to this resolution, I asked for relief; he, however, seized me by the collar, and dragging me a few yards, showed me a large board, on which was written "Notice to vagrants, beggars, &c." "Now," said he, "you shall go to prison; come along to the mayor's house." Then taking me into a public-house parlour, he said to the company, "Here's a young rascal I found begging."

Fortunately for me there were some good-natured gentlemen in the room, so that after undergoing an hour's examination, as to how I came into that part of the country, a subscription was raised to send me up to London by the stage wagon, going from the Red Lion that same night. After having had a good supper, they put five shillings into my pocket, and told me that I need not spend it, for the wagoner was paid my carriage, and had money besides to pay for my keep on the road. This turn of affairs was very agreeable. I got into the wagon, and nestling in the straw fell fast asleep, and did not again wake until the middle of the next day, when I was informed we were half way on our journey. On the following morning I arrived in London, and having no home or acquaintance but those at the lodging-house, I again went there. All my intimates I found, however, had in the short space of twelve months, been either

transported or were in prison. This, one would think was enough to open the eyes of any one; but it don't: the greater the danger the better the lads seem to like it, saying coolly, as they lie down to rest, "I wonder how long it will be before I am transported," looking forward to it as naturally as the coming day, adding, "I don't care, I shan't be worse off than I am now, and I shall only be just a man when I come back," calculating always upon seven years' transportation, or, as the young dogs call it, seven pennith.

My letter racket master who left me in the lurch, I did not see again for many years, and then our meeting was not a very agreeable one. He was brought out to me at the Old Bailey Yard to be publicly flogged for swindling. I afterwards saw him in prison; he informed me that when he left Weymouth he got a fishing-boat to put him on board a Guernsey packet, that he the next day re-crossed the channel, and landed at Plymouth, working his way up to London at his old game of forging letters, &c.

I remember, the whole of this my first night in London after my summer's excursion, I debated in my mind what course of life I should take. I think I have somewhere read that it is a question whether conscience is an original or derived faculty; in me I think it is proved to be the former; nobody ever taught me, or told me what was right or wrong, yet my conscience always said that I was not in the right road; but then I could not get into any other. Morning came and found me still debating, and brought with it my appetite, which reminded me that I had but eighteen-pence left in my pocket. This was a strong argument against conscience, especially when the boy that was lying next to me said he knew of a good concern for a sneak, but that it wanted a stranger to do it, because all in his party had been about the house so often, that they were known. Thus did circumstances combine against, and compel me to connect myself with another knot of thieves. About seven o'clock there was a general stir among the boys, which made me ask the cause of it, and I was told that there were two men to be hung at eight. Every boy left the house, myself among the rest, to go and see the sight; and this we always did whenever there was an execution, or any public punishment; for myself, I can give no reason for going so regularly, but because the others used to go, and that it was thought very odd if any one stayed away. I suppose, however, they went to harden and accustom themselves to punishment, and to learn how to behave when it came to their turn. After the execution we went and succeeded in getting a subscription-box of money from a gentleman's house, containing forty-four pounds; there were four of us in the concern, so that we had eleven pounds each; we all bought ourselves new clothes, and went in the evening to the theatre; after which I was introduced to a new scene, marking a stage in my life. We went to a hop, where there were girls of our own age, and I soon got a partner, and became as great a man as the others; none of us went to the lodging-house that night—in fact, we stayed with the girls all in one house, where they lived, until our money was gone (four or five days.) These hops used to be held at public-houses, but are now more frequently got up at private places, where there are convenient large back rooms, in out-of-the-way corners of crowded neighbourhoods. There are at these places always more girls than boys, who pay two-pence or three-pence each for admittance, the fiddler taking his chance for payment by subscription, from the young ladies and gentlemen who foot it to his music. The house where the girls live is generally the home of the boys when in cash, and the lodging-houses I have before spoken of, where females are not admitted, their places of resort when low in funds.

(To be continued.)

GRIMSHAWE'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF COWPER.

The Works of William Cowper; his Life and Letters. By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq. *Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence.* Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A.M. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

WILLIAM COWPER has obtained a general reputation, that will exist as long as the language which he has embellished with his writings. We use the term "general," to express that vague assent which all persons give to his excellence at the mention of his name, though a great proportion of his approvers have never read him thoroughly, or understood him fully. He deserves more than this, for this is as far from doing justice to his private worth, as to his poetical superiority.

The publication before us, though late, is well-timed, and will assist to place him in that high rank of useful reputation which the wild and innovating spirit of the times so loudly calls for. With a peculiar felicity the editor of this edition has made the poet tell his own story unintentionally, yet effectually, and in such a manner, that it bears that intrinsic value, and innate spirit of truth, that no other pen can possibly create, even though it were directed by the master-hand of a Southey.

In Cowper, the poet and the man were blended. He has not two characters, one for the public, and the other for his social circle. He was all principle, therefore every word that he wrote was bright with the effulgence of truth. Never before was the poetical temperament so beautifully yet so painfully exhibited. His was that morbid pride, the parent of excessive humility—that pride, that continually aiming at excellence, made him dissatisfied with any thing short of perfection, unjustly harsh towards himself, benignantly tolerant towards others. This excessive sensitiveness to what was pure and perfect, and this eager aspiration to work out that purity and perfection in himself, implanted the first seeds of that depression of spirits, which, if not actually insanity, would have been a mercy had it been so. His religious tenets had nothing to do with this disordered state of his nerves, though much, we verily believe, in leading him back to more healthy views of God's providence, in strengthening him through his weakness, and, finally, in making his strength honourable to himself, an acceptable gift to mankind, and a glory among men to his Maker.

We have heard of many perfect gentlemen, we have read much upon what constitutes the beau idéal of a gentleman; but we never yet found the idea of what a true Christian gentleman should be, realized, until we read this Life of Cowper. How beautifully do the characteristics of the Christian and the gentleman combine! How compatible is the utmost refinement with the most philanthropic humility! What a bright circle of respect the virtues of Cowper drew around him! Any one would as soon have thought of striking his own parents

as of insulting him; to offer him a contumely, if not a madness, would have been looked upon as an atrocity; yet he certainly was retiring, hard of access, and, upon principle, could be uncompromising. After all, the best manual of genuine politeness is the New Testament; but it is a manual that must not be read either in a pharisaical or a bigoted spirit, but read, and understood, and acted upon, in that manner in which Cowper set us so sublime an example.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested to us by a perusal of the Private Correspondence of this truly interesting author; which correspondence can appear exclusively and only in this edition. Though no man had less to conceal than Cowper, yet every man, and Cowper among the rest, has some little difference in appearance when dressed for company in the evening, and when in the freedom of the morning wrapping gown; when he pours his soul out fully and unguardedly to his intimate friends, and when he comes with classic correctness, polished periods, and rounded phrases, before a scrutinizing public.

It has been urged against Cowper that he was imbued with a sectarian spirit; how false is this allegation, the following extract from one of his letters will plainly show. It is, in some sort, a confession of his faith.

"The doctrines he maintains are, under the influence of the Spirit of Christ, the very life of my soul, and the soul of all my happiness; that Jesus is a *present* Saviour from the guilt of sin, by his most precious blood, and from the power of it by his Spirit; that, corrupt and wretched in ourselves, in Him, and in *Him only*, we are complete; that being united to Jesus by a lively faith, we have a solid and eternal interest in his obedience and sufferings to justify us before the face of our heavenly Father, and that all this inestimable treasure, the earnest of which is in grace, and its consummation in glory, is given, freely *given*, to us of God; in short, that he hath opened the kingdom of heaven *to all believers*. These are the truths which, by the grace of God, shall ever be dearer to me than life itself; shall ever be placed next my heart, as the throne whereon the Saviour himself shall sit, to sway all its motions, and reduce that world of iniquity and rebellion to a state of filial and affectionate obedience to the will of the most Holy."

Can any thing be more liberal than the expression, "he hath opened the kingdom of heaven *to all believers?*"

There is one bane, one misery, that the true believer should guard against, as he would a watchful fiend that ever seeks to rush in upon, surprise, and devour him. It is the temptation to philosophize in the moments of his doubts. When a divine mystery is presented to him, he should feel assured that God was graciously pleased that it should remain a mystery, either to work out a necessary trial, or prove a wavering faith. Those are moments, not for internal controversy, but for humble prayer. How acutely Cowper must have felt and understood all this, will appear from the following extract from one of his truly spiritual letters to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper, on the recent death of a brother whom he dearly and rationally loved. He is speaking of his cherished relative.

"He told me that, from the time he was first ordained, he began to be dissatisfied with his religious opinions, and to suspect that there were greater things concealed in the Bible than were generally believed or allowed to be there. From the time when I first visited him, after my release from St. Alban's, he began to read upon

the subject. It was at that time I informed him of the views of divine truth which I had received in that school of affliction. He laid what I said to heart, and began to furnish himself with the best writers upon the controverted points, whose works he read with great diligence and attention, comparing them all the while with the Scripture. None ever truly and ingenuously sought the truth but they found it. A spirit of earnest inquiry is the gift of God, who never says to any, seek ye my face, in vain. Accordingly, about ten days before his death, it pleased the Lord to dispel all his doubts, to reveal in his heart the knowledge of the Saviour, and to give him firm and unshaken peace, in the belief of his ability and willingness to save."

About ten short days before his death he had still his doubts. Does not this make us tremble when we consider the vanity of human reason, and the stubbornness of our perverse natures? Afflictions are sometimes necessary for the best of us; even Death must grin upon us nearly, his icy breath must be cold upon our brow, ere the pride of our reason can be turned into submission, and our doubts of what it is impiety to question, can be dispelled.

We will now quote two successive letters of the "Private Correspondence," as they are favourable specimens of that best of all styles, which we may justly designate as the *amiable*, and as they are interesting by their slight, yet just, touches of criticism.

"TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

"Olney, April—I fancy the 20th—1777.

"My dear Friend—Thanks for a turbot, a lobster, and Captain Brydone; a gentleman, who relates his travels so agreeably, that he deserves always to travel with an agreeable companion. I have been reading Gray's Works, and think him the only poet since Shakspeare entitled to the character of sublime. Perhaps you will remember that I once had a different opinion of him. I was prejudiced. He did not belong to our Thursday society, and was an Eton man, which lowered him prodigiously in our esteem. I once thought Swift's Letters the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better. His humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet, I think, equally poignant with the Dean's.

"I am yours affectionately,

"W. C."

"TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

"Olney, May 25, 1777.

"My dear Friend—We differ not much in our opinion of Gray. When I wrote last, I was in the middle of the book. His later Epistles, I think, are worth little, *as such*, but might be turned to excellent account by a young student of taste and judgment. As to West's Letters, I think I could easily bring your opinion of them to square with mine. They are elegant and sensible, but have nothing in them that is characteristic, or that discriminates them from the letters of any other young man of taste and learning. As to the book you mention, I am in doubt whether to read it or not. I should like the philosophical part of it, but the political, which, I suppose, is a detail of intrigues carried on by the Company and their servants, a history of rising and falling nabobs, I should have no appetite to at all. I will not, therefore, give you the trouble of sending it at present.

"Yours affectionately,

"W. C."

The following letter to the Rev. William Unwin is remarkable for a beautiful specimen of that best of all humour, the quiet.

"TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Olney, July —79.

"My dear Friend—When I was at Margate, it was an excursion of pleasure to go to see Ramsgate. The pier, I remember, was accounted a most excellent piece

of stone-work, and such I found it. By this time, I suppose, it is finished, and surely it is no small advantage that you have an opportunity of observing how nicely those great stones are put together, as often as you please, without either trouble or expense.

* * * * * * *

"There was not, at that time, much to be seen in the Isle of Thanet, besides the beauty of the country and the fine prospects of the sea, which are no where surpassed, except in the Isle of Wight or upon some parts of the coast of Hampshire. One sight, however, I remember, engaged my curiosity, and I went to see it—a fine piece of ruins, built by the late Lord Holland at a great expense, which, the day after I saw it, tumbled down for nothing. Perhaps, therefore, it is still a ruin; and, if it is, I would advise you by all means to visit it, as it must have been much improved by this fortunate incident. It is hardly possible to put stones together with that air of wild and magnificent disorder which they are sure to acquire by falling of their own accord.

"I remember (the last thing I mean to remember upon this occasion) that Sam Cox, the counsel, walking by the sea-side, as if absorbed in deep contemplation, was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, 'I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce *a sprat*.'

"Our love attends your whole party.

"Yours affectionately,

"W. C."

There is something very exquisite in the idea of ruins that are determined to vindicate their right to the august title which they bear, and, tumbling down of their own accord, as disdaining to stand, and bear the mockery of being in the perfection of recent mortar and stone, and standing, instead of lying, as a monument of the projector's taste. We can well observe, in this letter, the workings of Cowper's gentle spirit. How felicitously one ludicrous idea begets another, and how very naturally he was a man of wit. Had he not been so fully imbued with the high destination of a human soul, he might have been the wittiest man of his day, as his Johnny Gilpin, and several other pieces, fully testify. But he aimed at being something better, and he became so. He would not consent that the "infinite element" of his divine genius should produce only a sprat, though, like the sea, to which we may compare it, he sometimes condescended to produce specimens of the agreeable small fry of literature.

We may very safely conclude, that, to his friendship for Lady Austen, the world is indebted for the writing of most, and the publication of all, his beautiful works. She was the beneficent angel, with religion in her right hand, and good humour in her left, that came upon him in his darker moments, and, indeed, she "did her spiriting gently." By these, his Letters, we find that he wrote much to please her, and in pleasing her, he has more than pleased, he has instructed posterity. How much, in every relation of life, do we not owe to woman! What a beautiful relic a conversation between the gentle and desponding Cowper and the winning and lively Lady Austen would have been! What magical powers she must have possessed to have so often and so effectually driven the intruding demon out of the noble sanctuary which it defiled! It would be a worthy, though a most difficult, task for any one of our best writers to conceive and write such a dialogue. The chastened humour on the part of the lady, and the answering flashes on the part of the melancholy gentleman, first faint and far between, growing gradually stronger, and at

length blazing forth in all the glory of renovated intellect, would form a picture that perhaps the hand of the Honourable Mrs. Norton could adequately portray, but which none less skilful should dare to attempt.

But we must not lose sight of these charming letters. It has been more than rumoured that Paley has said, that "he could not afford to keep a conscience." We hope it is not true. Such a sentence, we feel assured, would have been looked upon as little less than blasphemy by Cowper; and we are therefore by no means surprised at the contents of the subjoined letter.

"TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Olney, May 12, 1783.

"My dear Friend—A letter written from such a place as this is a creation; and creation is a work for which mere mortal man is very indifferently qualified. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, is a maxim that applies itself in every case, where Deity is not concerned. With this view of the matter, I should charge myself with extreme folly for pretending to work without materials, did I not know that although nothing could be the result, even that nothing will be welcome. If I can tell you no news, I can tell you at least that I esteem you highly; that my friendship with you and yours is the only balm of my life; a comfort sufficient to reconcile me to an existence destitute of every other. This is not the language of to-day, only the effect of a transient cloud suddenly brought over me, and suddenly to be removed, but punctually expressive of my habitual frame of mind, such as it has been these ten years.

"In the 'Review' of last month, I met with an account of a sermon preached by Mr. Paley, at the consecration of his friend, Bishop L. The critic admires and extols the preacher, and devoutly prays the Lord of the harvest to send forth more such labourers into his vineyard. I rather differ from him in opinion, not being able to conjecture in what respect the vineyard will be benefited by such a measure. He is certainly ingenious, and has stretched his ingenuity to the uttermost, in order to exhibit the church established, consisting of bishops, priests, and deacons, in the most favourable point of view. I lay it down for a rule that when much ingenuity is necessary to gain an argument credit, that argument is unsound at bottom. So is his, and so are all the petty devices by which he seeks to enforce it. He says first, 'that the appointment of various orders in the church is attended with this good consequence, that each class of people is supplied with a clergy of their own level and description, with whom they may live and associate on terms of equality.' But, in order to effect this good purpose, there ought to be at least three parsons in every parish, one for the gentry, one for traders and mechanics, and one for the lowest of the vulgar. Neither is it easy to find many parishes, where the laity at large have any society with their minister at all. This therefore is fanciful, and a mere invention: in the next place he says it gives a dignity to the ministry itself, and the clergy share in the respect paid to their superiors. Much good may such participation do them! They themselves know how little it amounts to. The dignity a parson derives from the lawn sleeves and square cap of his diocesan will never endanger his humility.

"Pope says truly—

> 'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
> The rest is all but leather or prunella.'

"Again—'Rich and splendid situations in the church have been justly regarded as prizes, held out to invite persons of good hopes and ingenuous attainments.' Agreed. But the prize held out in the Scripture is of a very different kind; and our ecclesiastical habits are too often snapped by the worthless, and persons of no attainments at all. They are indeed incentives to avarice and ambition, but not to those acquirements, by which only the ministerial function can be adorned—zeal for the salvation of men, humility, and self-denial. Mr. Paley and I therefore cannot agree.

"Yours, my dear friend,
"W. C."

The remarks that follow this letter, whether they be those of Hayley, or Grimshawe, we know not, as we have no other edition by us to compare with them. But, from whomsoever they proceed, we think that they might have been spared; and we are sure that Cowper is spiritually right. These remarks we certainly shall not quote. The property of the Protestant church, as by law established, must be theirs as long as the laws have force. Men cannot take it from them, without proclaiming at once, that there is no law for the protection of the weak, no power for the repression of the strong. Yet this church are answerable to God, in common with all men, as to the manner in which they employ this property; we do not think it is piously employed when carved out into rich and splendid situations, therefore we will not consent to the justice of the animadversion that his biographer has cast upon Cowper; and we heartily wish that it had been suppressed in this edition if Hayley wrote it, and that it had never appeared, if it be the production of Mr. Grimshawe.

As these letters proceed in chronological order, they evince a greater intensity of feeling, assume a more saddened tint, and become more concentrated and solemn in expression. The mind has evidently strengthened in its powers, though the feelings have become more jarred, and pour out tones wilder and more melancholy. The air of despondence in this letter is truly so.

"TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

"Olney, March 15, 1784.

"My dear Friend—I converse, you say, upon other subjects than that of despair, and may therefore write upon others. Indeed, my friend, I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible, for the sake of my company; but I will venture to say that it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day. I do not mean to say that I am never cheerful. I am often so: always indeed when my nights have been undisturbed for a season. But the effect of such continual listening to the language of a heart hopeless and deserted is, that I can never give much more than half my attention to what is started by others, and very rarely start any thing myself. My silence, however, and my absence of mind, make me sometimes as entertaining as if I had wit. They furnish an occasion for friendly and good-natured raillery; they raise a laugh, and I partake of it. But you will easily perceive that a mind thus occupied is but indifferently qualified for the consideration of theological matters. The most useful and the most delightful topics of that kind are to me forbidden fruit;—I tremble if I approach them. It has happened to me sometimes that I have found myself imperceptibly drawn in, and made a party in such discourse. The consequence has been, dissatisfaction and self-reproach. You will tell me, perhaps, that I have written upon these subjects in verse, and may therefore, if I please, in prose. But there is a difference. The search after poetical expression, the rhyme, and the numbers, are all affairs of some difficulty; they amuse indeed, but are not to be attained without study, and engross, perhaps, a larger share of the attention than the subject itself. Persons fond of music will sometimes find pleasure in the tune, when the words afford them none. There are, however, subjects that do not always terrify me by their importance; such I mean as relate to Christian life and manners; and when such an one presents itself, and finds me in a frame of mind that does not absolutely forbid the employment, I shall most readily give it my attention, for the sake, however, of your request merely. Verse is my favourite occupation, and what I compose in that way I reserve for my own use hereafter.

"I have lately finished eight volumes of Johnson's Prefaces, or Lives of the Poets. In all that number I observe but one man—a poet of no great fame—of whom I did not know that he existed till I found him there, whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion; and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Col-

lins. He sunk into a state of melancholy, and died young. Not long before his death he was found at his lodgings in Islington, by his biographer, with the New Testament in his hand. He said to Johnson, 'I have but one book, but it is the best.' Of him, therefore, there are some hopes. But from the lives of all the rest there is but one inference to be drawn—that poets are a very worthless, wicked set of people.

"Yours, my dear friend, truly,
"W. C."

We here find him looking upon the most useful and the most delightful topics as forbidden fruit, and that his irrepressible love for them gives him dissatisfaction and self-reproach. We will not say a single word upon his heresy, of the worthlessness and wickedness of poets, save that as one of the class, he has given the order value and dignity.

We cannot refuse to our readers the pleasure, and to the ladies in general, the instruction that the following letter will afford them. We do not think that the moral author is altogether right in all his dogmas, and we must make some allowance for the march of intellect, and the general improvement of the *fine arts*.

"TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Olney, May 3, 1784.

"My dear Friend—The subject of face-painting may be considered (I think) in two points of view. First, there is room for dispute with respect to the consistency of the practice with good morals, and, secondly, whether it be on the whole convenient or not may be a matter worthy of agitation. I set out with all the formality of logical disquisition, but do not promise to observe the same regularity any farther than it may comport with my purpose of writing as fast as I can.

"As to the immorality of the custom, were I in France, I should see none. On the contrary, it seems in that country to be a symptom of modest consciousness and a tacit confession of what all know to be true, that French faces have in fact neither red nor white of their own. This humble acknowledgment of a defect looks the more like a virtue, being found among a people not remarkable for humility. Again, before we can prove the practice to be immoral, we must prove immorality in the design of those who use it; either, that they intend a deception or to kindle unlawful desires in the beholders. But the French ladies, as far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges. Nobody supposes their colour to be natural for a moment, any more than if it were blue or green: and this unambiguous judgment of the matter is owing to two causes; first, to the universal knowledge we have that French women are naturally brown or yellow, with very few exceptions, and, secondly, to the inartificial manner in which they paint: for they do not, as I am satisfactorily informed, even attempt an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves hastily and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough. Where, therefore, there is no wanton intention nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality. But in England (I am afraid) our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology. They even imitate nature with such exactness that the whole public is sometimes divided into parties, who litigate with great warmth the question, whether painted or not. This was remarkably the case with a Miss B———, whom I well remember. Her roses and lilies were never discovered to be spurious till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible. This anxiety to be not merely red and white, which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain of the chastity, purity, and modesty of our countrywomen. That they are guilty of a design to deceive is certain; otherwise, why so much art? and if to deceive, wherefore and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind, or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle, and carry on more successfully the business of temptation. Here therefore my opinion splits itself into two opposite sides upon the same question. I can suppose a Frenchwoman, though painted an

inch deep, to be a virtuous, discreet, excellent character, and in no instance should I think the worse of one because she was painted. But an English belle must pardon me if I have not the same charity for her. She is at least an impostor, whether she cheats me or not, because she means to do so; and it is well if that be all the censure she deserves.

"This brings me to my second class of ideas upon this topic: and here I feel that I should be fearfully puzzled were I called upon to recommend the practice on the score of convenience. If a husband chose that his wife should paint, perhaps it might be her duty as well as her interest to comply; but I think he would not much consult his own for reasons that will follow. In the first place, she would admire herself the more, and, in the next, if she managed the matter well, she might be more admired by others; an acquisition that might bring her virtue under trials to which otherwise it might never have been exposed. In no other case, however, can I imagine the practice in this country to be either expedient or convenient. As a general one, it certainly is not expedient, because in general English women have no occasion for it. A swarthy complexion is a rarity here, and the sex, especially since inoculation has been so much in use, have very little cause to complain that nature has not been kind to them in the article of complexion. They may hide and spoil a good one, but they cannot (at least they hardly can) give themselves a better. But, even if they could, there is yet a tragedy in the sequel, which should make them tremble. I understand that in France, though the use of rouge be general, the use of white paint is far from being so. In England, she that uses one commonly uses both. Now all white paints, or lotions, or whatever they be called, are mercurial, consequently poisonous, consequently ruinous in time to the constitution. The Miss B——— above mentioned, was a miserable witness of this truth, it being certain that her flesh fell from her bones before she died. Lady C——— was hardly a less melancholy proof of it; and a London physician perhaps, were he at liberty to blab, could publish a bill of female mortality of a length that would astonish us.

"For these reasons I utterly condemn the practice as it obtains in England; and for a reason superior to all these I must disapprove it. I cannot indeed discover that Scripture forbids it in so many words. But that anxious solicitude about the person which such an artifice evidently betrays, is I am sure contrary to the tenor and spirit of it throughout. Show me a woman with a painted face, and I will show you a woman whose heart is set on things of the earth, and not on things above. But this observation of mine applies to it only when it is an imitative art: for, in the use of French women, I think it as innocent as in the use of the wild Indian, who draws a circle round her face, and makes two spots, perhaps blue perhaps white, in the middle of it. Such are my thoughts upon the matter.

"*Vive valeque.*

"Yours, my dear friend,

"W. C."

The French ladies now, certainly do not lay the colour on so inartificially, nor are cosmetics so injurious as Cowper represents them to be. We also hold that that part of his argument is carried too far, which represents the desire to appear loveable so sinful in the fairer sex. If this doctrine were carried to its extent, it would destroy all the ornamental parts of dress, and the graces or carriage, and the seductiveness of manner, must also go with them, for they are surely quite as fascinating as the meretricious charm of face-painting. If the excitement of temptation be the sin, then every woman pre-eminently beautiful must be in a state of perdition, and there should be a grade of amiability established, beyond which the attractions of no female should be permitted to exceed. We think that the propriety of face-painting, like the boring of the ears and nose for the reception of jewellery, must be decided by the custom of the country, and of the society in which it is, or is not, practised.

We can neither carry our extracts of this correspondence, nor our

notice of this life, any farther. We briefly revert to the subject of Cowper's aberration of intellect, again to state, that, if he had never heard mention made of the Christian faith, the same calamity would have overtaken him, for it was the disease of his temperament to have been afflicted upon some point or other. His was a complaint that was remediable only by the kindest and the most soothing attentions of those around him. Bustle and activity, that would have been a panacea to more rudely constructed minds, would have overpowered and annihilated him. We think that he found the very best treatment from the judicious and Christian friends that were constantly near him.

Of the manner in which this edition has been commenced, and has progressed to the third volume, we can hardly speak too highly. The type, the embellishments, and the whole getting up, no minor considerations in themselves, are excellent. What we most admire, is the completeness of the whole. We have restricted ourselves in this article to the consideration of the correspondence only—a correspondence so beautiful and so necessary, and which can be found in this edition alone. It unites the biography, it fills up every hiatus, and shows us the inmost recesses of the author's mind, through all its various phases of feeling, from joyous enthusiasm of the poetic transport, to the drear hopelessness of despondency, and incipient madness. As compositions, these letters are sweet specimens of purity of style, and contain within themselves every species of literary beauty, in every variety. No mind deserved this commemoration more than Cowper's. How much in this story is there worthy of admiration and imitation—how much of commiseration, and how little of blame! The confession that he made in one of his letters, that never in his life was he a *little* pleased, speaks volumes. He also relates, that, on the rare occasions when he enjoyed mirth, it was in convulsions of transport. There is no doubt that he felt anguish in the same intensity. Nor will the perusal of this his life ever be barren of instruction. Those who have genius, may study it with advantage, and beware of giving too much the reins to their imaginations, to keep a curb on their feelings, and to use that power with discretion, which, if once allowed to escape controul, must lead to eccentricity and madness. To those who have it not, it must be a consolation to know how much danger they avoid, to how many temptations they are never exposed, and from what terrible afflictions they are secured. To real Christians, this biography is at once a stimulant to good works, and a fine lesson of humility. Cowper was eminently their bard, and a bard worthy of them, and almost worthy of the faith that purified his life and ennobled his song. They will honour him, because he was good and pious, and nearly faultless. The scholar will honour him for his erudition. The moralist for the excellence of his precepts, and the example of his life. The poet, because he was his brother. The Englishman will be proud of him as a countryman. All the world will do him justice, as a poet without pride, as a Christian without uncharitableness, and as a man without guile. Not to possess his works, we must think to be either a fault or a misfortune—if it be a misfortune, the sufferers have our sincere pity—if a fault, we heartily wish the culpable a better taste.

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS.

BY L. M. J. MONTAGU.

Farewell to the mountains, farewell the green braes,
Where the wild deer is bounding, the free peasant strays;
The sight o' them *now* fills my bosom wi' pain,
Sin' I ne'er may return to Kilburnie again.

When they talk o' our parting, the tear in her ee
Shows the love o' my mither sae fondly to me;
I could weep wi' the saddest to think o' her pain,
Gin I never return to Kilburnie again.

Oh! the fond ties o' nature, 'tis anguish to rend;—
To exchange the dear smiles o' each lang loved friend,
For the looks o' the stranger; and journey alane,
Till I see my sweet hame o' Kilburnie again.

Farewell, bonnie sisters! and farewell to a',
That will meet round the *hame hearth*, when I'm far awa',
And pledging the wine-cup, wi' hearts fu' o' pain,
Drink their soldier's* return to Kilburnie again.

* Sir James Crawford, of Kilburnie, who was a prisoner in France.

HE'S GANE FROM LOCHABER.

BY L. M. J. MONTAGU.

He's gane frae Lochaber, he's gane o'er the sea,
That aye was the *truest*, the kindest to me;
He's gane like a hero to battle wi' foes,
And left me alane in the night o' my woes.

O bonnie Lochaber! amid thy gay train,
The thought o' my Allan turns a' things to pain;
And the sangs that he sung me, when others repeat,
Seem to want a' the *music* that made them sae sweet.

I look o'er the billows, but naething can see,
Save the cold waste o' waters that part him frae me;
I list to the spirit that sighs in the wind,
But I hear not the voice o' my Allan sae kind.

A' faces look *cold*, and a' voices gie *pain*,
Sin they tell me my tears winna bring him again;
But they ken not o' love, that wad reason wi' woe,
And their words make my tears but mair *bitterly flow*.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1814, CHIEFLY DOMESTIC.[1]

THE year 1815 was in many respects one of the most important in history, not only as regards England, but as regards all Europe. I allude to the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the battle of Waterloo. It will be unnecessary to give details of these great events, because they are within memory, and already described in a thousand volumes.

In Great Britain we may date, from this year, the commencement of some of those causes which have since so deeply affected the prosperity of the nation; as far as concerns its agricultural, financial, and commercial state.

The debates in the House of Commons, on the Corn Laws, were very unsatisfactory on both sides. The commercial party were, as they always are, most on the alert. The agriculturists did not defend their own cause with any talent or deep knowledge. They were overreached in all the practical provisions of the new Bill intended for their protection. All the clauses proposed for their defence were craftily neutralized. At the same time they incurred all the odium of the populace; and dangerous riots were fomented, and broke out in London.

The real wealth of a country is the excess of produce beyond its costs, including in these costs fair interest of the capital employed. Such excess constitutes rent. It will be answered to this, that beyond interest ought to be included *profits:* but profits are only payment for the employer's skill in the application of capital; and are, therefore, part of costs. A highly-taxed country must protect its producers against those which are low-taxed.

Another feature of this year, was the preparation made for a return to a metallic currency, and against the enormous amount of the loans raised for the service of the year; but this included not only the expense of the resort again to arms, but the arrear of the costs of the late war.

The effect of carrying on the protracted wars by loans began now to show itself in gigantic force. The capital added to the public debt, which was created this year, was 70,888,000*l.* The interest was at the rate of 5*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* per cent. And this in addition to the war taxes After such a system, so long carried on, it might have been impossible to have raised within the year, at such a crisis, all the necessary supplies. But that the system of loans and a funded debt ought never to have been begun, seems now very clear. The amount of the property tax, and other war taxes, levied even while loans were going on, proves that all the necessary monies might have been raised without resort to permanent taxation; for in that case the costs would have been less by one half. Nor would there have been the same temptation to profusion and waste.

How all the enormous burdens, imposed by this costly war, had been discharged must ever remain a subject of wonder. But it is certain that during all this time the country increased in prosperity and wealth. Some will attribute this to our temporary monopoly of the commerce of the world. But certainly such a cause was not adequate to such effects. Our internal prosperity, the increase of our agriculture and home trade, were still more striking. No doubt, this impetus rose from the increase of the circulating medium, and the consequent application of capital to more productive employments. There might be some abuse in this system which required some new regulations; but the good was greatly preponderant. After a perpetuity of debt had been created upon these

[1] Continued from vol. xii. p. 377.

resources, it was too late to change them. By a return to cash payments, either the debt was increased thirty-three per cent., or the fund for payment of the interest was diminished to that amount; as if on a private estate the mortgage and interest should remain the same, while the rents were diminished one-third—which would, in most cases, eat up all the surplus. There is little doubt, therefore, that the present pressure of the public debt is infinitely greater than during the utmost costs of the war from 1793 to 1814. The fall of agriculture is owing to the diminished powers of the country-banks, which supplied capital to the farmers. The dividends of the funds go principally to the unproductive classes, who live in a lazy luxury.

It may be said that the good effects of this abundant circulation were temporary; and that they were a bubble, which would finally burst. This assertion would lead to a full discussion of the principle of paper-money, which is so intricate, that at this day it is not, in the public opinion, finally settled. Its main purpose is to be a measure of value between two commodities; and so long as it can command an equivalent for a commodity parted with, it is sound. Its abundance, therefore, cannot be an evil, but a good, when issued upon proper responsibilities. If it raises prices, the effect is principally nominal.

But when once hundreds of millions of debt had been contracted on this system, *revocare gradum* ought to have been resisted, as an enormous and ruinous injustice. It might, if its policy was doubted, have been said, "No farther you shall go!"—but to step back was madness! But the government did, through imbecility, step back; and behold the consequences! From that time the financial state of the country has declined from bad to worse; and after a peace of twenty years, we are in a state of exhaustion and misery, while in the midst of a devastating war we overflowed with wealth.

To redeem the loan, borrowed in 1815, the nation has to pay nearly forty per cent. more than the sum received; and in the mean time to pay an interest of *5l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* per cent. But when we consider the depreciated medium on which the loan was advanced, and that it must be redeemed in the medium of the augmented value, we may add to this loss of near forty per cent. another thirty-three per cent., making it above seventy per cent. When debts are created at this rate, is there any wonder if ruin ensues?

No Chancellor of the Exchequer could have changed this system at once, even if he had seen its danger. Mr. Pitt had plunged into it with too little consideration, and assuredly but a slight knowledge of the true principles of political arithmetic. They who followed him, went blindly in his steps, except by petty variations, which augmented the mischief, and showed their own childishness. But now that the evils had become so glaring, even to the most common eyes, that, should the war have gone on, the impossibility of carrying the system farther was demonstrative, a great genius, or even bold and sagacious talents, ought to have made some effort at a pause. We perceive nothing of this in the debates. Every thing was trite, technical, cold, and blind. The ministers were feeble; the opposition did not see the light: their bent was merely to add embarrassment, and suggest the very modes of reform which would aggravate tenfold the disease!

It does not seem to the writer of this sketch, that Mr. Vansittart at all saw the position in which he stood. He was, moreover, totally deficient in that power of speaking, which is necessary to recommend a bold measure to a popular assembly. Lord Castlereagh had too much to do in other departments, to take on himself this task. And whatever were his abilities, his oratory often wanted clearness. The main body of the opponents to government had many years before taken up a system of political arithmetic, by which they had committed themselves in the Report

of the Bullion Committee; and they obstinately adhered to it. They had acute-minded men among their leaders, of great influence over the minds of the people; courageous speakers, violent declaimers,—with the advantage of taking the side of the question most easy to be understood. "Gold is gold, and paper is but paper;" this all can understand.

A great minister of Britain, of adequate powers for his high function, should not merely keep himself on the respondent side; he should launch out upon his opponents, and take the initiative. If the minister did not see whither the full return to a metallic currency led, he was not fit for his office; if he did see, yet shrunk from the question in this early stage, his cowardice was an equal disqualification. Whatever Pitt's views on this subject might have been during the first years of his ministry, his genius would have acquired knowledge as he went on, and he would have opened his eyes in 1815 to what he could not see in 1794, or even in 1805; and then he would have found new remedies for new evils, and have enforced them. He had a great mind, great decision, and great oratory. But nothing is so dangerous as a technical brain under novel circumstances.

A return to cash payments did not take place immediately; but a lever was laid for enforcing it, which could not afterwards be escaped: and in the mean time the terror of it had the same effect as if it had actually taken place. Agriculture instantly dwindled and perished for want of the sustenance of capital; and the internal trade of the country dwindled with it. The Jews and fundholders grew rich, receiving in effective value about 7*l.* 9*s.* per annum for their interest, and an increase of nearly two-thirds (in real power) to their capital, though only a nominal increase of thirty-three per cent. No wonder, therefore, that this powerful body incessantly pushed on a return to cash payments.

These crafty persons endeavoured to throw the odium of agricultural distress on augmented rents. Rent can never augment agricultural distress, because it is merely the overplus after costs and profits are made good. If it be answered, that this calculation may have been made in times when the price of corn was high, and reserved by lease, the practical answer is, that no farmer ever held his lease, when he found it not allow surplus enough to pay the reserved rent; but threw it up: and what landlord ever thought it prudent to enforce it? Besides that, in many counties there are no leases!

It was impossible to pass over the year 1815, without some notice of these important questions, which have laid the foundation of so much subsequent misery. The general effect of peace is renewed prosperity, here it was the reverse: and this evil has continued to increase from year to year. The abolition of the one-pound Bank of England notes has been a fatal evil: they were the medium in which the labourers were paid; and hence the vast increase of pauperism, want of employment, and the poor-rates. There is no doubt that during the war the actual *bonâ fide* wealth of the country—that is, the commodities—was doubled. Common sense must show that this required a proportionate increase of the instruments of exchange. Could this be effected by a metallic currency? As to the effect of an abundant currency in raising the price of our manufactures, so as to endanger their vent in foreign markets, it is fallacious: it only raises the nominal, not the real price—and the more capital, the cheaper articles can be manufactured.

Till a ministry shall be found bold enough to retread the steps of government for the last twenty years on this subject, there will be no prosperity for England, unless the national debt can be greatly diminished;—and how can this be? Otherwise, worse days are yet to come! The whole landed property of the kingdom must change hands; and even in those new hands it will not remain long!

The effect of the property tax will be discussed in the following year.

(To be continued.)

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS IN BELGIUM.

AMONGST the various subjects connected with the moral and political economy of foreign nations, there is none more calculated to interest the legislator and philanthropist, than their institutions for the relief of the indigent classes. More especially in states, where the necessitous have no arbitrary claim upon the community—no resources, save those arising from testamentary donations and voluntary gifts; or from some peculiar municipal duties (*octroi*) appropriated to this purpose; and where, as is the case in the country of whose institutions we propose to treat, the workhouses (*dépôts de mendicité*) may be considered as receptacles for the repression of vagrancy, rather than as havens of refuge for infirmity and misfortune. If, upon examining the authentic details which we are about to lay before the public, the reader be surprised at the amount of pauperism in Belgium, his astonishment will augment, when he discovers that, in despite of the acknowledged defects of many of the benevolent institutions, this extensive pauperism is relieved at so comparatively trifling an expense to the community. It is with a view not only of attracting general attention to this remarkable feature, but of rendering our labours more useful to those whose duty it is to watch over and legislate upon this important question, that we have entered into the following minute investigation of the subject, which we propose to render more comprehensible, by drawing a comparison between the relative expenses incurred in England and Belgium for the same object, and, of course, for an equal number of indigent persons.

Many philanthropists and men of science in Holland and Belgium have not only made laborious researches into the causes chiefly conducive to pauperism, but have exerted themselves to discover "the most efficacious method of ameliorating the condition of the lower orders, and of providing for the necessities of those who depend upon others for their support"—evils unfortunately inseparable from increasing population, and which augment rather than diminish with the progress of civilisation and the diffusion of luxury among the higher orders. If their benevolent intentions have been frustrated, as far as regards the diminution of pauperism, they have, at all events, succeeded in devising a wholesome and economical system of administering the funds devoted to this object. By which system, whilst encouragement to idleness and mendicity is avoided, a fair provision is made for the mass of those, who, in lieu of contributing to the general health of the state, may be looked upon as inevitable cancers that consume its most nutritious juices—sinecurists of the most unprofitable kind.

"It is the indispensable duty of every man in easy circumstances," says Professor Quetelet,* "to succour his fellow creatures pining in indigence. Especially when this indigence arises from unmerited misfortune, or is the result of infirmity or age. But acts of benevolence ought to be spontaneous, and not the fruit of importunity

* Recherches sur la population, naissances, décès, &c. dans le royaume des Pays bas. Par A. Quetelet. 8vo. Brussels.——Sur la possibilité de mesurer l'influence des causes qui modifient les élémens sociaux. *Idem, idem.*——Professor Quetelet is the Director of the Royal Observatory of Brussels, and Secretary to the Royal Academy.

or compulsion. Mendicity then becomes a misdemeanor, not only because the law places it beneath this category, but because it troubles the repose of citizens, and compromises the general welfare.' *

These observations may be applied to England, where, by direct parochial taxation, the burdens of the citizens are arbitrarily inflated to an amount nearly equal to one-fourth of the whole revenue extracted from the country for national purposes, and this, independent of the enormous sums annually disbursed in private charities and schools.

Prior to the revolution in Belgium, the amount of poor receiving succour bore a formidable proportion to the mass of the population, although the commerce and industry of the Netherlands were affirmed to be in a state of unrivalled prosperity, and although the government earnestly devoted its solicitude to the amelioration of the labouring classes. For we find the gross total of the inhabitants of the nineteen provinces, including the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, to have exceeded 6,200,000, and the number of registered poor receiving relief 690,000 of all ages and denominations, including 10,000 delinquents, confined in different prisons. That is, $\frac{690,000}{6,200,000}$ or nearly one-tenth of the population living wholly or partially at the expense of the remainder.† This large body of indigent persons was disposed of, and provided for, in the following manner.

Number and Denomination of Establishments.	Individuals.	Average Annual Cost for each person.
Houses of Refuge . . 716	31,600	124·0 florins
Foundlings . . . 19	12,400	57·0 „
Succoured at Home . . 5,336	637,500‡	8·0 „
Charitable Work-Shops . 39	6,000	64·49 „
Workhouses . . . 8	2,400	97·69 „
Total receiving Alms .	690,000	

The gross sum annually expended in the above-mentioned charities, amounted to about 10,600,000 florins, equal to about one-eighth of the general budget of the Netherlands' government, which averaged eighty-five millions, including the million devoted to the assistance of the manufacturers. This analogy between the propor-

* An imperial decree, dated Bayonne, 5th July, 1808, forbids mendicity throughout the French empire, and orders the arrest of all beggars and vagabonds. Another decree, dated 27th October, 1808, directs all persons of this description to be imprisoned in jails reserved for this purpose. The Code Napoléon declares mendicity or vagrancy to be a misdemeanor, punishable with imprisonment.

† Professor Quetelet gives the population of the Netherlands, on the 1st of January, 1826, as 5,992,666, and both he and Baron de Keverberg calculate the mean annual increase at $\frac{1}{77}$ or $\frac{124}{10000}$, which is about equal to 1¼ per cent. Admitting these calculations to be accurate, the amount of population for Holland and Belgium in 1833, would be 6,536,000, that is, 2,414,000 for Holland, and 4,122,000 for Belgium. Supposing the treaty of 15th November to receive its execution, it will be necessary to deduct 174,000 for Limbourg, and 153,000 for Luxembourg, making 327,000 to be added to Holland. This will increase its population to 2,745,000, and reduce that of Belgium to 3,791,000; but upon adding the increase of 1834 and 1835, the remainder may be taken at nearly four millions.

‡ In this number are included 53,000 children, educated at 316 schools, at an annual expense of 4 florins 54 cents each.

tion of the number of poor to the population, and the expense of their maintenance to the whole budget, merits consideration. It may serve as a tolerably correct basis whereon to calculate the aggregate of the one by the sum of the other; that is, in ordinary times. For it must be borne in mind that the foregoing tables are the average of several years, not that of any definite period, and that they refer to an epoch during which the Netherlands had enjoyed a state of uninterrupted repose, and had attained a degree of mercantile prosperity apparently most inimical to the augmentation of pauperism. This analogy may likewise serve, in some measure, as a guide to the state of mendicity in France, where the mode of life of the labouring classes, and the various influences affecting the social system, bear a strong affinity to those of Belgium; with this discrepancy, that there is less general fertility in the soil, less frugality in the people, and a somewhat smaller degree of fecundity in the human species in the former than in the latter country. The proportion between the two being, France 476, Belgium 480 births, per 100 marriages.

It also results from various accurate statistical documents, that the faculty of preserving life during infancy, and prolonging its duration when individuals have attained the age of puberty, is likewise in favour of the Netherlands, and thus accounts for the rapid augmentation of its population. One or two examples will suffice to demonstrate this position. Firstly, it appears that the period at which the chances of life and death are equal is, in France at 21, and in the Netherlands at 31. Secondly, the medium duration of human existence is 44 for the one, and 47 for the other. And thirdly, supposing an individual to have attained his fortieth year, the probabilities of a further extension of life are 23 in France, and 26 in the Netherlands, or ¾. It is almost unnecessary to add, in regard to the first of these instances, that as the faculty of fecundising ranges principally between 20 and 31, the powers of increasing are consequently more strongly in favour of Belgium and Holland. Another highly curious combination of the foregoing facts may be elicited from the following tables of mortality amongst children in the different European capitals.

Calculation of the Loss per 100 *amongst Infants.**

During the first 12 Months.		From 1 to 10 Years.	
Switzerland	19 per 100	Switzerland	34 per 100
Amsterdam	19 „	Holland	36 „
Geneva	19 „	Geneva	39 „
Belgium	22 „	St. Petersburgh	41 „
France	23 „	Belgium	43† „
St. Petersburgh	27 „	France	44 „
Sweden	28 „	London	48 „
London	36 „	Sweden	50 „
Berlin	39 „	Paris	52 „
Vienna	45 „	Berlin	54 „
		Vienna	55 „

* These tables are extracted from a work, intitled "Considérations sur les enfans trouvés dans les principaux états de l'Europe." Par M. Benoiston de Chateau-Neuf. Paris, 8vo. † Mean term of Netherlands, 39; we have omitted the fractions throughout.

One circumstance attending these calculations, and those of Professor Quetelet, is highly deserving of attention. It appears that while the mortality among infants, in every capital city of Europe, surpasses that in their respective provinces, it is exactly the reverse in Belgium and Holland: the result being 43½ for the country, and 42¾ for the metropolis. In France the proportions are 44 for the departments, and 52 for Paris, making a difference of 8 per cent. between Paris and the country, and 9½ and 16 between the former and Brussels and Amsterdam. It is evident, therefore, either that the air of the two latter is more salubrious, or that the method of rearing infants must be superior to that in the provinces—a phenomenon in direct opposition to the statistical returns of all the other European nations.

The extraordinary disproportion between the mortality of infants in Paris and the Netherlands, is thus spoken of by M. Benoiston de Chateau-Neuf, and is worthy of the consideration of all parents.

"It is incontestable," says he, "that in order to preserve infantine life, *care* effects every thing, and *climate* little or nothing, and that Holland and Switzerland are the countries where fewest die.* Is this fact to be accounted for, by the custom that almost all mothers have, both at the foot of the Alps and upon the banks of the Amstel and Scheldt, of nursing their own children? Of this we are ignorant; but we can affirm, that having compared the mortality of those at nurse, and those reared at home, in Paris, we derived the following results. Of 100 infants nursed by their own mothers, 13 die during the first year, and of the same number put out to nurse, 29 perish. Giving a difference of 11 per cent."

It results, from the foregoing tables, that Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium, are the countries most directly realizing the theory advocated by Malthus, as to the mode of increasing a population with the greatest prospect of advantage. In the appendix to his essay, page 435, 8vo. edition, one finds the following passage:—

"I have dwelled much on the advantage of rearing the requisite population of a country from the smallest number of births. I have stated expressly, that a decrease of mortality at all ages, is what we ought chiefly to aim at, as the best criterion of happiness and good government. Instead of the largeness of the proportion of births, which is the usual mode of calculation, I have proposed the smallness of the proportion dying under the age of puberty."

Then in a note is added:—

"It should be remarked that a young person saved from death is more likely to contribute to the creation of fresh resources than another birth. It is a great loss of labour and food to begin over again, and it is universally true that, under similar circumstances, that article will come cheapest to market which is accompanied by the fewest failures."

Another physiological question of some interest, suggested by the foregoing tables of infantine mortality, is the coincidence between the ravages committed by the cholera in the different European capitals, and the respective sums of juvenile deaths. Without having any precise documents whence to quote figures, it may nevertheless be asserted, that the cities that have most suffered, are those marked in the highest scale of the tables. Whilst it is equally certain that

* The utter dissimilitude between the climate and mean temperature of Holland and Switzerland, which are on a par as to mortality in the tables, is a strong corroboration of this assertion.

Brussels and Amsterdam maintained their position amongst the lowest numbers.

On observing the amount of indigent in the Netherlands to have been equal to one-eighth of the population, one is at a loss to account for the cause. The more so, since this occurred in a country, where the division of property, small farms and spade husbandry, might be supposed to have furnished employment and subsistence for the vast majority of agricultural labourers: where the manufacturers had full occupation, and above all, where the exigencies of life could be procured at a moderate rate.

The following calculations, derived from Baron de Keverberg's statistical researches, will afford some interesting information as to the latter point.* The mean daily wages of able-bodied workmen in the province of Liege, is stated at 100 cents, or about 1*s.* 8*d.* English currency, making 10*s.* for the six working days. In N. Holland it is 1*s.* 6*d.* per day; in S. Brabant 1*s.* 4*d.*; in the Flanders, by far the most populous and industrious, 1*s.* 3*d.*; in N. Brabant and Overyssel, where the greatest portion of heath and marsh land is found, 1*s.* The medium may therefore be estimated at 7*s.* 6*d.* English per week. Now, the average daily cost of the inmates of the most expensive infirmaries or houses of refuge, (see Tables above,) which are solely devoted to age and infirmity, and where the usual disbursements are increased by a greater consumption of medicaments and nutritious food, is about 6*d.* per day. The expense for prisoners in the common jails is about 5*d.*, including all outgoings for administration, buildings, repairs, &c.† The strict daily wants of a common man living on the fruits of his toil, are estimated at 17 cents, or not quite 3½*d.*, expended nearly as follows. Bread, 1½ lb., 1½*d.* Coffee, a weak decoction of which, mixed with endive powder, forms the principal beverage of the poor, ½*d.* Butter, cheese, or rather a strong curd, with now and then a slice of bacon or other flesh, with a herring on fast days, and a few apples, ¾*d.* Potatoes ½*d.*, and salt ¼*d.* Add to this ½*d.* for tobacco, which may almost be regarded as a necessary, and the total will be 4*d.* To this must be added lodging, washing, and clothing. The average price of the two former is about 2*d.* per day, the other cannot be reduced to any fixed standard, but from the universal use of the *sabot* and *blouse*, the expense must be trifling. Thus, taking 4*d.* for food, and 2*d.* for washing and lodging, there remains nearly 4*s.* per week over and above the urgent necessities of the labourer, which surplus is sufficient for all contingencies, even though the individual be married.‡ It must be observed, however, that

* Mémoire sur les besoins et les Ressources de l'homme vivant du travail de ses mains. Ghent, 8vo. Baron Keverberg was the founder and director of the Dépôt de Mendicité of Ghent, one of the most interesting establishments in Europe.

† This refers to the prisoners in the ordinary jails, and not to those confined in the great central dépôts at Ghent, Vilvorde, and St. Bernard, where, as will be shown hereafter, the labour of convicts nearly covers the expense of maintenance.

‡ Bricklayers, carpenters, and others, can earn 125 cents per day, during many months, at Brussels, and in the large towns. Their labourers 75 cents. The expense of the former for food and lodging, that is, if he live freely, is about 30 cents, that of the latter 22 per day. The Belgian working day consists of 8 hours, for which the labourer receives 55 cents, and the bricklayers, &c. 75. But during 8

neither wheat nor other articles of a superior quality enter into the ingredients of daily consumption. The bread eaten by the mass of the population, is extremely coarse, the dough, which consists of three-fourths rye, being prepared from the flour unsifted and unpurified as it comes from the mill. But the animal system can adapt itself, by early use, to almost any species of aliment: thus, although the matter composing the standard food of the poor is not such as tends to invigorate the frame, we find mortality less prevalent in infancy, and life more generally prolonged after attaining manhood, even than in England, where the bread of the labourer is of a more nutritious nature.

It results from these and other documents, that labourers and artisans in Belgium and Holland are enabled to gain about three times more than is strictly requisite for their daily subsistence. This fact, when coupled with their acknowledged habits of industry and frugality, augments one's surprise at the number of poor. The price of nutriment being moderate, and that of labour comparatively dear, one might naturally conclude, that the demand for hands was greater than the supply, and consequently that there could be no lack of employment.* But this is not the case. Consequently, on contrasting the high rate of wages with the moderate price of necessaries, the general hypothesis of the price of corn being the criterion of that of wages, and the high price of the latter being a proof of an insufficiency of hands, here meets with a striking contradiction.

To what then must we attribute this vast proportion of indigent persons, in a country so pre-eminently favoured by the salubrity of its climate, the fecundity of its soil, and the frugality of its population? Is one to ascribe this anomaly to an excessive agglomeration of human beings upon a surface not producing sufficient employment for its inhabitants, or to a vicious system of internal administration? Notwithstanding all that has been said of the cheapness of food, and the progress of industry, we are inclined to ascribe it to both these causes, even at the risk of advancing a contradiction. For what boots it that the producer shall dispose of his goods cheaply, if the consumer has not wherewithal to purchase? Such faculty can only be derived from employment, and it is practically evident from the vast proportion of persons receiving relief, that there must be an exuberance of hands.

The difficulty does not, however, consist so much in admitting the truth of the evils of a superabundant, or, what Malthus designates, a morbid population; but in fixing the maximum, and being able to decide when the number will not admit of increase, without entailing impoverishment and detriment on the state. The only criterion by which this maximum can be ascertained, is by dividing the quantity of acres in cultivation, or susceptible of being converted to the pro-

months both classes earn 6 quarters, or a day and a half, that is, they work 10 or 12 hours. The average wages in the factories for good hands is about 2 francs, and half a franc for children; the mean is about 1 franc, as the greater portion are under 16 years of age.

* Compare the relative position of labourers in England and Belgium. The price of wages in the latter does not average more than one-sixth less, whilst the price of bread and other necessaries in the former is two to one dearer.

duction of farenaceous food, by the number of inhabitants, or *vice versâ*. For it is admitted that the price of corn not only influences individual prosperity, but crime in an inverse ratio. Unfortunately, the reverse of prosperity, that is indigence, and crime, or the incentives to crime, are so nearly allied, that in nine cases out of ten, the one may be said to be the offspring of the other.

The following tables will furnish some interesting statistical information connected with this question of production.* After stating that Holland contains 692, and Belgium 1,041 square leagues—giving 3,751 souls per square league, whilst in England and France the numbers do not exceed 1,800 and 1,700 respectively, M. de Cloet divides the superficies of the Netherlands into, 4,266,732 hectares, each equal to $2\frac{1}{8}$ English acres: these we have subdivided under ten heads.†

Table of Produce.

1	Wheat	228,462		Vineyards	15,000
	Rye	441,028		Madder	18,000
	Barley	176,732		Fallow	75,000
	Oats	237,495	3	Woods and Forests	600,000
	Buckwheat	127,432	4	Pasture and Clover	879,000
	Potatoes	81,049	5	Orchards	27,000
	Beans	68,256	6	Kitchen Gardens	55,000
2	Hops	20,000	7	Pleasure Grounds	204,000
	Hemp and Flax	134,000	8	Marshes and Uncultivated	70,000
	Oleaginous Plants	37,000	9	Canals and Rivers	548,000
	Tobacco	6,000	10	Roads and Buildings	219,000

It results from this that Holland and Belgium contained 1,360,454 hectares, yielding farinaceous food, including peas and beans. On dividing the population by this sum, the product is $4\frac{1}{8}$ souls for each hectare of arable land. In 1829, the net produce of the land mentioned in the first category, amounted to 38,258,000 hectolitres, returning to the produce a total of 251,000,000 francs, (10,040,000*l.*) without deducting transport or expense of cultivation.‡ This gives six hectolitres of farinaceous food annually for each individual, supposing the whole to be converted to the direct sustenance of man. But this supposition is not tenable. An average of 450,000 horses and 20,000 asses share in the consumption of the oats; 7,000,000 poultry require a part of the barley and buckwheat; then come the distilleries, breweries, and the portion necessary for seed; while 550,000 swine depend principally upon potatoes for their nourishment, and require meal as their last preparation for the knife.§

Wheaten and rye bread being the great staple commodities of life, we ought to look to these two grains as the basis of any fair calcula-

* Extracted from Description Statistique, &c. du Royaume des Pays bas. Par J. J. de Cloet. 8vo. La Haye, and Brussels.

† The *hectare* or *bonnier*, is equal to 10,000 square yards, or $2\frac{320}{4840}$ acres. But as the Netherlands' foot is as $\frac{33}{34}$ English, this will reduce the hectare to nearly 2 acres.

‡ The hectolitre of grain weighs 75 kilogrammes, or nearly 160lbs. = to 2 bushels Winchester measure. Four hectolitres are equal to one quarter. The *raziére*, *hectolitre*, and English strike, are of correspondent weight.

§ The distilleries, breweries, &c. are stated to consume an average of 285,000 hectolitres.

tion. The average annual quantity of them brought into the market, appears to be 13,400,000 hectolitres, derived from 660,000 hectares; being about 21 hectolitres per hectare, or 21 bushels per acre: which at the mean market price of 12*s.* per hectolitre, gives 12*l.* 12*s.* as the gross return of each hectare, exclusive of about a quarter of the actual produce being reserved for seed.* The whole, or the greater part, of this grain being destined for the mill, it will allow about two hectolitres, or four bushels for each individual annually.

The utmost quantity of bread susceptible of being extracted from one hectolitre of grain, is 95 loaves of one kilogramme each, (208 lbs.) therefore 13,400,000 hectolitres furnish a maximum of 2,787,200,000 lbs. of bread.† It has been stated that the daily consumption of healthy labourers is about 1½ lb. per day, and this may be taken as the average of the whole population, including pastry, &c.; consequently the amount of expenditure for each person is 547 lbs. annually.‡

Taking the population of the Netherlands at 6,500,000, it would at this rate require 3,555,500,000 lbs. of bread; but the whole produce of wheat and rye being only equivalent to 2,782,200,000 lbs., there results a deficit of 773,300,000 lbs. to be supplied from an admixture of oats and other grain. M. de Cloet states the total average of all seed destined for the baker, to be 21,750,000 hectolitres, susceptible of yielding 4,524,000,000 lbs. of bread, which would leave a surplus of 968,500,000 lbs. as a provision reserved for sterile years, and other unforeseen contingencies. The conclusion one arrives at is, that the produce of wheat and rye is unequal to the wants of the population, and that the deficiency can only be made good by the employment of inferior grains, ill adapted for the sustenance of the human species. It is true, the smallness may be remedied by importation: but who are to be the purchasers? For if there be more hands than labour, there must be a lack of employment, and consequently an incapacity to purchase.

The total amount of arable land in cultivation, has been shown to be 1,666,254 hectares, which allows 3⅛ individuals for each hectare. Deducting the fraction for children and infirm persons, and one more for those not employed in husbandry, it leaves two for each hectare. This number for two or three hectares cultivated by the spade, might not be excessive; but as the average farms may be put down at 12 hectares, we should have 24 persons upon each farm. This would be out of all proportion. But going still further, and only allowing one able-bodied man or woman for each hectare, this would double the number required. For in proportion as the farms increase in size, so the number of hands necessary for tillage must diminish, it being the essential of rural economy to obtain the greatest return, at the least expense of consuming mouths. Thus, in the Wallon districts, where the farms vary from 250 to 350 acres, the number of

* This will give about 26 bushels as the average return of each acre.

† The kilogramme is equal to about 2lbs 3oz. 4drms. imperial measure. The lb. avoirdupois is equal to $\frac{46}{100}$ of the half kilo. Thus 95 kilos would be equal to 208½ lbs.; we have omitted the fraction.

‡ The hectolitre, weighing 75 kilos, and producing 95 kilos of bread, proves that the baker gains nearly a quarter by manipulation and adulteration.

hands averages six men for 100 acres. The surplus must therefore find employment in other branches of industry, or be reduced to mendicity.* Cultivation and employment may be termed synonymous. Therefore, if the former kept pace with the augmentation of population, the number of indigent would remain stationary, or perhaps diminish in proportion as new manufactories and other drains carried off the surplus. But cultivation in the Netherlands has made little progress as to extent of superficies, and although industry has considerably augmented, the increase is insufficient to absorb the redundancy.

In treating the subject of population, another intelligent philanthropist thus expresses himself.†

"Experience has shown, that when the means of subsistence are in great abundance, and when population has full scope, it will double itself in about 25 years. But, at the end of a few centuries, there would not be space sufficient in the world to contain a population augmenting at this rate. The day would inevitably arrive when its development would be compelled to relax. The relaxation could only be produced through misery, and the consequent destruction of many lives, or by prevention—that is, by creating obstacles to marriages, and thence a diminution of births."

But it is as little permitted to human sagacity to penetrate the productive mysteries of nature, as for governments to arrest its progress. All that can be effected is to avoid giving encouragement to excessive multiplication, and to devise the most prudent means of providing for and enlightening the excess. This can only be effected by calling the reasoning faculties more strongly into exercise, or by creating employment. But when the number of hands exceeds the quantity of work required, there remains no other remedy than to submit to the necessity of supporting those who require succour, without the faculty of yielding any return.

The table of infantine mortality shows that half the children that come into the world are cut off before they attain the age of puberty. It is consequently fair to assume, that divine Providence, whilst it propels man to the legitimate reproduction of the species, takes a paramount share in repressing that unhealthy increase, which would otherwise become so formidable, as speedily to reduce one-fourth of Europe to a state of mendicity. For, if half perish, and one-eighth of the remainder are indigent, it is natural to conclude that one-eighth of those who die would have been reserved, had they survived, to a similar state of destitution; especially as the greatest augmentation occurs amongst those who are least in a condition to supply their own wants.

In speaking of the vast disproportion of mortality between the capitals and provinces, Professor Quetelet makes the following query.

"Cannot this great disproportion also be attributed to some law of nature, which permits a population to augment *the less*, in proportion as the ground it covers is

* This accounts, in some measure, for the greater part of the masons, carpenters, painters, &c. that are found not only in the Netherlands, but in the Rhenau provinces, being from the Wallon districts. Their custom is to work abroad during eight or nine months, and then to return home to spend their savings in the bosoms of their families.

† Considérations sur les principaux moyens d'améliorer le sort des classes ouvrières. Par M. le Comte d'Arrivabene. 8vo. Brussels.

already inhabited? We are ignorant of the means it employs to accomplish this object. We know not whether the destructive principle be contained in the air we breathe; but to judge of its effects, it is with us, much as it is with the trees of the forest, which cannot be multiplied beyond certain limits, dependent upon the surface of the soil that nourishes them."

This theory coincides with that of Malthus, which he has exemplified by the metaphor of an overstocked grazing farm. To this we might add, that the human species, like the natives of the woods, require transplanting and pruning. When too closely agglomerated, there may be some that will strike their roots deep into the earth and extract nourishment, whence others can derive no sustenance. But the mass must linger and perish, or, like parasitical plants, they must cast their fibres around more healthy stems, eventually involving themselves, and those to whom they cling for support, in one common destruction.

This transplantation, or in other words, emigration, when applied to states having transmarine colonies, generates benefits too well understood to require detail. In countries having no colonies, transplantation is less advantageous. It is the mere extraction of a multitude of exuberant branches, that fed upon the juices of the soil without producing fruit. But it is nevertheless a direct and important relief to the parent stems, and should be attempted by every government, where redundant population and increasing pauperism denote diminishing resources.

One or two causes, apparently tending to the augmentation of mendicity in Belgium, merit observation. The first is, the arbitrary and progressive subdivision of property, as generation succeeds generation, without the successor being enabled to add any thing to the original stock. For, taking six hectares as the average property of the landed peasantry, and supposing the number of children, arriving at maturity, to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ out of 5, the fourth generation must find itself reduced to one-third hectare, and so on in a constantly diminishing ratio. It is evident that, as the quota of each generation decreases, so its powers of repairing the diminution must decline. The small quantity of land, the absence of capital, and the necessity of living from hand to mouth, rendering it impossible for the possessor to economise or purchase. The result is, that he must struggle to extract a miserable existence from his property for his children, who are born paupers, or dispose of it, and hire himself out to some more wealthy proprietor, whose descendants are in most cases destined to a similar lot. But the greatest evil of this law of division is, the inducement it holds out to young persons to gratify the legitimate wishes of their hearts, and thus to burden themselves with wives and families at a premature age.

In addition to this gradual dwindling away of property by repeated subdivisions, the conscription or militia laws, whether in time of peace or in war, may be considered as indirectly conducive to the same result; since they induce young persons to marry as soon as possible, and thence to escape enrolment.*

* A law has been recently enacted, with a view of checking the abuse of this privilege; but it principally applies to marriages contracted with women above forty years of age. To explain this, it is necessary to observe that married men are

To these inducements to early marriages must be attributed much of the distress amongst the rural population, even as impunity in cases of illegitimacy and the facilities offered of disposing of illicit offspring, in the foundling hospitals, tend to augment profligacy and poverty in the towns. The two former are stimulants to multiply a legitimate but helpless race, which anticipates the savings of the peasant ere he has himself attained ripened manhood. The other is an encouragement to give loose to the passions, and then, having given birth to a number of unfortunate creatures, to saddle them in perpetuity upon the public.

It appears that the annual average number of foundlings, or children abandoned by their parents, inhabiting the hospitals, amounts to 12,500. Of these one-half perish, one-quarter are reclaimed by their parents, and the rest remain to be provided for by the state. This leaves 3,125 foundlings subsisting upon charity. The annual entries are stated at about 3,500; so that taking the increase of population at 75,000, it results that every forty-eighth living person has been abandoned by his parents.

To the foregoing causes of pauperism may be superadded the sudden and almost unnatural extension given to the manufactures by the Netherlands' government. Unnatural, because they sprung into existence and attained a state of hectic vigour, not by wholesome gradations, not by the force and expansion of accumulating capital and extensive foreign relations, but by artificial and collateral means.* A large proportion of business was thus carried on upon an unsound basis, and though not subjected to the ordinary fluctuations of demand, was entirely dependent upon those of external politics. So long as a market was provided by the society of commerce, the manufacturers flourished, and those in their employments were guaranteed from peril; but there being no solidity, no capital to meet emergencies or casual suppression of demand, the slightest checks were fatal to the master, and thence involved his workmen and their families in his misfortune. It is now admitted by most of the commercial men in Belgium, that the distress which immediately followed the revolution, resulted principally from the factitious mode by which many manufactories were established and maintained, and that the renewal of these artificial measures, though temporarily beneficial, would be pregnant with ultimate evil.† For it must be observed, that the partial cessation of business, and general languor of trade, was not gradual, but instantaneous, bankruptcy in many instances immediately following the withdrawal of extraneous assistance.‡ Thus proving,

exempt from serving in the first class of the civic guards, and married men having three children are exempt from the militia.

* Independent of a million florins annually devoted to the support of industry by the government, a "Society of Commerce" was established, which took upon itself the direct purchase of the produce of the manufactures, who mainly relied upon this society for its issues. This is peculiarly applicable to the cotton trade, which furnished work and subsistence to 221,000 persons of all ages and sexes.

† Report of Evidence produced before the Permanent Committee of Industry, and laid before the Belgic Chambers, 27th of March, 1834.

‡ The immense establishment of Mr. Cockerill, near Liege, may be adduced as an example. This establishment, of which the king was co-proprietor, was obliged

that if real capital be essential to the stability of commercial enterprise, the absence of such capital may be considered as one of the prominent causes of pauperism. By the sudden establishment of numerous manufactories upon borrowed capital, there arose a corresponding demand for hands. A considerable portion of husbandmen were thus drawn from the fields to the towns, where they were subjected to the vicissitudes of mercantile speculation, in lieu of continuing the less lucrative, but more certain labours of agriculture. This relieved the rural population, but it augmented pauperism in the towns, and as regards the amount of indigent, and the general prosperity of a state, it avails little that one locality be relieved from distress, if that of another in its vicinity be aggravated by the influx.

"If there be a problem worthy of fixing the attention of the legislature, says an enlightened Belgian publicist,* it is assuredly that which concerns the moral, physical, and intellectual amelioration of the poorest and most numerous class. The examination of this problem is intimately connected with that of social and political questions of the highest order. Its solution comprises a whole system of government and administration. To ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes, to rescue them from their abject state, their ignorance and misery, so that they may participate in the advantages too exclusively enjoyed by the higher orders, would be to obtain the legitimate object of society. An object towards which we have not advanced, in despite of centuries of essays and fruitless attempts.

"Labour and prudence, that is, labour which produces the salary, and prudence which regulates its employment; these are now the two essential conditions of existence for the working classes. But it is not sufficient that the labourer shall have employment, it is also necessary that the work be adequately remunerated. According as the salary be high or low, so the labourer borders on misery or comfort. Now, the rate of wages depends, above all things, upon the relation of the population to its wealth, (that is, the demand for labour.) If the former increases too rapidly, the proportion between the number of hands and the amount of capital destined to remunerate their labour must be deranged, the salary diminished, and misery must ensue. It is important, therefore, to maintain the rate of wages at a level with the wants of the labouring classes, and that they should introduce the same precaution in marrying, as in the disposal of their moderate revenues.

"Labour, economy, and prudence in marrying. Such are the three essential sources of welfare relating to the labouring classes, which governments should foster. But in despite of every effort, these sources may be troubled or momentarily exhausted. Misery has a double origin. It arises from essential laws, with which labourers are acquainted, and by which they are bound to regulate their conduct, and from accidental and fortuitous circumstances, that cannot enter into the calculations of human prudence. This distinction is fundamental. It is from ignorance or disregard to it, that the majority of systems hitherto imagined for the relief of indigence, and the prevention of mendicity, have produced no results, or have aggravated the evils which they were intended to extirpate. Such, for instance, has been the fate of the English poor laws.

"In Belgium and France, the object of public charity is not clearly defined. It participates in the views of the English laws, inasmuch as it confounds misery, the result of man's errors, with that occasioned by the reverses of fortune it deviates from them in not proclaiming the pretension of assisting all indigent persons, and furnishing them with the means of existence. The time is however arrived, when it is requisite to establish a system founded upon experience and the absolute calls of humanity.

"The first condition of this system should be, not to oppose the march of nature,

to suspend its operations, and to discharge two-thirds of its workmen. On examining the accounts, it was found to have received two millions of francs from government, of which only 12,000 had been repaid.

* Des Moyens de Soulager, et de Prévenir l'Indigence. Par E. Ducpetiaux, Inspecteur Général des Prisons, &c. Brussels, 1832.

and to fortify in lieu of enfeebling the sentiments of precaution among labourers. *Guarantee man against the consequences of his own errors, and misery will be multiplied to infinity; prudence is thus rendered needless.* But if you only promise him succour against the rigours of fortune, you will not have to fear the same consequences. If then you proscribe institutions having no other result than to foster idleness and incaution, it is important to encourage the creation and amelioration of charitable establishments, that neither insure impunity to faults, encourage disorder and imprudence, nor tend to promote an excess of population."

After pointing out certain establishments most essential for the relief of the poor, and laying down as a fixed principle, that none should be admitted into the houses of refuge, who have a family in a position to support them, Mr. Ducpetiaux proceeds thus.

"In indicating, as the surest remedy against misery, that prudence among the indigent which is best calculated to palliate its ravages, one must not conclude that the labouring classes are to be abandoned to themselves, without support, advice, or education. It is, on the contrary, indispensable to render the exercise of this virtue (prudence) both possible and easy. To effect this, patronage and watchfulness must be increased. The benefits of primary instruction must be extended to all poor children. Not only to infants, but to those adults that have not been admitted to its participation. Instead of abandoning children upon their quitting the primary schools, and thus risking to lose the precious fruits of first instruction, one ought to continue a benevolent superintendence over them, and guide them until they have embraced some definite occupation.

"The augmentation or diminution of mendicity depends principally upon the means employed to succour indigence. Where benevolence is practised without discrimination, where alms are lavished without order or discretion, the circle of mendicity naturally enlarges. Supply creates increased demand. Mendicity then becomes a profession, with its assured receipts, its statutes, and its place in social organization.* On the contrary, when benevolence is enlightened, where a careful distinction is made between real and false poverty, where vice, idleness, and imposture are systematically repulsed, mendicity loses its element and its encouraging premium, and the profession of a mendicant, being unprofitable, falls into discredit. The demand diminishes with the offer of relief. The principal object of the social system should, therefore, be not only to relieve indigence, but to extinguish and prevent mendicity. But the latter can only be regarded as a public benefit, when it arises from the general well-being of the labouring classes, and is not the result of violence. From these simple principles having been hitherto misunderstood, the measures adopted to remedy the growth of all social evils have produced no durable effects.

"In the 13th and 14th centuries, during times of war, pestilence, and famine, beggars, that could not be provided for, were destroyed. The chronicles of the times are replete with examples. The Vatican launched forth bulls, and the councils of the church hurled anathemas against them. The kings of France also issued repressive edicts, and the parliaments united their efforts to those of the throne. Still the number of beggars increased. St. Louis undertook to support all the poor in his dominions; but he discovered that this promiscuous charity augmented idleness and encouraged vagrancy. Francis I. raised enormous taxes for the benefit of mendicants, without being enabled to reduce their number.† Under Henry II. a vain attempt was made to establish a permanent poor tax. This effort was renewed under the last Duke of Lorraine, but, instead of diminishing, it augmented the

* The fearful extent to which mendicity is carried and permitted, especially in London, appears to be a bitter libel upon our police and poor laws. The police of Brussels is said to be the worst regulated in Europe, and yet an individual may perambulate its thoroughfares for a month without encountering a single beggar, and this although one-eighth of the population are more or less destitute.

† The beggars in Paris, having ramifications of their body in all the great towns of France, became so formidable under the name of *Truands*, (thence our word truant,) that Louis XI. and his successors were obliged to employ troops against them.

number of poor. When Elizabeth of England founded her system of poor-laws, she enacted severe penalties against beggars. Louis XIII., XIV., XV., also adopted strong repressive measures, but none of these sovereigns were able to terrify this parasitical population, either by whipping, banishment, or the galleys.

"The effort was renewed at the French Revolution, but by a different process. A law, dated 30th May, 1790, enacted, that mendicants should labour within their dwellings, under penalty of being seized and removed under escort to the place of their original residence or birth. Another law of 13th of June, 1790, accorded support to beggars during their return to their 'domicile of succour' It was not, however, held sufficient to indicate the place of retirement or settlement, and to furnish subsistence during the journey, therefore a law, of the 24th Vendémiaire, An. 2, (15th Oct. 1793,) secured to the communes the necessary resources for assisting indigence and suppressing mendicity.* By this law a charitable fund (*agence de secours*) was created in every parish. Individuals were directed to deposit their alms in its coffers, and the municipalities were ordered to apprise government of the extent of all local demands. Calculating upon the full execution of these primary dispositions, the same law ordained the formation of charitable workshops in each commune; it decreed the arrest of mendicants, their temporary incarceration in houses of correction, and their transportation to the colonies, when they should be convicted three times of begging, and finally determined the place of settlement, or *domicile de sécours*, where the mendicant was entitled to seek relief from the municipal authorities.

"The law of 24th Vendémiaire, An. 2, remained ineffectual until Napoleon undertook to see it executed in 1808. By a decree of the 15th July of that year, he commanded the foundation of a 'dépôt of mendicity,' in each department of the empire, the expenses of which were to be supported concurrently by the public treasury, the departments, and towns.† In 1810 appeared the celebrated penal code, (Code Napoleon,) and its dispositions, combined with those of 1808, relative to the suppression of mendicity, were extended to Belgium. The Netherlands' government subsequently adopted these legislative measures, and Belgium is now labouring under its influence and manifold abuses. According to the 274th and following articles of the penal code, mendicity is a misdemeanor, punishable by several months, or even years, imprisonment. But by chastising mendicity, without reverting to the causes of its existence, the law has the defect of confounding truth and imposture; that is, mendicity resulting from unavoidable misfortune and want of employment, and that arising from vice and idleness. Such is the law. It makes no distinction."‡

* It may not be irrelevant to remind the reader that the revolutionary year commenced on the 22nd of September, that it was divided into 12 months, of 30 days each month, subdivided into 3 decades, thus making 360 days; the remaining 5 days were termed *jours complémentaires*, and were devoted to feasting and rejoicing. The first revolutionary month, Vendémiaire, thus commenced on the 22nd September, 1792, and the 12th Fructidor terminated on the 16th September, 1793. In the bissextile year the 29th of February was *a dies non*.

† This decree, dated from Bayonne, consisted of ten articles, the first of which runs thus:—"Mendicity is forbidden throughout the French empire." The second directs the arrestation of all beggars, and their removal to the dépôts. The third, fourth, and fifth, relate to the mode of arrest. The other five regulate the establishment of dépôts of mendicity. Code administratif des Etablissemens de Bienfaisance, &c. &c. en Belgique. Par M. Soudain de Niederwerth. Brussels. 8vo.

‡ We have quoted thus largely from M. Ducpetiaux, because his essays not only breathe a pure spirit of morality and philosophy, but because they make frequent allusion to that evil, namely, redundant population, to which we are inclined to ascribe the principal cause of pauperism. We find also a remarkable analogy between the conclusions of this publicist and others whom we have quoted, and those of Miss Martineau, who in the last page of the 8th number of her illustrations, thus expresses herself:—"The number of consumers must be proportionate to the subsistence fund. To this end all encouragements to the increase of population should be withdrawn, and every sanction given to *the preventive check*, i. e. charity must be directed to the enlightenment of the mind, instead of the relief of bodily wants."

Of the different modes enacted by the French laws of repressing mendicity, none appears so efficacious as that of transportation, or to employ a milder term, constrained emigration. Of course this cannot be applicable to the aged and decrepit, or to persons afflicted with physical infirmities. To such a country the benefits arising from a measure of this nature would be incalculable; and were these benefits merely limited to the direct lopping off of a useless portion of the population, it would be a blessing conferred upon the remainder. It would be one of the most certain means of checking the growth of an enfeebling population at home, while it increased the resources of the mother country abroad.

That such a measure would be attended with a *primâ facie* expense is evident. But as the expenditure would be definite, and must under any circumstances be incurred, it is surely more advantageous to employ money when it is calculated to produce permanent relief to the receiver and interest to the subscriber, than to fritter it away in charities, that in most cases serve as a mere encouragement to idleness, and to the reproduction and multiplication of the evil we desire to destroy.

To develop this subject would require a whole essay. All that we shall say at present is, that among the modifications most requisite to the English poor-laws, a well-regulated and compulsory system of emigration would be one of the most beneficial, especially if greater attention were paid to the removal of children of both sexes.

(To be continued.)

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

ALTHOUGH satisfied in my own mind that I had discovered Fleta's parentage, and anxious to impart the joyful intelligence, I resolved not to see her until every thing should be satisfactorily arranged. The residence of the dowager Lady de Clare was soon discovered by Mr. Masterton; it was at Richmond, and thither he and I proceeded. We were ushered into the drawing-room, and to my delight, upon her entrance, I perceived that it was the same beautiful person in whose ears I had seen the coral and gold ear-rings matching the necklace belonging to Fleta. I considered it better to allow Mr. Masterton to break the subject.

"You are, madam, the widow of the late Sir William de Clare." The lady bowed. "You will excuse me, madam, but I have most important reasons for asking you a few questions, which otherwise may appear to be intrusive. Are you aware of the death of his brother, Sir Henry de Clare?"

"Indeed I was not," replied she. "I seldom look at a paper, and I have long ceased to correspond with any one in Ireland. May I ask what occasioned his death?"

"He fell by his own hands, madam."

Lady de Clare covered up her face. "God forgive him!" said she, in a low voice.

"Lady de Clare, upon what terms were your husband and the late Sir Henry? It is important to know."

"Not on the very best, sir. Indeed latterly, for years, they never met or spoke: we did not know what had become of him."

"Were there any grounds for ill-will?"

"Many, sir, on the part of the elder brother; but none on that of Sir Henry, who was treated with every kindness, until he——" Lady de Clare stopped——"until he behaved very ill to him."

As we afterwards discovered, Henry de Clare had squandered away the small portion left him by his father, and had ever after that been liberally supplied by his eldest brother, until he had attempted to seduce Lady de Clare, upon which he was dismissed for ever.

"And now, madam, I must revert to a painful subject. You had a daughter by your marriage?"

"Yes," replied the lady, with a deep sigh.

"How did you lose her? Pray do not think I am creating this distress on your part without strong reasons."

"She was playing in the garden, and the nurse, who thought it rather cold, ran in for a minute to get a handkerchief to tie round her neck. When the nurse returned, the child had disappeared." Lady de Clare put her handkerchief up to her eyes.

[1] Continued from p. 34.

"Where did you find her afterwards?"

"It was not until three weeks afterwards that her body was found in a pond about a quarter of a mile off."

"Did the nurse not seek her when she discovered that she was not in the garden?"

"She did, and immediately ran in that direction. It is quite strange that the child could have got so far without the nurse perceiving her."

"How long is it ago?"

"It is now nine years."

"And the age of the child at the time?"

"About four years old."

"I think, Newland, you may now speak to Lady de Clare."

"Lady de Clare, have you not a pair of ear-rings of coral and gold of very remarkable workmanship?"

"I have, sir," replied she, with surprise.

"Had you not a necklace of the same? and if so, will you do me the favour to examine this?" I presented the necklace.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Lady de Clare, "it is the very necklace!—it was on my poor Cecilia when she was drowned, and it was not found with the body. How came it into your possession, sir? At one time," continued Lady de Clare, weeping, "I thought that it was possible that the temptation of the necklace, which has a great deal of gold in it, must, as it was not found on her corpse, have been an inducement for the gipsies, who were in the neighbourhood, to drown her; but Sir William would not believe it, rather supposing that in her struggles in the water she must have broken it, and that it had thus been detached from her neck. Is it to return this unfortunate necklace that you have come here?"

"No, madam, not altogether. Had you two white ponies at the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there a mulberry tree in the garden?"

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished lady.

"Will you do me the favour to describe the appearance of your child as she was, at the time that you lost her?"

"She was—but all mothers are partial, and perhaps I may also be so—a very fair, lovely little girl."

"With light hair, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. But why these questions? Surely you cannot ask them for nothing," continued she hurriedly. "Tell me, sir, why all these questions?"

Mr. Masterton replied, "Because, madam, we have some hopes that you have been deceived, and that it is possible that your daughter was not drowned."

Lady de Clare, breathless, and her mouth open, fixed her eyes upon Mr. Masterton, "Not drowned! O my God! my head!" and then she fell back insensible.

"I have been too precipitate," said Mr. Masterton, going to her assistance; "but joy does not kill. Ring for some water, Japhet."

In a few minutes Lady de Clare was sufficiently recovered to hear

the outline of our history; and as soon as it was over, she insisted upon immediately going with us to the school where Fleta was domiciled, as she could ascertain, by several marks known but to a nurse or mother, if more evidence was required, whether Fleta was her child or not. As to allow her to remain in such a state of anxiety was impossible, Mr. Masterton agreed, and we posted to ———, where we arrived in the evening. "Now, gentlemen, leave me but one minute with the child, and when I ring the bell, you may enter." Lady de Clare was in so nervous and agitated a state, that she could not walk into the parlour without assistance. We led her to a chair, and in a minute Fleta was called down. Perceiving me in the passage, she ran to me. "Stop, my dear Fleta, there is a lady in the parlour, who wishes to see you."

"A lady, Japhet?"

"Yes, my dear, go in."

Fleta obeyed, and in a minute we heard a scream, and Fleta hastily opened the door, "Quick! quick! the lady has fallen down."

We ran in and found Lady de Clare on the floor, and it was some time before she returned to her senses. As soon as she did, she fell down on her knees, holding up her hands as in prayer, and then stretched her arms out to Fleta. "My child! my long-lost child! it is—it is indeed!" A flood of tears poured forth on Fleta's neck relieved her, and we then left them together. Old Masterton observing, as we took our seats in the back parlour, "By G——, Japhet, you deserve to find your own father!"

In about an hour Lady de Clare requested to see us. Fleta rushed into my arms and sobbed, while her mother apologized to Mr. Masterton for the delay and excusable neglect towards him. "Mr. Newland, madam, is the person to whom you are indebted for your present happiness. I will now, if you please, take my leave, and will call upon you to-morrow."

"I will not detain you, Mr. Masterton; but Mr. Newland will, I trust, come home with Cecilia and me; I have much to ask of him." I consented, and Mr. Masterton went back to town; I went to the principal hotel to order a chaise and horses, while Fleta packed up her wardrobe.

In half an hour we set off, and it was midnight before we arrived at Richmond. During my journey I narrated to Lady de Clare every particular of our meeting with Fleta. We were all glad to go to bed, and the kind manner in which Lady de Clare wished me good night, with "God bless you, Mr. Newland!" brought the tears into my eyes.

I breakfasted alone the next morning, Lady de Clare and her daughter remaining up stairs. It was nearly twelve o'clock when they made their appearance, both so apparently happy, that I could not help thinking, "When shall I have such pleasure—when shall I find out who is my father?" My brow was clouded as the suggestion crossed my mind, when Lady de Clare requested that I would inform her who it was to whom she and her daughter were under such eternal obligations. I had then to narrate my own eventful history, most of which was as new to Cecilia, (as she now must be called,) as it was

to her mother. I had just terminated the escape from the castle, when Mr. Masterton's carriage drove up to the door. As soon as he had bowed to Lady de Clare, he said to me, "Japhet, here is a letter directed to you, to my care, from Ireland, which I have brought for you."

"It is from Kathleen M'Shane, sir," replied I, and requesting leave, I broke the seal. It contained another. I read Kathleen's, and then hastily opened the other. It was from Nattée, or Lady H. de Clare, and ran as follows:—

JAPHET NEWLAND—Fleta is the daughter of Sir William de Clare. Dearly has my husband paid for his act of folly and wickedness, and to which you must know I never was a party.

Yours,

NATTEE.

The letter from Kathleen added more strange information. Lady de Clare, after the funeral of her husband, had sent for the steward, made every necessary arrangement, discharged the servants, and then had herself disappeared, no one knew whither; but it was reported that somebody very much resembling her had been seen travelling south in company with a gang of gipsies. I handed both letters over to Lady de Clare and Mr. Masterton.

"Poor Lady de Clare!" observed the mother.

"Nattée will never leave her tribe," observed Cecilia quietly.

"You are right, my dear," replied I. "She will be happier with her tribe where she commands as a queen, than ever she was at the castle."

Mr. Masterton then entered into a detail with Lady de Clare as to what steps ought immediately to be taken, as the heirs-at-law would otherwise give some trouble; and having obtained her acquiescence, it was time to withdraw. "Mr. Newland, I trust you will consider us as your warmest friends. I am so much in your debt, that I never can repay you; but I am also in your debt in a pecuniary way—that at least you must permit me to refund."

"When I require it, Lady de Clare, I will accept it. Do not, pray, vex me by the proposition. I have not much happiness as it is, although I am rejoiced at yours and that of your daughter."

"Come, Lady de Clare, I must not allow you to tease my protegé, you do not know how sensitive he is. We will now take our leave."

"You will come soon," said Cecilia, looking anxiously at me.

"You have your mother, Cecilia," replied I; "what can you wish for more? I am a—nobody—without a parent."

Cecilia burst into tears; I embraced her, and we left the room.

How strange that now that I had succeeded in the next dearest object of my wishes, after ascertaining my own parentage, that I should have felt so miserable; but it was the fact, and I cannot deny it. I could hardly answer Mr. Masterton during our journey to town; and when I threw myself on the sofa in my own room, I felt as if I was desolate and deserted. I did not repine at Cecilia's happiness; so far from it, I would have sacrificed my life for her; but she

was a creature of my own—one of the few objects in this world to which I was endeared—one that had been dependent on me and loved me. Now that she was restored to her parent, she rose above me, and I was left still more desolate. I do not know that I ever passed a week of such misery as the one which followed a *dénouement* productive of so much happiness to others, and which had been sought with so much eagerness, and at so much risk, by myself. It was no feeling of envy, God knows; but it appeared to me as if every one in the world was to be made happy except myself. But I had more to bear up against.

When I had quitted for Ireland, it was still supposed that I was a young man of large fortune—the truth had not been told. I had acceded to Mr. Masterton's suggestions, that I was no longer to appear under false colours, and had requested Harcourt, to whom I made known my real condition, that he would every where state the truth. News like this flies like wildfire; there were too many who, perhaps, when under the patronage of Major Carbonnell, and the universal rapture from my supposed wealth, I had treated with hauteur, glad to receive the intelligence, and spread it far and wide. My *imposition*, as they pleased to term it, was the theme of every party, and many were the indignant remarks of the dowagers who had so often indirectly proposed to me their daughters; and if there was any one more virulent than the rest, I hardly need say that it was Lady Maelstrom, who nearly killed her job horses in driving about from one acquaintance to another to represent my unheard-of atrocity in presuming to deceive my betters. Harcourt, who had agreed to live with me—Harcourt, who had praised my magnanimity in making the disclosure—even Harcourt fell off; and about a fortnight after I had arrived in town, told me that not finding the lodgings so convenient as his former abode, he intended to return to it. He took a friendly leave; but I perceived that if we happened to meet in the streets, he often contrived to be looking another way; and at last, a slight recognition was all that I received. Satisfied that it was intended, I no longer noticed him; he followed but the example of others. So great was the outcry raised by those who had hoped to have secured me as a good match, that any young man of fashion who was seen with me, had, by many, his name erased from their visiting lists. This decided my fate, and I was alone. For some time I bore up proudly; I returned a glance of defiance, but this could not last. The treatment of others received a slight check from the kindness of Lord Windermear, who repeatedly asked me to his table; but I perceived that even there, although suffered as a protegé of his lordship, that any thing more than common civility was studiously avoided, in order that no intimacy might result. Mr. Masterton, upon whom I occasionally called, saw that I was unwell and unhappy. He encouraged me; but, alas! a man must be more than mortal, who, with fine feelings, can endure the scorn of the world. Timothy, poor fellow, who witnessed more of my unhappy state of mind than any body else, offered in vain his consolation. "And this," thought I, "is the reward of virtue and honesty. Truly, virtue is its own reward, for it obtains no other. As long as I was under false colours, allowing the

world to deceive themselves, I was courted and flattered. Now that I have thrown off the mask, and put on the raiment of truth, I am a despised, miserable being. Yes; but is not this my own fault? Did I not, by my deception, bring all this upon myself? Whether unmasked by others, or by myself, is it not equally true that I have been playing false, and am now punished for it? What do the world care for your having returned to truth? You have offended by deceiving them, and that is an offence which your repentance will not extenuate." It was but too true, I had brought it all on myself, and this reflection increased my misery. For my dishonesty, I had been justly and severely punished: whether I was ever to be rewarded for my subsequent honesty still remained to be proved; but I knew very well that most people would have written off such a reward as a bad debt.

Once I consulted with Mr. Masterton as to the chance of their being any information relative to my birth in the packet left in the charge of Mr. Cophagus. "I have been thinking over it, my dear Newland," said he, "and I wish I could give you any hopes, but I cannot. Having succeeded with regard to your little protegé, you are now so sanguine with respect to yourself, that a trifle light as air is magnified, as the poet says, 'into confirmation strong as holy writ.' Now, consider, somebody calls at the Foundling to ask after you—which I acknowledge to be a satisfactory point—his name is taken down by an illiterate brute, as Derbennon; but how you can decide upon the real name, and assume it is De Benyon, is really more than I can imagine, allowing every scope to fancy. It is in the first instance, therefore, you are at fault, as there are many other names which may have been given by the party who called; nay, more, is it at all certain that the party, in a case like this, would give his real name? Let us follow it up. Allowing the name to have been De Benyon, you discover that one brother is not married, and that there are some papers belonging to him in the possession of an old woman who dies; and upon these slight grounds what would you attempt to establish? that because that person was known not to have married, therefore *he was married;* (for you are stated to have been born in wedlock;) and because there is a packet of papers belonging to him in the possession of another party, that this packet of papers *must refer* to you. Do you not perceive how you are led away by your excited feelings on the subject?"

I could not deny that Mr. Masterton's arguments had demolished the whole fabric which I had built up. "You are right, sir," replied I mournfully. "I wish I were dead."

"Never speak in that way, Mr. Newland, before me," replied the old lawyer in an angry tone, "without you wish to forfeit my good opinion."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I am most miserable. I am avoided by all who know me—thrown out of all society—I have not a parent or a relative. Isolated being as I am, what have I to live for?"

"My dear fellow, you are not twenty-three years of age," replied Mr. Masterton, "and you have made two sincere friends, both powerful in their own way. I mean Lord Windermear and myself;

and you have had the pleasure of making others happy. Believe me, that is much to have accomplished at so early an age. You have much to live for—live to gain more friends—live to gain reputation—live to do good—to be grateful for the benefits you have received—and to be humble when chastened by Providence. You have yet to learn where, and only where, true happiness is to be found. Since you are so much out of spirits, go down to Lady de Clare's, see her happiness, and that of her little girl; and then, when you reflect that it was your own work, you will hardly say that you have lived in vain." I was too much overpowered to speak. After a pause, Mr. Masterton continued, "When did you see them last?"

"I have never seen them, sir, since I was with you at their meeting."

"What! have you not called—now nearly two months? Japhet, you are wrong; they will be hurt at your neglect and want of kindness. Have you written or heard from them?"

"I have received one or two pressing invitations, sir; but I have not been in a state of mind to avail myself of their politeness."

"Politeness! you are wrong—all wrong, Japhet. Your mind is cankered, or you never would have used that term. I thought you were composed of better materials; but it appears, that although you can sail with a fair wind, you cannot buffet against an adverse gale. Because you are no longer fooled and flattered by the interested and the designing, like many others, you have quarrelled with the world. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps you are right, sir."

"I know that I am right, and that you are wrong. Now I shall be seriously displeased if you do not go down and see Lady de Clare and her daughter, as soon as you can."

"I will obey your orders, sir."

"My wishes, Japhet, not my orders. Let me see you when you return. You must no longer be idle. Consider that you are about to recommence your career in life; that hitherto you have pursued the wrong path, from which you have nobly returned. You must prepare for exertions, and learn to trust to God and a good conscience. Lord Windermear and I had a long conversation relative to you yesterday evening; and when you come back, I will detail to you what are our views respecting your future advantage."

I took my leave, more composed in mind, and the next day I went down to Lady de Clare's. I was kindly received, more than kindly, I was affectionately and parentally received by the mother, and by Cecilia as a dear brother; but they perceived my melancholy, and when they had upbraided me for my long neglect, they inquired the cause. As I had already made Lady de Clare acquainted with my previous history, I had no secrets; in fact, it was a consolation to confide my griefs to them. Lord Windermear was too much above me—Mr. Masterton was too matter-of-fact—Timothy was too inferior—and they were all men; but the kind soothing of a woman was peculiarly grateful, and after a sojourn of three days, I took my leave, with my mind much less depressed than when I arrived.

On my return, I called upon Mr. Masterton, who stated to me that

Lord Windermear was anxious to serve me, and that he would exert his interest in any way which might be most congenial to my feelings; that he would procure me a commission in the army, or a writership to India; or, if I preferred it, I might study the law under the auspices of Mr. Masterton. If none of these propositions suited me, I might state what would be preferred, and that as far as his interest and pecuniary assistance could avail, I might depend upon it. "So now, Japhet, you may go home and reflect seriously upon these offers; and when you have made up your mind what course you will steer, you have only to let me know."

I returned my thanks to Mr. Masterton, and begged that he would convey my grateful acknowledgments to his lordship. As I walked home, I met a Captain Atkinson, a man of very doubtful character, whom, by the advice of Carbonnell, I had always kept at a distance. He had lost a large fortune by gambling, and having been pigeoned, had, as is usual, ended by becoming a *rook*. He was a fashionable, well-looking man, of good family, suffered in society, for he had found out that it was necessary to hold his position by main force. He was a noted duellist, had killed his three or four men, and a cut direct from any person was with him sufficient grounds for sending a friend. Every body was civil to him, because no one wished to quarrel with him.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said he, offering his hand, "I am delighted to see you; I have heard at the clubs of your misfortune, and there were some free remarks made by some. I have great pleasure in saying that I put an immediate stop to them, by telling them that if they were repeated in my presence, I should consider it as a personal quarrel."

Three months before, had I met Captain Atkinson, I should have returned his bow with studied politeness, and have left him; but how changed were my feelings! I took his hand, and shook it warmly.

"My dear sir," replied I, "I am very much obliged for your kind and considerate conduct; there are more who are inclined to calumniate than to defend."

"And always will be in this world, Mr. Newland; but I have a fellow feeling. I recollect how I was received and flattered when I was introduced as a young man of fortune, and how I was deserted and neglected when I was cleaned out. I know now *why* they are so civil to me, and I value their civility at just as much as it is worth. Will you accept my arm?—I am going your way."

I could not refuse; but I coloured when I took it, for I felt that I was not adding to my reputation by being seen in his company; and still I felt, that although not adding to my reputation, I was less likely to receive insult, and that the same cause which induced them to be civil to him, would perhaps operate when they found me allied with him. "Be it so," thought I, "I will, if possible, *extort* politeness."

We were strolling down Bond Street, when we met a young man, well known in the fashionable circles, who had dropped my acquaintance, after having been formerly most pressing to obtain it. Atkinson faced him. "Good morning, Mr. Oxberry."

"Good morning, Captain Atkinson," replied Mr. Oxberry.

"I thought you knew my friend Mr. Newland?" observed Atkinson, rather fiercely.

"Oh! really—I quite—I beg pardon. Good morning, Mr. Newland; you have been long absent. I did not see you at Lady Maelstrom's last night."

"No," replied I, carelessly, "nor will you ever. When you next see her ladyship, ask her, with my compliments, whether she has had another fainting fit."

"I shall certainly have great pleasure in carrying your message, Mr. Newland—good morning."

"That fool," observed Atkinson, "will now run all over town, and you will see the consequence."

We met one or two others, and to them Atkinson put the same questions, "I thought you knew my friend Mr. Newland?" At last, just as we arrived at my own house in St. James's Street, who should we meet but Harcourt. Harcourt immediately perceived me, and bowed low as he passed on, so that his bow would have served for both; but Atkinson stopped. "I must beg your pardon, Harcourt, for detaining you a moment, but what are the odds upon the Vestris colt for the Derby?"

"Upon my word, Captain Atkinson, I was told, but I have forgotten."

"Your memory appears bad, for you have also forgotten your old friend, Mr. Newland."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Newland."

"There is no occasion to beg my pardon, Mr. Harcourt," interrupted I; "for I tell you plainly, that I despise you too much to ever wish to be acquainted with you. You will oblige me, sir, by never presuming to touch your hat, or otherwise notice me."

Harcourt coloured, and started back. "Such language, Mr. Newland——"

"Is what you deserve; ask your own conscience. Leave us, sir;" and I walked on with Captain Atkinson.

"You have done well, Newland," observed Atkinson; "he cannot submit to that language, for he knows that I have heard it. A meeting you will of course have no objection to. It will be of immense advantage to you."

"None, whatever," replied I; "for if there is any one man who deserves to be punished for his conduct towards me, it is Harcourt. Will you come up, Captain Atkinson; and, if not better engaged, take a quiet dinner and a bottle of wine with me?"

Our conversation during dinner was desultory, but after the first bottle, Atkinson became communicative, and his history not only made me feel better inclined towards him, but afforded me another instance, as well as Carbonnell's, how often it is that those who would have done well, are first plundered, and then driven to desperation by the heartlessness of the world. The cases, however, had this difference, that Carbonnell had always contrived to keep his reputation above water, while that of Atkinson was gone, and never to be re-established. We had just finished our wine when a note was brought from Harcourt, informing me that he should send a friend the next

morning for an explanation of my conduct. I handed it over to Atkinson. "My dear sir, I am at your service," replied he, "without you have any body among your acquaintance whom you may prefer."

"Thank you," replied I, "Captain Atkinson; it cannot be in better hands."

"That is settled, then; and now where shall we go?"

"Wherever you please."

"Then I shall try if I can win a little money to-night; if you come you need not play—you can look on. It will serve to divert your thoughts, at all events."

I felt so anxious to avoid reflection, that I immediately accepted his offer, and in a few minutes we were in the well-lighted room, and in front of the *rouge et noir* table, covered with gold and bank notes. Atkinson did not commence his play immediately, but pricked the chances on a card as they ran. After half an hour he laid down his stakes, and was fortunate. I could no longer withstand the temptation, and I backed him; in less than an hour we both had won considerably.

"That is enough," said he, to me, sweeping up his money; "we must not try the slippery dame too long."

I followed his example, and shortly afterwards we quitted the house. "I will walk home with you, Newland; never, if you can help it, especially if you have been a winner, leave a gaming-house alone."

Going home I asked Atkinson if he would come up; he did so, and then we examined our winnings. "I know mine," replied he, "within twenty pounds, for I always leave off at a certain point. I have three hundred pounds, and something more."

He had won three hundred and twenty-five pounds. That was five pounds more than I thought. I had won ninety pounds. As we sat over a glass of brandy and water, I inquired whether he was always fortunate. "No, of course I am not," replied Atkinson; "but on the whole, in the course of the year I am a winner of sufficient to support myself."

"Is there any rule by which people are guided who play? I observed many of those who were seated, pricking the chances with great care, and then staking their money at intervals."

"*Rouge et noir* I believe to be the fairest of all games," replied Atkinson; "but where there is a per centage invariably in favour of the bank, although one may win and another lose, still the profits must be in favour of the bank. If a man were to play all the year round, he would lose the national debt in the end. As for Martingale's, and all those calculations, which you observed them so busy with, they are all useless. I have tried every thing, and there is only one chance of success, but then you must not be a *gambler*."

"Not a gambler?"

"No; you must not be carried away by the excitement of the game, or you will infallibly lose. You must have a strength of mind which few have, or you will be soon cleared out."

"But you say that you win on the whole; have you no rule to guide you?"

"Yes, I have; strange as the chances are, I have been so accus-

tomed to them, that I generally put down my stake right; when I am once in a run of luck, I have a method of my own, but what it is I cannot tell; only this I know, that if I depart from it, I always lose my money. But that is what you may call good luck, or what you please —it is not a rule."

"Where, then, are your rules?"

"Simply these two. The first it is not difficult to adhere to: I make a rule never to lose but a certain sum if I am unlucky when I commence—say twenty stakes, whatever may be the amount of the stake that you play. This rule is easily adhered to, by not taking more money with you; and I am not one of those to whom the croupier or porters will lend money. The second rule is the most difficult, and decides whether you are a gambler or not. I make a rule always to leave off when I have won a certain sum—or even before, if the chances of my game fluctuate. There is the difficulty; it appears very foolish not to follow up luck, but the fact is, fortune is so capricious, that if you trust her more than an hour, she will desert you. This is my mode of play, and with me it answers; but it does not follow that it would answer with another. But it is very late, or rather, very early—I wish you a good night."

After Captain Atkinson had left me, I stated to Timothy what had passed. "And do you think you will have to fight a duel, sir?" cried Timothy, with alarm.

"There is no doubt of it," replied I.

"You never will find your father, sir, if you go on this way," said Timothy, as if to divert my attention from such a purpose.

"Not in this world, perhaps, Tim; perhaps I may be sent the right road by a bullet, and find him in the next."

"Do you think your father, if dead, has gone to heaven?"

"I hope so, Timothy."

"Then what chance have you of meeting him, if you go out of the world attempting the life of your old friend?"

"That is what you call a poser, my dear Timothy, but I cannot help myself; this I can safely say, that I have no animosity against Mr. Harcourt—at least, not sufficient to have any wish to take away his life."

"Well, that's something, to be sure; but do you know, Japhet, I'm not quite sure you hit the right road when you set up for a gentleman."

"No, Timothy, no man can be in the right road who deceives; I have been all wrong; and I am afraid I am going from worse to worse; but I cannot moralize, I must go to sleep, and forget every thing if I can."

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, a Mr. Cotgrave called upon me on the part of Harcourt. I referred him to Captain Atkinson, and he bowed and quitted the room. Captain Atkinson soon called; he had remained at home expecting the message, and had made every arrangement with the second. He stayed with me the whole day; the major's pistols were examined and approved of; we dined, drank freely, and he afterwards proposed that I should accompany him to one of the hells, as they are called. This I refused, as I

had some arrangements to make; and as soon as he was gone I sent for Timothy.

"Tim," said I, "if I should be unlucky to-morrow, you are my executor and residuary legatee. My will was made when in Dublin, and is in the charge of Mr. Cophagus."

"Japhet, I hope you will allow me one favour, which is, to go to the ground with you. I had rather be there than remain here in suspense."

"Of course, my dear fellow, if you wish it," replied I; "but I must go to bed, as I am to be called at four o'clock—so let's have no sentimentalizing or sermonizing. Good night, God bless you."

I was at that time in a state of mind which made me reckless of life or consequences; stung by the treatment which I received, mad with the world's contumely, I was desperate. True it was, as Mr. Masterton said, I had not courage to buffet against an adverse gale. Timothy did not go to bed, and at four o'clock was at my side. I rose, dressed myself with the greatest care, and was soon joined by Captain Atkinson. We then set off in a hackney-coach to the same spot to which I had but a few months before driven with poor Carbonnell. His memory and his death came like a cloud over my mind, but it was but for a moment. I cared little for life. Harcourt and his second were on the ground a few minutes before us. Each party saluted politely, and the seconds proceeded to business. We fired, and Harcourt fell, with a bullet above his knee. I went up to him, and he extended his hand. "Newland," said he, "I have deserved this. I was a coward in the first place to desert you as I did—and a coward in the second to fire at a man whom I had injured. Gentlemen," continued he, appealing to the seconds, "recollect, I, before you, acquit Mr. Newland of all blame, and desire if any further accident should happen to me, that my relations will take no steps whatever against him."

Harcourt was very pale, and bleeding fast. Without any answer I examined the wound, and found, by the colour of the blood, and its gushing, that an artery had been divided. My professional knowledge saved his life. I compressed the artery, while I gave directions to the others. A handkerchief was tied tight round his thigh, above the wound—a round stone selected, and placed under the handkerchief, in the femoral groove, and the ramrod of one of the pistols then made use of as a winch, until the whole acted as a tourniquet. I removed my thumbs, found that the hemorrhage was stopped, and then directed that he should be taken home on a door, and surgical assistance immediately sent for.

"You appear to understand these things, sir," said Mr. Cotgrave. "Tell me, is there any danger?"

"He must suffer amputation," replied I, in a low voice, so that Harcourt could not hear me. "Pray watch the tourniquet carefully as he is taken home, for should it slip it will be fatal."

I then bowed to Mr. Cotgrave, and, followed by Captain Atkinson, stepped into the hackney-coach and drove home. "I will leave you now, Newland," said Captain Atkinson; "it is necessary that I talk this matter over, so that it is properly explained."

I thanked Captain Atkinson for his services, and was left alone; for I had sent Timothy to ascertain if Harcourt had arrived safe at his lodgings. Never did I feel more miserable; my anxiety for Harcourt was indescribable; true, he had not treated me well, but I thought of his venerable father, who pressed my hand so warmly when I left his hospitable roof—of his lovely sisters, and the kindness and affection which they had shown towards me, and our extreme intimacy. I thought of the pain which the intelligence would give them, and their indignation towards me, when their brother first made his appearance at his father's house, mutilated; and were he to die—good God! I was maddened at the idea. I had now undone the little good I had been able to do. If I had made Fleta and her mother happy, had I not plunged another family into misery?

(To be continued.)

LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.—No. I.

The light that gleams on Jordan's wave
  Falls idly on the passing river,
Gilding no banners of the brave,
  No panoply of spear and quiver.
For there—when battle's host rushed on,
When Israel's maiden fields were won,
Is but the passing courser trace
Of Ishmael's fiery desert race.

On Jordan's banks no thrilling cry
  Arouseth echo, all is languor,
No pilgrim multitudes pass by,
  With cymbal clash and trumpet clangour,
As when the shrine of Judah's God
Was borne across the sacred flood,
And Jordan paused, and reeled, or fled
Before the symboled Presence dread.

By Jordan's stream the harp is still,
  The timbrel's haughty sound hath perished,
The breeze comes quivering from the hill,
  Without one tone that love hath cherished.
Nor rings the tinkling castanet,
Which virgins chimed when fond hearts met
To tread the measured dance, and dream
That life was fair as Jordan's stream.

The light that gleams on Jordan's wave,
  Falls beautiful and free as ever;
But where are they, the fair, the brave,
  Whose voice pealed on the passing river?
Ask Time, the Gatherer! this, ay more—
Why Israel dwells not as before,
Why she hath now a robe of scorn,
And Judah now a wreath of thorn?

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1814, CHIEFLY DOMESTIC.[1]

A good deal of obvious reasoning will be applied in answer to the opinions here ventured. It will be said, the debt had been contracted by the government, and the faith and honour of government were committed to pay it. What means were there now of paying it but by loans? The reply is—"Admit that there were none: but then take the lesser evil; and do not double it by changing the state of things under which it was contracted!" The Opposition were resolute to produce this change—partly as slaves to a theory; partly to embarrass the persons in power. But why yield? The parliament was not then a democratised assembly! They could hear reason, and were attached to the security and glory of the country.

The truth is, that the financial part of the ministry had neither eloquence nor talents to support their own cause. They were puzzled by the arguments of their adversaries, and fought only by evasive and dilatory battle. They admitted the principle of their opponents, but contended only for time and opportunity. This is a miserable sort of warfare, which will never succeed. I believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not foresee the consequences of his own admissions; but he ought to have foreseen them. The resumption of cash payments might have taken place without much evil immediately after the crisis of 1797, which gave reason to the restriction: but in 1815, after eighteen years of loans and expenditure, which were the consequences of that act, the case was fundamentally altered. The parliament, under these circumstances, could not, in the nature of things, have bound their successors to this resumption.

Had the genius of Pitt still led the House of Commons, his piercing sagacity would have seen all the new bearings of the case, and met them with his bold, thundering, and decisive eloquence. At the same time it must be owned, that Pitt himself had been always too much within the clutches of the Stock Exchange: but he would have broken from his bonds on this occasion. A timid, compromising mind, may gain favour for a moment; but it is only that it may be trodden upon at last.

The Report of the Bullion Committee, about 1810, is still held by many to be sound doctrine; but it is a piece of political charlatanism and quackery. If I recollect, Huskisson had a great hand in it.

That there ought not to be an unlimited issue of paper money may be admitted; and that the state of the currency required some new regulations. The great evil of the excess of issue was the ruinous terms which it imposed on the contracts for government loans. The more abundant the instruments of exchange, the higher of course will be the nominal price of commodities.

The pressure of debt had now augmented to so enormous a weight, that every thing was to be resisted which would aggravate it. That to increase the power of money would aggravate it by the whole amount of the increase, was too obvious to be denied. But these things were not well explained, or well urged to the House. There was dreadful vacillation, and mean retreat. A present House of Commons might not have been convinced, or managed:—the House of that day was different.

But neither the interests of agriculture, nor the interests of the taxpayer, were well defended. The agriculturists are a sluggish body, who

[1] Continued from p. 112.

have no alacrity or skill to protect their own camp. The Stock Exchange always act in combination, and are always at their posts.

It is hoped that this discussion will not be considered supererogatory in a Sketch of the Domestic History of the year 1815. The topics it treats upon were the hinge on which the prosperity or adversity of the kingdom has been turning from that day to this. We can now examine them with more certainty than we could at the moment they were passing. There is sometimes a subtlety in the theory of political economy, which makes few rely on it; but when it has, for some years, been brought to the test of experience, then we may bring proofs of its soundness, which even the sceptical and the stupid cannot resist. The past could not be recalled: the duty was to see how the rapidity with which the national finances were hastening to ruin could be stopped.

The evil of the Sinking Fund was this, that on the peace the country could only redeem debt at an enormous bonus to the fundholder. Suppose what was borrowed at fifty-four was redeemed at ninety-two, the country paid a bonus of thirty-eight per cent. At this rate the redemption was a greater evil than the continuing to pay the usurious interest! If the nation would have endured to continue to pay war-taxes, it would not have been wise to pay them for such a purpose.

Nothing remained but to endeavour to improve the income of the country, and to contract no more debts at the same imprudent and extravagant rate. But preparations were made for the reverse of this: plans were proposed to cramp the national industry and palsy future produce. Whatever lessened the instruments of exchange, and checked credit, impeded the productive employment of capital.

A preference was given to that which was supposed—however erroneously—to encourage the manufactures of this kingdom, over the regard to agriculture, at a crisis when the return of peace ought to have taught us that our reliance should have been placed on the produce of our own soil, which was at our command, while we could no longer have the monopoly of foreign markets. The way to have corn cheap was to encourage its abundant produce by adequate protection. If foreign countries produce the corn which sustains us, the *profit* will be with *them*.

Whether the British government did, or did not, see this, they took no bold and efficient means to enforce it. Every thing was vacillating, compromising, and feeble. The American war had lowered the nation to what was then thought an extreme point of depression; but after three or four years of peace it rapidly revived, and continued to increase in prosperity till the revolutionary war of 1793; and even during all that wasteful war of twenty-two years, it went on progressively in the augmentation of its wealth. Now, after twenty years of peace, it does not revive; but, on the contrary, continues to debilitate. Surely we must conclude that this is the effect of some bad management—some fatal error! The writer of this sketch has never had a doubt that the error has lain in the undue restriction of the circulating medium: and in the fierce and blind opposition made to the protection of agriculture. If taxation had been the cause, it would have operated at each successive loan during the war, considering the magnitude of those loans.

The population has increased; yet the demand has continued to diminish on a diminished produce: for unquestionably the produce has been much less on a feeble and neglected culture. An absurd idea was attempted to be propagated that the markets were glutted by the sudden abundance of the lands latterly brought into tillage, when it was notorious that this increased tillage had been gradual, and not *per saltum*.

The fall in the market was owing partly to foreign importation, and partly to want of means in the people to buy, in consequence of want of

employment; and this in great measure caused by the checked expenditure of the farmers. Nor did this end with the agriculturists; much of the home retail trade of the provinces was thus cramped and starved. Rapidity of circulation, and constant activity of capital, had been the result of the system now destroyed. And this result had counteracted all the waste of the war.

A war upon the finances of the country had always been a favourite plan of Napoleon: but he did not clearly understand on what those finances were based. He thought the whole was a bubble of paper money, which, if he could force it to be exchanged for a metallic currency, would vanish into air. He did not consider that the instrument of exchange is unavailable, if there be no commodity to exchange. Armies and navies could not be supported by paper, nor manufactures created by it. On the other hand, Napoleon was right in assuming that the commodity would not circulate, if he could paralyse and cut short the instruments of circulation. Thus his English partisans had long set at work to forward this his favourite scheme.

It was not till 1819 that the fatal change was effectuated; but in the mean time the expectation hung like a vampire over the country.

Lord Liverpool was a man of great intelligence and excellent intention; but he wanted firmness and courage: he was too much inclined to compromise: probably, also he was too much inclined to listen to those about him, many of whom might have private views of their own. The session of 1815 was not a brilliant one, even though it was crowned by the battle of Waterloo. Languor always succeeds excessive exertion: the time of reckoning was come, and we had now calmly to reflect upon our past steps. All seemed like a feverish dream! Most of the great statesmen, who began the contest, had long rested in their graves. The winding-up was left to minds of another order. The eloquence of Canning, who had trod in the steps of Pitt, survived: but he was any thing rather than a political economist: in political economy his master was Huskisson. Lord Grenville survived in the Lords; but he had changed his party, and was therefore cramped by the fear of an apparent contradictoriness, which, if he was naturally cold and cautious, made him doubly so.

There were both violence and keenness opposed to the Treasury Bench. Whitbread was always declamatory, and sometimes strong; Tierney was keen, subtle, and when he could not convince by argument, won by an amusing humour; Horner was argumentative; Brougham overwhelmed by bitter sarcasm. There were other powerful men on that side; to all of whom it lay on the inflexible courage of Lord Castlereagh to oppose a firm, composed, and indefatigable front: for Vansittart said little, and what he did say could not be heard; but Vesey Fitzgerald was lively, loud, and undaunted; and Peel, who had not yet felt his strength, was instructive, rational, and sure, on whatever concerned his own department.

As the war was now ended, a scheme was devised by the crown for rewarding the military and naval services of the country, by a great addition to the Order of the Bath, under new regulations. It was in future to consist of Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Commanders, and Knights Companions.* The second class was to consist of one hundred and eighty, exclusive of foreign officers, and was to enjoy the title of Knights, and was to have precedence of all Knights Bachelors.† The

* Many of the details were formed by Sir George Naylor, the herald, into whose pocket, if all his rules had been adopted, it would have put fees to the amount of 20,000*l.* and upwards.

† A curious circumstance occurred on this occasion—little known. It was in-

third class not to have the title of Knights; but to have precedence over all Esquires.

In August of this year took place the Duke of Cumberland's marriage. The motion for an additional grant of income to his Royal Highness, on this occasion, was lost by a majority of one.*

The country, and especially the agriculturists, were at the close of this year in a state of grievous depression. Thus ended in gloom, an epoch, which the battle of Waterloo, and the fall of Napoleon, ought to have crowned with splendour.

This year died the following persons, who are entitled to some notice.

1. The celebrated Emma, widow of Sir William Hamilton, K.B.
2. The Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D., the Orientalist.
3. Smithson Tenant, Esq. F.R.S., an eminent Professor of Chemistry at Cambridge, aged fifty-four.
4. Mrs. Abington, the actress, aged eighty-four.
5. John Hey, DD., aged eighty-four, a learned divine, formerly Norrisian Professor at Cambridge.
6. John Ferriar, M.D., of Manchester, aged fifty-one.
7. George Ellis, Esq., the poet, aged seventy, F.R.S., F.S.A. He was one of the writers of the "Rolliad." His "Specimens of English Poetry" are still popular. He had more ease and elegance than genius.
8. W. Roxburgh, M.D., a celebrated Botanist.
9. Mr. William Nicholson, editor of the "Philosophical Journal."
10. John Eardley Wilmot, Esq., aged sixty-seven, son of Lord Chief Justice Wilmot; an amiable biographer.
11. Francis Webb, Esq., aged eighty, an author of some fertility.
12. Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P., aged fifty-five.
13. William Hutton of Birmingham, aged ninety-two, F.A.S.S., author of "The Battle of Bosworth Field," &c. &c.
14. Rev. Dr. Joshua Toulmin, a celebrated Unitarian.
15. Rev. Colin Milne, LL.D. Author of "The Botanical Dictionary."
16. John Coakley Lettsom, M.D., aged seventy-one.
17. Thomas Denman, M.D., father of Lord Denman.
18. Rev. Thomas Zouch, D.D., Prebendary of Durham, &c, aged seventy-five. He was Author of "The Life of Sir Philip Sidney," &c.
19. William Vincent, D.D., Dean of Westminster, aged seventy-seven, a learned Greek scholar.

Add to this catalogue the heroes who fell at Waterloo.

As far as literature is concerned, this is not a very brilliant list. Scarcely any of them, unless George Ellis and Dr. Vincent, rose above mediocrity. George Ellis was accomplished, classical, witty, full of taste; and, as he lived much in the world, knew much of life and manners. He was the literary associate of Canning, Gifford, and Frere, and took a part in the Anti-Jacobin newspaper. He was occasionally sharp, and

tended to give them precedence over all baronets; and so the Gazette was actually half printed; when it was discovered that on the creation of the order of baronets, the crown had stipulated that no intermediate rank should be hereafter created between them and peers. The first Gazette was then cancelled.

* The writer of this sketch had the following anecdote from a friend, and then a member of the House, to whom it occurred. It was his intention to vote for the additional grant. He was called out of the House by a person, who then busied himself in the details of a Bill, which he was endeavouring to carry through parliament, and detained long in one of the committee-rooms by that discussion, till at last he was shut out, when the division took place. He always afterwards suspected that this person was employed by the adverse party thus to defeat his vote.

satirical; and affected, through a great part of his life, a little too much of the fine gentleman. He was of a West Indian family, of large property.

During the year 1816 the internal distresses of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, continued to increase. The general spirit of the country began to droop. The party tactics of parliamentary opposition to government showed themselves on several occasions in their usual manner. There was an attempt to reduce the army and navy below the amount which the ministry deemed absolutely necessary; and the treaties with foreign powers were discussed and arraigned. Still the government supported itself by large majorities.

But the great financial feature of this year, was the repeal of the property tax, in defiance of all the efforts of the minister to renew it at one half its war-amount—viz. at five per cent. The Opposition carried the repeal by a majority of thirty-seven. This defeat was contrary to the expectation of both parties. The conquerors could scarcely believe their own ears, when the numbers were announced. The tax was undoubtedly unpopular; but it was a much fairer tax than the assessed taxes; and, now that all the machinery had begun to work well, and the evils of the supposed exposure of private affairs had ceased by familiarity to be felt painful, it would have been a beneficial substitute for those unequal and oppressive burdens. It was the only way by which the usurer could be made to pay his proportion to the public expenses, and it was some counteraction to the enormous pressure of the national debt. Experience, however, had shown, that some new regulations might have been introduced with advantage, to afford relief to some, and prevent the evasion of others.

Mr. Western took the lead in endeavouring to draw the public attention to the growing distresses of agriculture, and to find means for its future protection. But nothing satisfactory could be obtained. The manufacturing and commercial party in the House was strong; and nothing could root it out of their minds, that they had an opposite interest to the agriculturists. They thought that all their prosperity and profits depended on cheap corn. And they wished to monopolize the supply of food for the people through their own ships and warehouses, rather than let it come through the landholder, and the native produce of the home soil. By this blind ignorance they consulted their own interests as little as the interests of the real and substantial wealth of the country. The ministers seemed to be in a state of vacillation and imbecile doubt on the subject. The loss of the property-tax had thrown them into great embarrassment. They could not easily find a substitute for it. However, 3,000,000*l.* was obtained from the Bank, for liberty to extend their capital; and, altogether, the excess above the sum borrowed for the service of the year, was about 3,500,000*l.*—applicable to the Sinking Fund.

It was observed that the financial distress, which was felt by Great Britain, was equally felt by the powers upon the Continent. That the cessation of expenditure in the wasteful costs of war should cause distress, is not satisfactorily accounted for by any arguments hitherto used. It is argued that the workmen, being released from the idle occupation of arms to pursue productive employments, created an abundance which overstocked the markets. The more commodities, the more means there are of supplying the funds of exchange and purchase. It is argued, that the discoveries of machinery had *all at once* produced excess. This is not true: machinery had long been in gradual progress, and continued regularly to advance during the war.

The evils of some of the provisions of the Corn Bill began now to show their ruinous consequences. Granaries of depôt for foreign corn had been established by these provisions. Low prices had already half destroyed

the farmers. A short harvest now ensued; and all remuneration by augmented price was defeated by the pouring into the markets from these foreign depôts.

On May 7, the Princess Charlotte of Wales was married to Leopold, Prince of Saxe Cobourg.

The above are the only striking features of the domestic history of the 1816.

OBITUARY FOR 1816.

1. Henry Harrington of Bath, M.D., aged eighty-nine.
2. Richard Viscount Fitzwilliam, of Ireland, aged seventy-one. He bequeathed his pictures, prints, &c., to the University of Cambridge, with a sum to build a museum.
3. Sir William Forbes, Bart., aged sixty-eight.
4. Adam Ferguson, LL.D., aged ninety-three, formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh.
5. W. Walker, aged forty-nine, Astronomical Lecturer.
6. John Courtenay, Esq., formerly M.P. for Tamworth and Appleby—descended from an Irish branch of the noble family of Courtenay: celebrated for his wit and humour. See Mackintosh's character of him.
7. Right Hon. Patrick Duigenan, LL.D., M. P. for Armagh, aged eighty-one.
8. East Apthorp, D.D., aged eighty-four, a native of Boston, in New England.
9. Thomas Johnes, Esq., of Haford, M.P. for Co. Cardigan, Translator of Troissart and Momtrelet, aged sixty-seven.
10. George Hardinge, Esq., Welsh Judge, aged seventy-two, son of Nicholas Hardinge, and nephew of Lord Chancellor Camden.
11. At Paris, Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., aged sixty-six.
12. Richard Watson, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, aged seventy-nine.
13. At St. Cloud, near Paris, Mrs. Jordan.
14. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, aged sixty-five.
15. Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, celebrated for her moral writings.
16. William Bell, D.D., Senior Prebendary of Westminster, aged eighty-five.
17. Rev. Joseph Townsend, Rector of Pewsey, Wilts. Author of "The Journey through Spain," &c., at an advanced age.
18. Michael Woodhull, Esq., aged seventy-six, translator of Euripides.
19. Charles, Earl Stanhope, aged sixty-four.
20. John Disney, D.D., aged seventy.

In this list are some eminent names—as Adam Ferguson, Bishop Watson, R. B. Sheridan, Elizabeth Hamilton, Earl Stanhope. These will live in the memory of their country, and in the biography of our literature. But five authors out of nineteen, possessing any eminent merit, seems but a small proportion. Such is the rarity of genius, or even of great literary talent. Of these, first in brilliance was Sheridan; but not in moral qualities. Even in poetry he had more wit than high imagination: but his eloquence—partly acquired—was great; and he often proved himself a useful and sagacious politician. Some have doubted whether Moore's life of him has done much to put him in the most advantageous light.

Bishop Watson was a sterner character: his talent lay in some branches of science; and he was considered a liberal and enlarged, though perhaps not very orthodox, theologian: his politics more inclined to Whiggism, than is usual for one of the episcopal bench. His writings were very popular in their day: perhaps they are a little grown out of fashion.

Earl Stanhope was an eccentric man; but had an inventive genius in the sciences. He was brought up at Geneva, where he contracted repub-

lican notions and habits, which he retained through life. He was a useful and patriotic member of society, and an honour to his nation.

I have not named the mere people of place and title without personal merit. Enough of them may be found in peerage-books and baronetages. These people, *fruges consumere nati*, may fill the ranks of society, then die, and be content with oblivion. They have had their joys in an indolent, luxurious, and careless existence.

The year 1817 opened with seditious plots, and the consequent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Thistlewood and others were tried, condemned, and executed for treason. Reports of seditious practices, especially in the manufacturing districts of the north, at Manchester and elsewhere, were made to parliament by committees of both Houses.

The financial state of the present year seemed to improve. The funds rose above twelve per cent., corn was sold at a good price, and money began to be plentiful, both on mortgage and on discount. The Bank of England also began now voluntarily to pay in cash.

One feature of this year was the Committee on the Poor Laws, which sat for a length of time, and made its report in July, a copy of which may be seen in the Annual Register for 1817. Mr. Sturges Bourne was the chairman of this committee,—a cold, cautious man, of a merely practical head, who did not seem to see deeply into causes, or encourage profound investigations. The committee was composed principally of county members, and country gentlemen, as it ought to have been; but Mr. Huskisson, who was probably introduced as an acute man of finance, rather embarrassed the committee, with some of those crotchets of political economy, which he had long entertained; and his opinions possessed an influence, probably much more than they merited. The chairman had a technical talent, and commonly spoke as a lawyer, having been, I believe, for many years chairman of a quarter sessions. A busy member of the committee was the late Mr. Curwen, who had made a sort of hobby of the study of the Poor Laws, according to a system of his own. Altogether, not much new light was thrown upon the subject; it seeming to be the object of those who took on themselves, or were instructed by government, to manage the committee, to neutralize every topic as much as possible, and keep as near the shore as they could. Government was embarrassed on the subject, and was anxious to avoid all experiments. The Report was drawn up by Mr. Bourne and Mr. T. P. Courtenay, with little interference of the other members of the committee. What will be the result of the new Poor Law Act, passed in 1834, remains to be proved. But it seems extraordinary that after the report of 1817, no steps were immediately taken to amend, at least, the law of settlement, which abounded with evils that could not be denied. But there was a feeling amongst too many of the nation, that the Poor Laws were fundamentally so impolitic and bad, that to soften their evils would be to delay their final abolition; an end to which they fondly and absurdly looked. The Malthus theory is yet neither universally established, nor universally rejected.

This year Mr. Abbot, the Speaker, finding his health not equal to his laborious duties, resigned his high office, after a service of fifteen years, and was created Lord Colchester, with a pension of four thousand pounds a-year, to him and his next successor.* He was a little man, of a spritely mind, an epigrammatic turn, and great technical knowledge, fond of show, pompous in his manner, and stately in his movements. He distinguished himself at Westminster school, and at Oxford, as a classical scholar; and having shown himself intelligent and diligent in finance-committees, was taken into favour by Pitt. In the House, he displayed

* He had two sons. The second son lately died, leaving issue.

the greatest knowledge of forms, and was firm in the putting them into force; so that he made a most able and useful Speaker; never relaxing his attention, nor losing his dignity. He had a wonderful memory, and a calm judgment.

Ministers were willing to show their desire for economy; and accordingly, Lord Castlereagh made a motion for a Committee on the Public Income and Expenditure, which of course took place; and accordingly, several retrenchments were recommended, and bills for the abolition of certain offices—as those of the justices in Eyre—were passed.

The Roman Catholic question was again stirred, but lost.

In the speech of the Prince Regent at the close of the session, are the following paragraphs, addressed to the House of Commons:

"I thank you for the supplies which have been granted to me, and for the laborious investigation, which, at my recommendation, you have made into the state of the income and expenditure of the country.

"It has given me sincere pleasure to find that you have been enabled to provide for every branch of the public service, without any addition to the burthens of the people.

"The state of public credit affords a decisive proof of the wisdom and expediency, under the present circumstances, of those financial arrangements which you have adopted.

"I have every reason to believe that the deficiency of the revenue is, in a great degree, to be ascribed to the unfavourable state of the last season; and I look forward with sanguine expectations to its gradual improvement."

In this year the Exchequers of England and Ireland were united.

The expenses of the army and navy were now considerably reduced: but it was still necessary to resort to loans for the supplies of the year—which was effected by an issue of twelve millions of exchequer bills. This was however counteracted by the redemptions of the Sinking Fund, so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated that on the balance the public debt would be reduced this year about three millions.

But it cannot escape observation, that an annual reduction of three millions during peace, affords but small expectation of keeping pace with the necessary increase during war, when, judging from the past, annual loans of twenty or thirty millions are necessary.

There may be some doubt whether the expenditure of the national capital during war through the Exchequer, is not as beneficial to the increase of the public wealth, as the expenditure during peace through individuals; but the evil is, that in the former, the disbursement is not made by those who are burdened with the payment of the interest; and the effect of this is, that it causes property rapidly to change hands.

It is quite clear, that the body of the people flourished more during the war, than during the subsequent peace. The cessation of loans, and the diminution of taxes, gave no relief. Nothing flourished but the Stock Exchange. And there were the drones who consumed the honey.

It was argued that this was only temporary, arising from the sudden change in the channels of employment; but it has now continued for twenty years, and even grown worse.

Obituary for 1817.

1. George, Duke of Marlborough, aged seventy-eight, a scholar, and an encourager of classical literature.

2. At Pisa, Francis North, third Earl of Guilford, aged fifty-five, a most amiable man, a wit, and an encourager of the drama.

3. At Pisa, in the prime of age, of a consumption, Francis Horner, Esq., an eloquent and distinguished member of the House of Commons, a leader among the Whig party.

4. Charles Combe, M.D., F.R.S. and S.A., aged seventy-four, joint-editor with Henry Horner, of a Variorum Horace, 1793.

5. Rev. William Beloe, aged sixty, joint-editor with Archdeacon Nares, of the British Critic.

6. At Enfield, aged seventy-four, William Saunders, M.D., F.R.S. and F.S.A., author of many medical works.

7. At Edgeworth's Town, Ireland, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq., aged seventy-four, father of Miss Edgeworth, and himself a miscellaneous author.

8. At Dover, the Rev. John Lyon, author of some works on electricity.

9. At Paris, aged fifty-three, the celebrated Madame De Stael Holstein, daughter of the French minister, Necker, a Genevan by birth.

10. At Norwich, aged fifty-five, Francis Sayers, M.D., an ingenious poet.

11. The Rev. John Prior Estlin, LL.D., aged seventy-one, a native of Henkley, Leicestershire. He conducted a school at Bristol, and was author of several works on religious subjects

12. At the Cape of Good Hope, Thomas Sheridan, Esq., son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and father of the Hon Mrs Norton.

13. Aged sixty, William Charles Wells, M.D., author of several philosophical works.

14. Aged seventy-two, Sir James Earle, the celebrated surgeon.

15. Aged eighty-five, Alexander Monro, M.D., Professor of Medicine, &c. in the University of Edinburgh.

16. The Hon. Henry Erskine, next brother to the Earl of Buchan, and elder brother to Lord Erskine, a man of brilliant talents, who was for many years the leader and glory of the Scotch bar. His son is now Earl of Buchan.

17. The Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, aged nearly seventy. When the Duke of Bedford was Lord Lieutenant, he was made Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and retired on a pension of three thousand a year.

18. On the 6th of November, Charlotte Augusta, Princess of Wales, in child-bed.

19. Aged ninety-one, at Windsor, John Andre De Luc, the celebrated geologist, a native of Geneva. He was for many years reader to the queen.

20. At the Rectory House, Deptford, the Rev. Dr. Charles Burney, the celebrated Greek scholar.

Of these, the most eminent names were Madame de Stael, Francis Horner, Dr. Burney, Henry Erskine, John Philpot Curran, and R. L. Edgeworth.

Madame de Stael had a brilliant genius: but her ostentatious vanity made her sometimes sacrifice truth to excite surprise. In conversation she was not content unless she monopolised the attention of her hearers; and she had the passion to be admired for her person as well as for wit. She had more of *esprit* than imagination; and was sometimes laboured and obscure in her style. In this last respect she differed much from Madame de Genlis, who criticised the occasional viciousness of her phraseology. Whether her genius in romance was of the genuine sort, may be doubted. It was not creative;—it was rather observant and argumentative. Society was her sphere—not contemplative solitude: she desired no more solitude than was necessary to prepare her to blaze in company. She had extended her inquiries wide into the field of politics, as well as of manners and literature: and here she was often eloquent, sometimes original, sometimes forcible, and not unfrequently profound and just. She brought an inquiring and subtle mind to every subject; and was never common-place, and never feeble. Her fame was popular through

Europe; but her character was deemed more capricious than amiable. Her conversation was sought as a wonder; but she rather overcame by her volubility, than won by her persuasion. Her light was scorching rather than benignant. Her ambition was to win the notice and good-will of Napoleon: but she could not succeed, nor was calculated to succeed upon the stern and unimaginative gigantesqueness of that man of hard and practical genius.

She derived from her father a large fortune, which she dispensed with hospitable profusion at her Chateau of Coppet, on the borders of the Pays de Vaud, about seven miles from Geneva. Here Lord Byron visited her from his campagne of Cologny, across the Lake: but it is evident that he was not pleased with her: she outshone him in conversation; and this was not pleasant either to his sensitiveness, or to his pride. She wore herself out by her vivacity, and died at a middle age.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

PETRARCH AT VANCLUSE.

BY L. M. J. M. MONTAGU.

I FLY her presence, whom alone I'd meet
Zoned and arrayed by love, with smiles more sweet,
More soul alluring, than Ianthe wore:
Her lips imbued with roseate sweetness pour,
Thrilling and soft, their silver music round,
That silence dies enamoured of the sound.
Spring revels on her cheek, and summer too,
Laughs in her sunny eye of pleasant blue.
Ah! luckless Petrarch! vain are all thy sighs:
Voluminous of mind, her look implies
Espousal of the thoughts to chaste desires,*
Hallow'd and pure her bosom's gentle fires.
Yet at her shrine my feeble reason bows,
To offer fruitless gifts of burning vows;
And, like the wounded heart, to shades I fly,
Not to extract the arrow—but to die.

* The liberty Lord Byron has taken with Laura's name will, we hope, excuse an humble attempt *to honour her ashes*, by adopting the opinion that Petrarch's passion met with no return from the beautiful object of it; but that Laura acted as a chaste wife cannot but act, let the husband be what he may.

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.—No. XVII.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

THE next evening the old woman made her appearance without raising any difficulty, as on the previous day, and took her seat before the Pasha, and thus continued.

"As I stated to your Highness last evening, when I broke off my narrative, I was in the highest favour with the Sultan, who made me his confidant. He had often mentioned to me the distinguished services of a young seraskier, whom he had lately appointed Capitan Pasha, to combat in the north against a barbarous nation called Sclavonians, or Russians. My curiosity was raised to see this Rustam of a warrior, for his exploits and unvaried success were constantly the theme of the Sultan's encomiums. A Georgian slave, who had been the favourite previous to my arrival, and who had never forgiven my supplanting her, had been sent to him by the Sultan as a compliment; and this rare distinction had been conferred upon him on the day when I requested leave to remain behind the screen in the hall of the divan, that I might behold this celebrated and distinguished person. He was indeed a splendid figure, and his face was equally perfect. He formed, in outward appearance, all that I could imagine of a hero. As I looked at him from behind the screen, he turned his head from me, and I beheld, to my surprise, the red stain on his neck, which told me at once that I had found my long-lost brother. Delighted at the rencontre, I retired as soon as the audience was over, and when the Sultan came to my apartment, I told him the discovery which I had made. The Sultan appeared pleased at the information; and the next day sending for my brother, he asked him a few questions relative to his lineage and former life, which corroborated my story, and, loading him with fresh honours, he dismissed him. I was delighted that in finding my brother I had found one who was not unworthy of the Sultan's regard, and I considered it a most fortunate circumstance; but how blind are mortals! My brother was the cause of my disgrace and eternal separation from the Sultan. I mentioned to your Highness that the Georgian slave, who had preceded me in the Sultan's favour, had been sent as a present to my brother. This woman, although she had always appeared fond of me, was, in fact, my most bitter enemy. She was very beautiful and clever, and soon obtained the most unlimited influence over my brother. Yet she loved him not; she had but one feeling to gratify, which was revenge on me. My brother had so often led the troops to victory, that he had acquired an unbounded sway over them. Stimulated by their suggestions, and his own ambition, which, like mine, was boundless, he was at last induced to plot against his master, with the intention of dethroning him, and reigning in his stead. To his new wife, the

[1] Concluded from vol. xii. p. 276.

Georgian, he had entrusted his plans, and she resolved to regain the favour of the Sultan, and accomplish my ruin by making me a party, and then communicating to him the treason which was in agitation. She proposed to my brother that he should inform me of his intentions, alleging, that in all probability, I would assist him, as I cared little for the Sultan; and at all events, if I did not join, my interest might save him from his wrath. For some time he refused to accede to her suggestions; but as she pointed out that if the plot were discovered, I, as his sister, would certainly share his fate, and that she well knew that I had never forgiven the punishment of the bastinado which I had received, and only waited for an opportunity to revenge myself, he at last consented to make me a party to his intentions. My brother had been allowed to visit me, and he took an opportunity of stating to me his schemes. I started from him with horror, pointed out to him his ingratitude and folly, and intreated him to abandon his purpose. Convinced that I was firmly attached to the Sultan, he appeared to acquiesce in the justice of my remarks, confessed he was wrong, and promised me faithfully to think no more of his treacherous designs. I believed him to be sincere, and I shed tears of joy, as I thanked him for having yielded to my intreaties. We separated, and in a short time I thought no more of the subject.

"But he had no idea of abandoning his purpose; in fact, he was already too deeply involved to be able so to do. His arrangements went on rapidly, and when all was ripe, the Georgian gave information to the Sultan, denouncing me as a party as well as my brother.

"One morning as I was sitting in my apartment, arranging on a tray a present for my lord and master, I was surprised by the abrupt entrance of the Kislar Aga, accompanied by guards, who without explanation seized me, and led me into the presence chamber, where the Sultan and all the officers of state were assembled. It immediately rushed into my mind that my brother had deceived me. Pale with anxiety, but at the same time with a feeling of delight that the plot had been discovered, I entered the divan, where I beheld my brother in the custody of the palace guard. He had been seized in the divan, as his popularity was so great, that a few minutes' notice would have enabled him not only to escape, but to have put his treasonable plans into execution; but he bore himself with such a haughty air, with his arms folded across his breast, that I thought he might be innocent, and that he had, as he promised me, abandoned all thoughts of rebellion.

"I turned towards the Sultan, who fixed his eyes upon me; his brows were knit with anger, and he commenced, 'Zara, your brother is accused of treason, which he denies. You, also, are charged with being privy to his designs. Answer me, do you know any thing of these plots?'

"I did not know how to answer this question, and I would not tell a lie. I did know something about his intentions; but as he had denied the charge, it was not to be expected that he should be condemned by the mouth of his only sister. Perhaps he had, as he had promised me, abandoned his ideas;—perhaps it could not be proved against him. My answer would have been the signal for his death.

I could not give the answer required, and I replied, 'If my brother be found guilty of rebelling against his sovereign, let him suffer. I, my lord, have never plotted or rebelled against you.'

"'Answer my question, Zara. Do you know any thing about this plot? Yes or no. Say *no*, and I shall believe you.'

"'Your slave has never plotted against her lord,' replied I. 'Further I cannot answer your question.'

"'Then it is true;—and Zara—even Zara is false!' cried the Sultan, clasping his hands in agony. 'O! where can a person in my situation find one who is faithful and true, when Zara, even Zara, is false?'

"'No—no, my lord,' cried I, bursting into tears; 'Zara is true;—always has been, always will be, true. *That* I can boldly answer—but do not press the other question.'

"The Sultan looked at me for a short time, and then consulted with the viziers and others, who stood by the throne with their arms folded. The Chief Vizier replied, 'Those who know of treason, and conceal it, are participators in the crime.'

"'True—most true. Zara, for the last time I ask you, what do you know of this intended insurrection? I must be trifled with no longer. A plain answer, or——'

"'I cannot answer that question, my lord.'

"'Zara, as you value your life, answer me immediately,' cried the Sultan with violence;—but I answered not.

"Twice more did the forbearance and love of the Sultan induce him to repeat the question; but I remained silent.

"He waved his hands, I was seized by the mutes, and the bowstring encircled my neck. All was ready, they awaited but the last signal to tighten the fatal cord.

"'Once more, Zara, will you answer; or brave me to your destruction?'

"'Sultan, I will at least speak to you before I die. I only wish to declare my fidelity and my love to you in my last moments, to tell you that I forgive you for that which, when the truth is known, you will never forgive yourself. One moment more. Let me remove this jewelled chain from my neck, now superseded by the bowstring. You presented it to me when convinced of my attachment and my love. Take it, Sultan, and when you find one as faithful and as true, present it to her; but until you do so, wear it in memory of Zara. And now let me throw my veil over those features which have always beamed with love and delight on you, that when I am dead, and you call them to your recollection, they may be as you have been used to see them, and not black with convulsions and distorted with agony. My lord, my dear and honoured lord, farewell!'

"The Sultan was deeply moved; he turned away his head, and covered his face with one hand, while the other dropped at his side from the intensity of his feelings.

"Although it never was so intended, this dropping of his hand was considered as the signal for my death. The string was tightened, and buried itself, cutting deeply into the flesh of a neck once as fair and smooth as the polished marble of Patras. For the first moments my

torture was excruciating—my eyes were forcing out of their sockets—my tongue protruded from my mouth—my brain appeared to be on fire—but all recollection soon departed."

"Staffir Allah! God forgive me! but are you not laughing at our beards, old scarecrow? What think you, Mustapha?" continued the Pasha, turning to him. "What is all this but *lies?*"

"Lies!" screamed the old woman. "Lies! you tell me they are lies! Well, well—the time has been. Pasha, after what I have suffered by telling the truth all my life, it is hard, in my old age, to be told that I lie; but you shall be convinced;" and the old woman put her hands up to the shrivelled, pendant skin of her neck, and stretching it out smooth, showed a deep blue mark, which encircled it like a necklace. "Now are you satisfied?"

The Pasha nodded his head to Mustapha, as if convinced; and then said, "You may proceed."

"Yes, I may proceed; but I tell you, Pasha, that if you doubt what I say once more, I will return your twenty pieces of gold, and hold my tongue. I proved that I could do it as a young woman, and we become more obstinate as we get old."

"That is no lie," observed Mustapha. "Continue, old woman, and we will not interrupt you with doubts again."

"My brother, who had watched every motion of the Sultan's, and who had determined to reveal all rather than that I should suffer, when he perceived the fatal mistake, which he did not till some moments afterwards, uttered a loud cry, and attempted to burst from his guards. Roused by the cry, the Sultan looked up, and perceived what had taken place. In a moment he darted from his throne, and was kneeling by me with frantic exclamations. The mutes hastily tore away the bowstring, but I was to all appearance dead.

"'Yes, Sultan, well may you rave!' exclaimed my brother; 'for you have good cause. You have destroyed one who, as she declared with her last breath, was most faithful and most true. I acknowledge the conspiracy. I told her my intentions, and she thought that she had succeeded in preventing me, for I promised by *the three*, to abandon my design. She has been faithful both to you and to me, for she believed that, although accused, I had atoned for my fault by repentance.'

"The Sultan looked earnestly at my brother, but made no answer. He embraced me, at one moment bursting into tears, in the next calling for assistance. I was removed to my apartments, and after some time, the physicians succeeded in restoring me to life; but I was for many days confused and dizzy in the brain, during which time every attention and care were lavished on me. One evening I felt sufficiently recovered to speak, and I demanded of my attendants what had taken place. They informed me that the mutes, who had mistaken the signal, had been impaled, and that the Janissaries had risen and demanded my brother, whose execution had been deferred by the Sultan; but that on the commotion taking place, by order of the Grand Vizier, my brother had been executed, and his head thrown out to the rebellious troops, who had then dispersed, and had since been brought to subjection, and some hundreds of the ringleaders had

been executed. I turned away at this intelligence, for I loved my noble but misguided brother. The movement occasioned excruciating pain, which arose from the deep wound made by the bowstring in my neck.

" The next morning I rose, that I might contemplate my person in the mirror, and I at once perceived the alteration which had taken place. There was a certain degree of distortion of features which I thought would never be removed. I felt that although the Sultan might respect me, I could not expect the same influence and undivided attention as before. With a heavy heart, I threw myself on the couch, and planned for the future. I reflected upon the uncertain tenure by which the affections of a despot are held, and I resolved to part. Still I loved him, loved him in spite of all his cruelty; but my resolution was made. For six weeks I refused to see the Sultan, although he inquired every day, and sent me magnificent presents. At the end of that period I had recovered, and all that remained from the effects of the bowstring, was a slight wrinkling of the skin from distension, and the deep blue mark round my neck which I have just now shown to your Highness.

" When I first admitted the Sultan, he was much affected. 'Zara,' said he, mournfully, 'I swear by the Holy Prophet that I meant not to give the signal.'

" 'I believe you, my lord,' replied I, calmly.

" 'Neither did I intend that your brother should suffer. I meant to have gained your favour by his pardon.'

" 'He was a traitor, my lord, an ungrateful traitor, and deserved his death. So may all like him perish.'

" 'And now, Zara, may I hope for your forgiveness?'

" 'On one condition, Sultan, and swear that you will grant what I require.'

" 'I do, by Allah!'

" 'It is that you send me back to my own country.'

" Not to detain your Highness by dwelling too long upon what passed, it will suffice to say, that notwithstanding the intreaties of the Sultan, and the pleadings of my own heart, my resolution was immovable. Every arrangement was made for my departure, and during the preparations, the Sultan was continually with me, persuading me to abandon the idea. The magnificence and liberality which he showed in the costly presents bestowed upon me, that I might return with honour and wealth to my own country, more than once made we waver in my resolution. The evening before my departure he made a last attempt, but in vain. My refusal was at least softened by the tears which I shed, for now that the time of departure was so near, I felt how truly, how devotedly I was attached to him. We parted; I threw myself on the couch, and wept till the dawn of day, when I was summoned to commence my journey.

" As your Highness may be aware is the custom, when my brother was executed, all his property was seized by the Sultan, and distributed among the favourites. The new Capitan Pasha who succeeded my brother was called Abdallah, and was said to be an excellent soldier. Part of my brother's property was made over to him, and among the

rest the Georgian slave, who had been the ruin of my brother, and had so fatally destroyed my happiness. To show me every attention and respect, the Sultan had ordered Abdallah in person to escort me to my own country, with a picked body of cavalry. The cavalcade was magnificent—treasure had been heaped on treasure—present upon present; twenty women of my own country, and numerous slaves, had been permitted to attend upon me, and the procession wore the appearance of a pageant. I ascended my litter with an aching heart, and journeying by easy stages, arrived at the land of my nativity. The borders were passed, and Abdallah requested me to write an acknowledgment that he had done his duty, which the Sultan would require of him upon his return. I gave him the paper, and, professing many wishes for my future happiness, he assembled his troops, and the escort turned the heads of their neighing steeds towards the city, where my heart had truly been left behind.

"It will now be necessary to revert to the Georgian slave, who had been presented to my brother by the Sultan, and had afterwards been made over to Abdallah. When she heard that I was about to depart for my own country, loaded with presents, her rage was without bounds. Already had her beauty and talents made great impression upon Abdallah, and she soon won him over to a plot which would be advantageous to him, at the same time that it would throw me, whom she distrusted, into her power. She proposed to Abdallah, that after having escorted me to the frontiers, and received from me the acknowledgment required by the Sultan, he should follow my small escort of slaves, cut them to pieces, take possession of me and all my treasure, and return with it to Constantinople, where I might be immured in his harem. The avarice of Abdallah was not able to withstand the temptation, and aware that there was no chance of the nefarious transaction being discovered by the Sultan, he agreed to the proposal. On the second night after we had parted with Abdallah, a body of horsemen galloped down upon us, and all my attendants, male and female, were massacred. I was seized, put into a sack, and thrown across a horse, and as soon as the treasure could be collected, they set off at a rapid pace. I was nearly dead when they halted, and when I was removed from my painful situation I fainted away.

"Abdallah had never seen my face; the soldiers reported me dead, and he was glad when he heard of it, for it was only to please his wife that he had promised to bring me back. He walked up to where I lay, and was, even in my miserable situation, enamoured with my beauty. His heart acknowledged that I was the most valuable of all the plunder. Every care and attention was bestowed upon me, and after several hours' halt, to allow me to refresh myself, I was placed in a small litter, and our journey recommenced. He was studious to obtain my favour; at first I spurned him, but when he told me that the Georgian slave had instigated him to the deed, and had insisted that he should bring me back, I well knew for what purpose, and thought only of revenge. I feigned to be less averse to him, and before our journey was over, had used all my powers of fascination with triumphant success. At last our wearied horses arrived at Stamboul, and after waiting in the suburbs till the evening closed in, that the

cavalcade might not attract attention, it proceeded to the house of Abdallah, and I was once more in the precincts of a harem. The Georgian slave hastened to meet me, when she was informed of our arrival, and taking off her slipper, she struck me contemptuously on the mouth, with such force as to cause the blood to flow. 'Now, sultana,' cried she, 'the day is mine; again shall you receive the bastinado. Aye, and again shall the bowstring be applied to your proud neck—and more effectually than before.' She then ordered her slaves to strip me, and put on the meanest attire. When that was done, she spat in my face, and left me without speaking; but the flashing of her eyes gave evidence of the fiery passions which were raging in her bosom.

"In the mean time Abdallah had proceeded to the palace, to present to the Sultan the document proving my safe arrival, and having so done, he hastened back to his own house. As soon as he entered the harem, instead of visiting the Georgian slave, who had arrayed herself for his reception, he inquired of the astonished women in which chamber I had been accommodated. They hesitatingly replied, pointing it out to him. He entered, and found me clothed in a slave's dress, with my face covered with blood. When I stated the treatment I had received, and the further threat of the bastinado and the bowstring, his rage was beyond all bounds. Ordering all the women to attend me, he quitted me, that I might resume my own dress, intimating that he hoped that I would allow him to sup with me that evening. My desire for revenge induced me to grant his request, and he quitted the harem to look after the treasure of which I had been robbed.

"In the mean time, the other women had communicated to the Georgian slave all that had occurred, and she was frantic at the information. Fearful of her, I kept my door fast until the arrival of Abdallah, who sent to inquire whether I would receive him. He was admitted, and again expressed his indignation at the conduct of my rival, offering, as a proof of his attachment, to abandon her to my resentment. I had no time for reply before the door was burst open, the Georgian flew in and aimed her dagger at my heart. Abdallah had sufficient time to ward the blow, and as the weapon passed through his left arm, with his right hand he dashed her on the floor. Pale with rage and pain he called his people. 'She threatened you, Zara, with the bastinado and the bowstring. She has sealed her own doom.' By his orders her slippers were torn off, and she received fifty blows of the bastinado; then, as she screamed with pain, and held up her hands for mercy, the mutes were summoned, and the bowstring was applied. My revenge was more than satiated, and I covered up my eyes that I might not be a witness to the dreadful spectacle. When I removed my hands I found Abdallah only in the apartment, and my rival lying a blackened corpse upon the floor.

"For three years I remained in the harem of Abdallah, and, if not happy, was resigned to my fate. He was devotedly attached to me, and, if I could not return his love, I was not deficient in gratitude. At last a second war broke out between the Turks and Russians, and Abdallah was ordered to put himself at the head of his troops, and

drive the invaders back to their regions of frost and snow. As was the custom with Turkish commanders, all his harem accompanied him, and after travelling about from one territory to another, sometimes in pursuit of, and at others retreating before the enemy's forces, we were shut up in the fortress of Ismael, with orders to defend it to the last.

"I shall not weary your Highness with a detail of what occurred. I shall only say, that after the town had been nearly reduced to ashes, by the shells and shot, which had set fire to it at least one hundred times, it was taken by storm, with immense slaughter. We sat in our apartments, listening with terror to the alternate shouting and shrieking—the noise of the bursting of the shells, the whizzing of the balls, the cries of the wounded, and the terrific roaring of the flames, which were now consuming the whole town in their fury. At last our doors were burst open, and the enemy entered. We screamed, and would have fled, but in vain. What became of the rest I know not, but I was dragged over the dead and the dying, through smoke and through flame, until I fainted away with terror and exhaustion. When I recovered, I found myself in a hut, lying on a small bed, and attended by two bearded monsters, whom I afterwards discovered were Cossacks. They were chafing my limbs with their rough hands, without the least regard for decorum. As soon as I opened my eyes, one of them poured a little spirits down my throat, and wrapping me up in a horse cloth, they left me—to meditate upon my misfortunes.

"I discovered that evening that I had, by the fortune of war, become the property of a Russian general, who had no time for making love. With him it was all ready made, as a matter of course. Still he was a handsome man, and when not tipsy, was good-humoured and generous; but the bivouacs even of a general, were very different from the luxuries to which I had been accustomed. I lived badly, and was housed worse. It so unfortunately happened, that my protector was a great gambler, as indeed are all Russians; and one morning to my surprise, a handsome young officer came into the tent, and the general very unceremoniously handed me over to him. My beauty had been made known in the camp, and the Russian general, having the night before lost all his money, had staked me for one thousand sequins, and had lost. My new master was a careless, handsome youth, a colonel in the army; I could have loved him, but I had not time; for I had not been in his tent more than three weeks, before I was again gambled away, and lost to a major. I had hardly time to make myself comfortable in my new abode, when I was staked and lost again. In short, your Highness, in that campaign I was the property of between forty and fifty Russian officers, and what with the fatigue of marching, the badness of provisions, and my constant unsettled state of mind and body, I lost much of my good looks—so much, indeed, that I found out that instead of being taken as a stake of one thousand sequins, I was not valued at more than two hundred. I can assure your Highness that it is no joke to go through a Russian camp in that way—to be handed about like a purse of money, out of one man's pocket into another's. I assure you, that before the campaign was over, I had had quite enough of the Russians, and only wished

that the Turkish army might rout them, and that I could find myself once more in a harem. It was then that I first lamented over my hard fate, and that of the Sultan. It was then that I first used the expression, when I thought of my condition, and that I said to myself, 'The time has been.'

"At last the army was ordered to march back, and being then the property of a Cossack, he put me on a pony, and made me keep up with the squadron, driving me before him with his long spear, sometimes sticking the point into the rear of the pony, and sometimes into me, by way of a joke. But I had not been more than ten days on the retreat, before he sold me, pony, bridle, saddle, and all together, as a bargain, to an infantry officer, who, as soon as he had taken possession, made me dismount, while he got in the saddle, desiring me to lay hold of the pony's tail and follow him. When they halted he made me wait upon him, and do every thing which he required. In the morning he mounted again, and I had to walk after him, as before. This was hard service for one who had been the favourite of the Sultan. For a week I contrived to hobble after him, but it was impossible to go on any longer. We passed through a town, and as soon as we were clear of the gates, and he did not watch me, I let go the tail of the pony, and escaped without his perceiving it. I regained the town, and faint with hunger and fatigue, sat at the steps of a large house. A lady, dressed in rich furs and sables, came out, and perceiving that my dress was foreign, stopped, and inquired of me who I was. I told her in a few words: she ordered me to be received and taken care of. A few days afterwards she sent for me, and I then narrated to her my history. She was kind and generous, and I became her head attendant; I was contented and happy, and hoped to die in her service. But my misfortunes were not half over. My mistress was a lady of rank, and much esteemed. Her house was always full of company; she was rich, and gave most splendid entertainments. Her husband had been dead about two years, but she was still very young, and exceedingly beautiful. One evening, when there was a large party assembled in her rooms, the door was opened, and an officer came up to her and whispered in her ear. She coloured, trembled, and said that she would be ready in an hour. I was near her at the time; she beckoned to me, hastened to her room, and burst into a flood of tears.

"'I am ordered to Petersburgh immediately, on a charge of treason. God knows that I have done nothing; but, alas! for me, the emperor has no mercy. Ekaterina,' for that was the name I went by, 'will you accompany me?—it will be a long, and a melancholy journey. God knows how it may end.'

"I immediately consented—packed up what we required, and without disturbing those who were enjoying themselves, we gained the court-yard, and took our seats in a britcska, in company with the officer. In four days we arrived at Petersburgh, and my mistress was separated from me and thrown into prison. She never saw her accusers or her judges; her memorial to the emperor was disregarded, and she was condemned—but her punishment was not immediately decided upon.

" For three weeks my mistress remained in prison. I was, by the humanity of the officer who had the charge of her, allowed to visit her for a few minutes every day, but it was always in the presence of a third person. One morning when I came, the poor lady fell upon my neck and sobbed for a long while without speaking; the countenance of the officer was also melancholy to a degree, and I perceived that a tear occasionally trickled down his manly cheek.

" ' Ekaterina,' said she, at last, ' I have heard my sentence, and am to be punished to-morrow. O God! forgive them their cruelty and injustice ;' and she sank from my arms upon the floor of the dungeon.

" We raised her, and she recovered a little. ' Yes, Ekaterina, I am to be punished to-morrow for a crime of which I am innocent—a punishment—God have mercy!—worse than death. The knout—the knout—and that attended with public exposure in the market-place. May God forgive the emperor his cruelty!'

" I had heard of this dreadful punishment, but little thought that women suffered by it. It was too barbarous."

" I have not heard of it," said the Pasha. " Tell me, old woman, is it worse than the bastinado?"

" Yes, your Highness. It is a whip of enormous power, so that if the executioner has a private order, he can kill the party on whom it is inflicted by two or three blows; but your Highness will better comprehend the nature of the punishment when I describe what I witnessed.

" My dear mistress begged me, as a favour, that I would attend her to the place of execution, and I consented. Poor creature! she, as well as I, had but an imperfect idea of what she was to endure. The punishment was to take place in the great square, and the troops were out, and a large concourse of people were assembled. She appeared at the raised platform, upon which she was to suffer, in a genteel undress, which contributed still more to heighten her extreme beauty. The sweetness of her countenance obtained for her the commiseration of those who were ordered and accustomed to execute the will of the despotic and cruel emperor. Young, lively, and admired, sought for, and caressed by every body, high in rank, and rich in worldly wealth, she stood, no longer surrounded by the attentions and homage due to her talents, her beauty, and her wit, but surrounded only by stern executioners. She looked at them with astonishment, seeming to doubt if such preparations could be intended for her. One of the executioners then pulled off a kind of furred tippet which covered her bosom; her modesty taking the alarm, made her start back a few steps; she turned pale and burst into tears. Her clothes were soon afterwards all stripped off, and in a few moments she was all naked to the waist, exposed to the looks of a vast multitude, who were profoundly silent. One of the executioners then seized her by both hands, and turning half round, threw her on his back, bending forwards, so as to raise her feet a few inches off the ground, and the other executioner, with his rough hands, and without symptoms of remorse, adjusted her on the back of his companion in a posture most convenient for her to receive her punishment. Sometimes he pressed his large hands brutally upon her head, in order to

make her keep it down; at others, like a butcher handling a lamb, he appeared to soothe her until he had fixed her in a favourable attitude. He then took the knout, a whip made of a long strip of leather, prepared for the purpose; he retreated a few steps, measuring the requisite distance with a steady eye, and looking backwards, gave a stroke with the end of the whip, so as to carry away a slip of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back; then striking his feet against the ground, he took his aim for a second blow, parallel to the former, so that in a few moments, all the skin of her back was cut away in small slips, most of which remained hanging to her shift and dress below. I fainted with horror long before the punishment was over. 'Good heavens!' thought I, 'I have suffered the bastinado and the bowstring, but both were merciful compared to this. Is there no God in heaven to punish such despotic cruelty?' My mistress was not dead, and the surgeons were ordered to pay her every attention, that she might recover; and I thought this attention on the part of the emperor in some measure made amends for his barbarity. But, God in heaven! she was restored to life that she might be more cruelly punished; for no sooner was she able to bear this infliction, than they cut out her tongue, and then banished her to Siberia."

"Thus, O Pasha! was my beautiful mistress treated upon mere suspicion, for guilty she never was. I had been permitted to see her previous to her latter punishment, and she had fancied, poor thing, that the emperor's wrath had been appeased, and that she would have been permitted to return home, but her tongue was cut out without her receiving any warning of the second punishment which awaited her, and after that I was refused admittance, and I never saw my beautiful and ill-treated mistress any more. It was from the officer who had the charge of her that I learnt this cruel intelligence, and I went back to my lodgings with a heart bursting with grief and indignation.

"I was resolved that, if possible, I would escape from a country where women's tongues were cut out; but how to manage it I knew not. I had still some money and valuables, which had been left in my possession by my unfortunate mistress, and I made inquiry about the means of proceeding to Constantinople, where at least I should be in a civilized country. At last a Jew, who heard that I wished to go to the southward, offered to take me with him as soon as the snow was on the ground, for which I bargained to pay five hundred roubles. In a fortnight the winter had set in, and we got into a drotski, and went away. We arrived at Moscow, and from thence we at last gained Constantinople. On my arrival I selected my luggage, that I might pay the sum agreed; but it was snatched from me by the old rascal, who saluted me with a kick in the body which half killed me. I was locked up in a room, and in half an hour a slave merchant came, and I was sold for a low sum and taken away, remonstrating in vain against the injustice. My beauty was now gone, I was more than thirty years old, and hardship had done the rest.

"My subsequent life has been nothing but a series of changes and disasters. I was sold to a pastry-cook, and broiled by standing

over the oven. I grew obstinate and was punished by blows, but for those I cared not. The pastry was burnt, and I was resold to a barber, whose wife was a shrew, and half-killed me; fortunately, the barber was accused of shaving a criminal, who had escaped from prison, and one morning was stretched out before his own door, with his head under his arm. His wife and I were both sold again as slaves.

"Thus did I go down hill each year, fetching less and less, and receiving worse treatment, until I was embarked with several others by an Armenian, who was bound to Smyrna. The vessel was captured by an Algerine pirate, and for a long while I was kept on board to cook their victuals. At last she was wrecked on this coast; how I escaped I know not, for I was weary of life. But I was thrown up, and made my way to this place—where I have for many years lived in company with an old wretch like myself, supplicating alms. He died about a year ago, and left me in the hovel by myself. I still beg for my subsistence; and now, Pasha, you have my story, and I think you will acknowledge that I may well say that '*Time has been.*'"

"It is your kismet, your destiny, good woman. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," observed the Pasha. "You are dismissed."

"And the gold, your Highness," whispered Mustapha.

"Let her retain it. Has she not been a sultana?" observed the Pasha, with some appearance of feeling.

The old woman's ears were keen, she had heard the question of Mustapha, and she had heard the reply of the Pasha; and she easily imagined the rest.

"And now, Pasha, before I quit your presence, as I have enjoyed your bounty, I will, with your permission, offer you a piece of advice, which, from my knowledge of the world and of people's countenances, may be of no small service to you. Is it permitted, O Pasha?"

"Speak," replied the Pasha.

"Then, Pasha, beware of that man who sits beside you; for there is that in his face which tells me that he will raise himself upon your fall. Pasha, beware!"

"Hag of Jehanum!" exclaimed Mustapha, rising from his seat.

The old woman held up her finger, and walked out of the divan.

The Pasha looked suspiciously at Mustapha, for he was of a suspicious nature; and Mustapha looked any thing but innocent.

"Doth my lord give ear to a lying tongue of an old woman?" said Mustapha, prostrating himself. "Hath not your slave proved himself faithful? Am not I as dust in thy presence? Take my life, O Pasha! but doubt not the fidelity of thy slave."

The Pasha seemed pacified. "What is all this but bosh, nothing?" said he, rising and quitting the apartment.

"Bosh!" muttered Mustapha. "The cursed old hag! I know better—there is no time to lose—I must be quick. When will that Renegade return from Stamboul? it is time." And Mustapha, with a gloomy countenance quitted the divan.

FINALE.

Although the Pasha, with the usual diplomacy of a Turk, had, so far from expressing his displeasure against Mustapha, treated him with more than usual urbanity, he had not forgotten the advice of the old woman. Suspicion once raised was not to be allayed, and he had consulted with his favourite wife, Fatima. A woman is a good adviser on cases of this description. The only danger which could threaten the Pasha was from the Imperial Court at Stamboul, for the troops were devoted to him, and the people of the country had no very serious cause of complaint. By the advice of the favourite, the Pasha sent as a present to Mustapha, a young and handsome Greek girl, but she was a spy in the service of the favourite, and had been informed that the vizier had been doomed. She was to discover, if she could, whether there was any intercourse between the Renegade, who commanded the fleet, and the vizier, as from that quarter alone danger could be anticipated. The Greek had not been a week in the harem of Mustapha, before she ascertained more than was sufficient. The fleet had been sent to Constantinople, with presents to the Sultan from the Pasha, and its return was hourly expected.

It was on the afternoon of this eventful day that the fleet hove in sight, and lay becalmed a few miles in the offing. Mustapha hastened to report it to the Pasha, as he sat in his divan, hearing complaints, and giving judgment, although not justice. Now when the Pasha heard that the fleet had returned, his heart misgave him, and the more so, as Mustapha was more obsequious and fawning than ever. He retired for a short time from the divan, and hastened to his favourite, Fatima.

"Pasha," said she, "the fleet has arrived, and Mustapha has already communicated with the Renegade. Depend upon it you are lost, if you do not forestall them. Lose no time. But stop," said she, "do not alarm the Renegade by violence to Mustapha. To-morrow the fleet will anchor, and if there is mischief, it will not arrive until to-morrow—but this evening, you will as usual send for coffee, while you smoke and listen to the tales which you delight in. Drink not your coffee, for there shall be death in it. Be all smiles and good humour, and leave me to manage the rest."

The Pasha smoothed his brow and returned to the divan. Business proceeded as usual, and at length the audience was closed. The Pasha appeared to be in high good humour, so was the vizier.

"Surely," said Mustapha, when the pipes were brought, "his Imperial Highness, the Sultan, will have sent you some mark of his distinguished favour."

"God is great, and the Sultan is wise," replied the Pasha. "I have been thinking so too, Mustapha. Who knows but that he may add to the territory under my sway by another pashalik?"

"I dreamt as much," replied Mustapha, "and I am anxious that the Renegade should come on shore; but it is now dark, and he will not leave his vessel."

"We must drive away the mists of suspense by the sunbeams of

hope," replied the Pasha. "What am I but the Sultan's slave? Shall we not indulge this evening in the water of the Giaour."

"What saith Hafiz? It is for wine to exalt men, and raise them beyond uncertainty and doubt. It overfloweth us with courage, and imparts visions of bliss."

"Wallah Thaib, it is well said, Mustapha," said the Pasha, taking a cup of coffee, presented by the Greek slave. Mustapha also received his cup. "My heart is light this evening," said the Pasha, laying down his pipe, "let us drink deep of the forbidden juice. Where is it, Mustapha?"

"It is here," replied the vizier, drinking off his coffee; while the Pasha watched him from the corner of his small grey eye. And Mustapha produced the spirits, which were behind the low ottoman upon which he was seated.

The Pasha put aside his coffee, and drank a large draught. "God is great; drink, Mustapha," said he, handing him the bottle.

Mustapha followed the example of the Pasha. "May it please your Highness," said Mustapha, "I have without, a man, who, they say, hath stories to recount more delightful than those of Menouni. Hearing that he passed through this city, I have detained him, that he might afford amusement to your Highness, whose slave I am. Is it your pleasure that he be admitted?"

"Let it be so," replied the Pasha.

Mustapha gave the sign, and to the surprise of the Pasha, in came the Renegade, commander of the fleet, accompanied by guards and the well-known officer of the caliph, the *Capidji Bachi*, who held up a firman to his forehead.

The Pasha turned pale, for he knew that his hour was come. "Bismillah! In the name of the Most High, O officer! whom seekest thou?" exclaimed the Pasha, with emotion.

"The Sultan, the Lord of Life, has sent this to you, O Pasha! as a proof of his indulgence and great mercy." And the Capidji Bachi produced a silken bowstring, and at the same time he handed the fatal scroll to the Pasha.

"Mustapha," whispered the Pasha, "while I read this, collect my guards, I will resist. I fear not the Sultan at this distance, and I can soften him by presents."

But Mustapha had no such fellow feeling. "O Pasha!" replied he, "who can dispute the will of heaven's vice-regent? There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.

"I will dispute it," exclaimed the Pasha. "Go out and call my trustiest guards."

Mustapha left the divan, and returned with the mutes and some of the guards, who had been suborned by himself.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the Pasha.

"La Allah, il Allah; there is but one God," said Mustapha.

The Pasha saw that he was sacrificed. He read the firman, pressed it to his forehead, in token of obedience, and prepared for death. The Capidji Bachi produced another firman, and presented it to Mustapha. It was to raise him to the pashalik.

"Barik Allah, praise be to God for all things," humbly observed

Mustapha. "What am I but the Sultan's slave, and to execute his orders? On my head be it!"

Mustapha gave the sign, and the mutes seized the unfortunate Pasha.

"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," said the Pasha. "Mustapha," continued he, turning round to him with a sardonic smile, "may your shadow never be less—but you have swallowed the coffee."

The mutes tightened the string. In a minute a cloak was thrown over the body of the Pasha.

"The coffee," muttered Mustapha, as he heard the Pasha's last words. "I thought it had a taste. Now he's sent to Jehanum for his treachery." And all the visions of power and grandeur, which had filled the mind of the new Pasha, were absorbed by fear and dismay.

The Capidji Bachi, having performed his duty, withdrew. "And now," exclaimed the Renegade, "let me have my promised reward."

"Your reward—true. I had forgotten," replied Mustapha, as the pain, occasioned by the working of the poison, distorted his face. "Yes, I had forgotten," continued Mustapha, who, certain that his own end was approaching, was furious as a wild beast with pain and baffled ambition. "Yes, I had forgotten. Guards, seize the Renegade!"

"They must be quicker than you think for," replied Huckaback, darting from the guards and drawing his scimetar, while, with his fingers in his mouth, he gave a shrill whistle. In rushed a large body of the soldiers and sailors of the fleet, and the guards were disarmed. "Now, Pasha, of one hour old, what sayest thou?"

"It is my destiny," replied Mustapha, rolling on the floor, in agony. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." And Mustapha expired.

"The old fool has saved me some trouble," observed the Renegade. "Take away these carcases, and proclaim Ali, as the new Pasha."

Thus perished the two Barbers, and thus did Huckaback, under the name of Ali, reign in their stead. But his reign, and how long it lasted, is one of the many tales not handed down to posterity.

ON WAR.[1]

Von Kiege. Hinterlassenes Werk des GENERAL CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ. Berlin. 2 vols. 8vo.

OUR former article terminated with some developements and explanations of the component parts of valour, upon which we founded our hypothesis of the barometer of courage; let us now return to the author and follow him to another sphere. "War," says General Clausewitz, "is the empire of corporeal struggles and sufferings, and in order to enable a man to steel himself against them, a certain degree of physical and moral strength, whether natural or artificial, is absolutely requisite. With a due proportion of these qualities, under the influence of sound judgment, man is already a very capable implement for war. But to arrive at any pre-eminence, much more is required of him; and if we search deeper into the demands that war exacts from its votaries, we then come to the most essential of all—superior intellect.

"War is the dominion of uncertainty. Three-fourths of the occurrences on which its mechanism is hinged, lay enveloped in a haze of greater or lesser incertitude. Here then it is where a penetrating, subtle mind comes into play, and by tact and perspicuity succeeds in extracting light from this darkness. A common understanding may once *accidentally* hit upon the truth, or an extraordinary display of courage may serve as a substitute. So a man in a dark chamber may find the object he seeks, but the chances are that he strikes against the wall. Thus in most cases the average result of war is—an exposure of moral blindness.

"War is also the empire of accident; there is no human undertaking in which so much latitude must be accorded to this intruder; for, war and hazard are twin brothers, and these perpetually augment the uncertainty of the issue, and disturb the balance of calculation. The only counterpoise to accident is *genius*. But how brilliant soever genius may be, it cannot always rise superior to the uncertainties in which all results are shrouded. In order, however, that a commander may successfully wrestle with this omnipresent foe, two qualities are essential. The one, a mind capable of catching some glimmering of light, even amidst the blackest obscurity: the other, the moral courage to follow up this feeble light. The former is defined by what the French term *coup d'œil*, the latter by *decision*. The first, when reduced to its most absolute sense, is the *art of discovering the real point of attack or defence*. This embraces choice of position, errors committed by adversaries, and so forth. If one analyze this faculty still further, it will prove to be nothing else than an instantaneous power of discovering luminous points, where all is obscurity to common minds. But the enjoyment of this admirable privilege is insufficient, unless a man have firmness to act. By firmness is not meant personal courage, but force of mind to brave responsibility, and consequently moral courage to resist moral perils, such as chances of failure, and the like." *

[1] Concluded from p. 71.

* We may adduce as a singular illustration, that one of Napoleon's marshals, still living, was so devoid of this species of courage, that he was repeatedly known, upon critical occasions, to seek the hottest of the fight, in the hopes of being wounded and carried off the field. He had the courage (few were braver) to support physical sufferings, and to despise death; but not strength of mind to bear up against responsibility.—*Note of Translator.*

This kind of valour is aptly termed *courage d'esprit*, or strength of mind, since it emanates from the soul. It is not, however, so much an action of intellect as of the heart. Mere intellect, however luminous, would not constitute moral courage. For we have seen some of the wisest people utterly devoid of all firmness. Intellect is, however, necessary to give life to courage, and then courage sustains intellect. The former could not have being without the latter, and the latter would degenerate into mere brute ferocity without the former. Besides, in moments of emergency feelings are more puissant than thoughts.

*Coup d'œil** and firmness lead me to speak of presence of mind, another essential, with which they are closely allied. Presence of mind is, in fact, nothing but a sudden victory over, or a skilful repulse of, that which is unexpected. We admire the presence of mind displayed in a ready retort to a sudden proposition, as we applaud the developement of rapid resource at the instant of unlooked-for peril. Neither the reply nor the resource need be extraordinary, providing they be apt; for that, which, if delivered or executed after mature and calm consideration, might appear trivial or common-place in point and action, by a rapid throe of intellect or unexpected application, will often produce the most conclusive results. Presence of mind denotes the facility with which man is able to avail himself of latent natural resources. This invaluable faculty, that has so often saved armies and nations, is to be ascribed either to the properties of the mind, or to the equilibrium of the soul, according to the nature of circumstances; but both are essential. An apt reply, for instance, denotes the spontaneous operation of a clever head, whilst ready resource, in sudden danger, bespeaks tranquillity and composure of soul.

The principal elements against which a commander has to struggle, may be summed up in a few words; *danger, physical obstacles, moral causes, uncertainty*, and *accidents*. To enable him to make head against, or to overcome them, the following qualities are strictly necessary. *Presence of mind, coup d'œil, decision, energy, firmness, constancy*, and *strength of heart* and *character*. We will not follow the author through his elaborate definitions of these properties, further than to explain the difference between firmness and constancy. "The one," says General Clausewitz, "betokens resistance against isolated shocks, the other relates to the duration of resistance." Both are absolutely necessary to the ultimate success of any measure beyond a mere *coup de main*, and then the first is only demanded. The distinction may appear subtle; for, although there may be firmness without constancy, there can be no constancy without firmness. The one partakes more of the physical, the other of the moral, qualities of the system. Firmness is necessary to support positive suffering, constancy to bear up against a succession of shocks, or against others that may be anticipated.

In treating of the dangers of war in the fourth chapter, we find the following animated and graphic passages:—

"The picture that a man draws of war, before he has learned to know it in all its nakedness, is, generally speaking, more attractive than repulsive. When soldiers rush upon the enemy in all the drunken ardour of the charge,—who stops to count the bullets or the fallen? To close the eye for an instant, to confront death, uncertain whether we shall escape it or not:—and that, at the golden moment of victory, when the ripe, luscious fruit for which our soul pants, hangs temptingly within our grasp—can that be difficult? It would not be difficult, and would appear less so, if such moments were the mere action of a pulsation, as it is sometimes

* This expression, which has no equivalent in our language, ought to be naturalized in our dictionaries, for it is alike applicable both in war and diplomacy.

supposed; but of such moments there are few. No! the danger of war, like medicinal tinctures, must be swallowed diluted, and robbed of half their impulsive stimulants.

"Let us, for example, accompany the young soldier to the battle field. As we approach, the thunder of artillery, alternating with the rushing of shot, booms louder and louder upon the ear. A few yards further, and the half-spent balls attract the attention of the inexperienced, for they now commence striking and bounding close around, above, before, and behind. We cast a side-long glance, and advance towards the height on which stands the general-in-chief, surrounded by his staff. Here the plunging of cannon shot and bursting of shells are so frequent, that the seriousness of the situation penetrates through the ideal veil with which our youthful fancy had bedecked it. Suddenly a friend falls—his blood tinges our very cheek—a shell drops into the centre of the group, explodes, and causes an inevitable wavering. One begins to feel that he is not altogether so completely indifferent or collected. Even the bravest must be somewhat affected. Proceed a few yards further into the battle, which rages before one, as upon a theatre, and approach that general of division. Here ball follows ball, and shell succeeds shell, whilst the roaring of our own guns adds to the fearful din, and augments the deep interest of the picture. From the general of division let us hasten to the general commanding a brigade. He, a man of tried valour, prudently places himself and people behind the covert of a hillock, a building, or clump of trees—a certain indication of increasing peril. Showers of grape rattle through the thatch, or tear the branches; volleys of cannon shot furrow up the earth or rend the air, whilst the hissing of myriads of musket balls tell one that those long lines of smoke conceal the enemy. But onwards, and in an instant we are beside the troops; beside the valiant, indefatigable infantry, who for hours have been withstanding with unflinching steadiness the murderous fire of musketry. Here the air is filled with the incessant whistling of shot, which announce their proximity by the sharp, short whiz with which they dart by, an inch distant from one's head, one's ear, one's very heart. Then come to satiety all the heaving of the bosom, the affections of the mind at the loss of comrades and friends, and at the sight of the mangled, who fall fainting or groaning to the ground."

Those who have any experience will admit the correctness of this picture; and we believe that there is no man, who, honestly placing his hand on his heart, will affirm that he has remained altogether unmoved on such occasions; or that the light of his thoughts has not been affected or broken in upon by other emotions than those that are its ordinary tenants. Indeed, "he must be a most extraordinary individual," as the author observes, "who on his first initiation does not lose some portion of the faculty of immediate decision. It is true, custom soon blunts the emotion. In half an hour we commence feeling greater indifference; some more, some less; but a man of *ordinary* intellect never arrives at full independence of mind, or complete elasticity of soul; and *extraordinary* men are rare. It results, therefore, that little can be expected from ordinary men; and this is the more applicable in proportion as the sphere of action becomes more extensive. When tranquilly sitting in one's cabinet, this self-conquest appears a matter of easy attainment; but when removed to the theatre of action, a man must possess a vast store of innate, stoical courage, mental abstraction, imperious ambition, or long intimacy with danger, before he can overcome all counteraction."

General Clausewitz includes danger as one of the *frictions* of war; what is meant by this appropriate term will be explained by the following extract:—

"So long as we have no experience of actual war, one cannot com-

prehend wherein consist the difficulties of which so much is said, or where the genius or extraordinary powers required of a commander, come most into play. Every thing appears so simple; all requisite knowledge so plain, all combinations so insignificant, that they are apparently trifling in comparison with the higher problems of mathematics or philosophy. But where a man has seen war; above all, when he has commanded, then all is comprehensible. And yet it is no easy matter to describe what the nature of the difficulty is, or to identify the various counteracting fluctuations.

"Every thing is simple in war; granted; but even the very simplest movements are difficult and uncertain of execution. Let one suppose, for instance, that a traveller has only two more relays to complete his journey. Twenty miles, with post horses and a high road—why it is nothing! He reaches the last stage but one, and can procure no horses, or bad ones: then, it is a mountainous country, the roads are broken up, it is pitch dark, and an axletree breaks: he thinks himself fortunate to reach a neighbouring village after infinite fatigue and delay, and is happy to put up with any accommodation he can meet with. Thus it occurs in war, that in consequence of the multitude of trifling obstacles, which never appear upon paper, the ablest combinations often fail, and the object is defeated. A firm and imperative mind may overcome these frictions, and vanquish every obstacle, but not without destroying the acting agent; for even the most energetic will is the slave of friction."

Look to the campaign of Moscow, to the non-arrival of Grouchy's corps on the afternoon of the battle of Waterloo, and other historical examples.

We must be pardoned if we give another instance of friction that occurred to our own troops during the Peninsular war. It affords a striking proof of the manner in which the most insignificant causes may defeat the ablest combinations, and that the reputations of commanders are often subservient to hazard. During the last siege of Badajos, a corps was thrown out by Albhuera, upon the Seville road, in order to cover the operations of the besiegers. A strong French detachment occupied Llerena, an open town, and it was determined to cut these off by a *coup de main*.* The operation was well combined, and success appeared infallible. It was proposed to move across the country by a rapid forced march, and then, enveloping the place, to fall sword in hand upon the enemy. The troops and officers, though ignorant of the immediate object, easily divined the general motive; they were full of ardour, and after marching nearly the whole of twenty-four hours, arrived almost within gun-shot of their prey. It wanted but an hour to dawn, and with daylight the capture of the enemy seemed inevitable. The night was pitchy dark, the troops with swelling hearts but silent tongues moved eagerly onward. Of a sudden, however, a shot fell in front of the centre column, this was followed by several others from the advance guard, and was taken up rapidly and sharply during a brief space by the main body. No one knew the cause; but an alarm was thus given, and as the grey mists of morning commenced yielding to the power of the sun, the last bayonets of the enemy's rear guard were seen winding up the adjacent mountain. The expedition had failed. It was asserted, we do not vouch for the fact, that this "friction" arose from an officer's servant, who with a led horse strayed from the road, advanced beyond the columns, and then finding out his error, was hurrying back; when, being mistaken for an enemy's patrol, he was fired upon by the videttes, and this giving the alarm to the enemy, they were enabled to escape. Now, here was a

* Lord Lynedoch commanded the infantry, amongst which were the brigade of Guards; Lord Combermere the cavalry.

"friction" no human being could have anticipated, and yet the reputation of the commander unjustly suffered. War furnishes a thousand similar illustrations; but let us return to the author.

"Friction," says he, "is the only word that can tolerably well indicate the difference between *actual war* and *war upon paper*. The military machine, that is, an army, and every thing appertaining to it, is in theory extremely simple, and appears easily handled. But it must be borne in mind, that no part of it is composed of one consolidated piece, and that the whole is made up of individual particles, each of which brings its own particular friction. Theoretically, this may appear of little consequence, for a commander of a regiment or battalion is responsible for the execution of his orders, and as the battalions are filed down by discipline to one solid instrument, the machine works like a cast iron beam, and with little comparative friction.

"But it is otherwise in reality. In actual war all the inequalities of joints and adjunctions immediately show themselves. A battalion, however homologous, must ever remain a machine composed of an assemblage of individuals, of whom the most insignificant has it in his power to cause delay or irregularity. The dangers and casualties inevitably attendant on war, the immense physical efforts that are required, augment this evil so much, that they may be considered as the principal causes of it.

"This prodigious *friction*, which is not concentrated on one or two given points, as in mechanics, is every where to be found in contact with accident, and thus produces results that cannot be anticipated, since they are solely the offspring of the latter. Take, for instance, accidents of the weather. Here a fog prevents the discovery of the enemy, the correct firing of a brigade of guns, or the arrival of a report to the commander-in-chief at the proper moment. There a sudden deluge of rain destroys a road, swells a ford, and impedes the advance of a battalion, or the junctions of squadrons, since they must march thirty instead of ten miles. These two instances will suffice to explain to the reader the meaning of this most active obstacle to success. It is the knowledge of friction in all its possible bearings, that constitutes one of the most essential qualities in a good general. However, *he* is not the most efficient, who lays too much stress upon friction, for such over deference would produce that want of energetic decision which is often met with, even amongst the most experienced. An officer should be intimately acquainted with all possible frictions, and make allowance for them, as mariners for the force of currents, but he should never permit himself to be imposed upon or depressed by them, or there would be an end to all action, and he would be unfit for command. His mind must rise superior to all hazards, let the consequences be what they may. A perfect knowledge of friction can never be acquired from theory, it can only be derived from experience. When this experience is backed and supported by an energetic mind, it forms one of the highest qualifications for commanders."

In the first chapter, second book, the author examines "the art of war," dividing it under two principal heads, "tactics and strategy." An intimate knowledge of the former may be said to be necessary to those commanding portions of an army, a perfect acquaintance with the latter to such as command in chief. We may here observe, that the British military annals afford strong grounds for affirming that those, on whom has devolved the important trust of selecting commanders-in-chief, have, on various occasions, either confounded the two sciences, or been fascinated by officers' reputations as able tacticians; and thus neglected to examine whether they were well versed in the sublimer art. And yet, there is as wide a distinction between the two, as between the powers for active command of such an officer as the late General Dundas, and those

of the Duke of Wellington. The definition given by the author is, "Tactic is the study of employing armed bodies in battle—strategy that of employing battles in order to attain the object of war." A perfect knowledge of both is the perfection of the art. The first may be considered as the absolute employment of a given force, upon a definite space before the enemy; the second the general developement of such force as is connected with ulterior objects, and the grand basis of the war itself. Evolutions during action are essentially tactical; movements prior or subsequent to battle belong to strategy. History affords a thousand examples of the effect of victories being neutralized by a deficiency of this science. The formation of a line, column, or square, the placing a battery, in short, positive collision, are tactical operations. The predetermining a system of attack or defence, the distribution of force, and the knowing *how*, *where*, and *when* to employ it, are the provinces of strategy.

"For instance, when a column or army is ordered to keep to this side of a river or chain of mountains, it is a strategetical disposition, since the object, in the event of battle, is to force the enemy to combat on the ground selected by us. But when a corps is actually before the enemy, and in lieu of holding to the low ground is thrown upon the adjacent heights, or, breaking into small columns, takes possession of a ravine, a defile, or breastwork, then it is a tactical disposition, since it proves the *immediate* mode in which it is intended to employ the troops during an encounter."

It is not easy to define whether the act of marching belongs *most* to strategy or tactics; for marching being an integral part of battle, and battle being the exercise of tactic, and developement of strategy, both in this instance are so nearly allied, as to render the distinction almost impossible. Stratagetical combinations do not always lead to tactical results, for one may so combine marches and manœuvres, as to obtain the object without firing a shot; whence some argue, that an enemy may be vanquished without a battle. Clausewitz considers this as an error, and we are inclined to coincide with him. Stratagetical combinations may disturb an enemy's plans and neutralize his manœuvres, and he may be forced to choose a new basis of operations; but to effect any thing decisive, collision must ensue. The dissolution of armies, or the submission of a country, without the belligerents coming into contact, is of such rare occurrence, as to be looked upon as impossible; of course we only speak of powers equal in numerical strength. A battle may be postponed—a campaign may be devoted to marches and counter-marches, but the hour of collision must come. It is true, the antecedents to battle may be so preponderant, the prefatory operations so skilful, the combinations so unerring, and the frictions or hazards so trifling, as to render the issue nearly infallible; but, still the encounter takes place, and there it is that the triumph of strategy over tactics becomes more evident, and its results more decisive.

The battle of Jena determined the fate of Prussia, that of Waterloo the destiny of France. But the antecedents were totally at variance. One was the result of strategy, the other of tactics. Never were mightier effects derived from more opposite causes. Again, the Peninsular War may be said to have been a war of strategy; for, the moments of collision were trifling, in comparison with the duration of the contest, and the marchings and counter-marching of the opposing armies. The turning the British position at Busaco, though prefaced by a gross error on the part of Massena in attacking so strong a position in front, was a fine illustration of tactic; the retreat of the Duke of Wellington to Torres Vedras, a brilliant example of strategy. We know of no other events that can better illustrate our meaning, and yet the subsequent defeat of Massena, (for his retrograde movement was an absolute defeat,) was effected

without a shot being fired. But the battles of Albhuera and Salamanca brought up the balance. These were essentially tactical.*

"Many readers," says General Clausewitz, "will consider it superfluous to endeavour to define the difference between two sciences apparently so nearly related as strategy and tactics, since the knowledge can have little influence on the art of war. A man must indeed be a great pedant were he to seek for the theoretical separation through its positive operations on the field of battle."

To ordinary minds we grant that such definition may be superfluous; but, as the whole art of war resolves itself into an intimate knowledge of these two sciences, to those who would fain see clearly into all its recesses, and remove all confusion from their minds, the limits that divide the two cannot fail to be deeply interesting. Indeed, we again affirm, that its study should be a paramount consideration with those on whom devolves the selection of commanders-in-chief.

The degree of knowledge, and the essential qualities for a man intrusted with this important charge, are subjects of frequent discussion We have stated that *coup d'œil, strength of mind, energy, promptitude, and a knowledge of "friction,"* are absolutely requisite, and that the details of tactics are secondary considerations. General Clausewitz thus expresses himself on this subject.

"It is notorious that many distinguished officers, and above all, commanders-in-chief, have signalized themselves in war though their early education and resources of mind had been turned to other occupations. It is not less remarkable also, that the most illustrious soldiers have never sprung from amongst what is termed the class of learned men or scientific officers: indeed, taking all circumstances into consideration, there is not one who could boast of any great share of science. Consequently, those persons have always been laughed at as pedants, who held it necessary, or even useful for the education of a future commander, that he should be instructed, or deeply versed in detail knowledge. Indeed, it is not difficult to comprehend that this study of detail might be more detrimental than useful; for the mind must naturally be biassed by the ideas that are imparted to it, and receive its impressions from the subjects with which it is occupied. It is only by the loftier elements that the soul can be elevated towards the sublime; insignificant minutiæ have an immediate tendency to render men narrow-minded."

When speaking of the higher qualifications necessary for a commander-in-chief, the author gives the following passage.

"It is not required that he should be a learned historian or writer, but he must be acquainted with the higher elements of general politics; he must be well versed in its tendencies, its conflicting interests, and prominent features, and he must learn to judge the principal actors correctly. It is not requisite that he should be a profound searcher into human nature, nor a hair's-breadth anatomizer of man's character; but he must study the dispositions, mode of thinking, habits, and endeavour to discover the failings as well as particular merits of those under his command. He may be ignorant of the mechanical composition of gun-carriages, projectiles, or the horsing of a battery, but he must know how to calculate their effects and movement, and be able to judge of the time necessary for the march of a column under every obstacle."

The eye of the commander must be like that of the eagle, which embraces at one swoop every object within its elevated sphere of vision—not like that of the astronomer, who can only descry objects within the

* The former may be objected to as an example; for the deplorable want of tactical skill displayed by the commander was only counterbalanced by the heroic devotion of the soldiers.

focus of his lenses. There never yet existed a distinguished commander of confined vision. Here we speak of spiritual optics; but examples are frequent of men who have filled secondary situations with rare merit, but who have fallen beneath mediocrity when raised to supreme command, and this, because they possessed all the minutiæ of tactical detail, without any of the loftier or more expansive qualities of stratagetical genius. On the other hand, instances are not unfrequent of great commanders, who never rose above mediocrity as regimental or brigade generals. Their minds required a more extended field of action. The instances that might be adduced would fill a volume.

The fourth chapter is devoted to "method." By method is meant system, order of battle, or formations peculiar to any given power or period. The basis of the whole may be said to spring from the same source, but the means of developement have passed through various modifications, all however converging to one centre. We will not accompany the author through the definitions of what he terms "the logical hierarchy of system," but merely take one or two of his illustrations: for instance, "The oblique order of battle, peculiar to the school of Frederic the Great; the long diffuse lines of the revolutionary generals, and the bloody and concentrated energy of Napoleon's masses." The British possess no absolute system, though their order of battle partakes more of the two first than the latter method: indeed, the use of the column may be said to have been little employed until a late period of the war. The line and square were the most salient characteristics, but this arose from the fact, that in four cases out of five the British troops *received the enemy*. The mode of formation by two ranks is peculiar almost to English troops, but this is a question of direct tactics. Whilst the author admits the necessity of not banishing fixed principles or method altogether, he deprecates a slavish adherence to it, and in this all men of experience must concur. The evil is, that every given method must originally have been grounded upon some peculiar local circumstance, and consequently, as circumstances are perpetually changing, method must outlive the events that gave them birth; the one becomes permanent, the other is evanescent. It is this slavish adherence to system, that theory, aided by enlightened criticism, should endeavour to counteract.

"For instance, by adhering to the oblique method of Frederic in 1806, the Prussian generals, Prince Louis, at Saalfeld, General Tauenzien, on the Dornberg, near Jena, and General Grawert in front, and Rüchel behind Kappeldorf, plunged themselves into the abyss. This was not only a grovelling adherence to obsolete system, but the uttermost poverty of mind, to which method ever conducted. Thus, the army of Prince Hohenlohe was defeated in a manner of which there is scarcely any precedent in history."

The frankness with which the author criticises the operations of his countrymen is remarkable: the reader will find another interesting example of this frankness further on, when speaking of Blücher's disasters in 1814. The fifth chapter is devoted to "criticism," and demonstrates its importance in correcting errors, modifying systems, and introducing improvements.

"The effect of theoretical truths on practical life are produced more by the aid of criticism than study; for criticism is an application of these truths to positive occurrences. The one brings the other into life. The former accustoms the mind to the reception of the latter. We esteem it necessary, therefore, to place the point of departure of theory upon a level with that of criticism. The latter must, however, be distinguished from the simple narration of an historical occurrence, which merely reproduces events, or, at best, only touches upon such matters as are intimately connected with them. Three operations of the mind are

necessary to criticism. Firstly, the historical discovery and determining of doubtful occurrences; but this is mere research unconnected with theory. Secondly, the deduction of effects from causes; this is essentially theoretical, for by this means conclusions and inferences are borne out and enlightened by experience and results. Thirdly, the examination of any proposed measure. This is the truest and most beneficial criticism, including praise or objurgation. Here history, and the examples derived from it, act as auxiliaries. In the two latter operations, the effect or utility depends upon the application, and upon the tracing up events to their primitive creation, that is, to positive facts, and not, as is too often the case, merely going half way, and contenting oneself with arbitrary conclusions or presuppositions."

In the whole scope of criticism nothing is more opposed to the first part of Boileau's maxim, "*la critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile,*" than strictures upon military operations. In almost all other occurrences in life, the subject, whether moral or physical, is before one's eyes. In literature, science, politics, finance, and mechanics, the facts may be said to be tangible, and are so embodied as to be within one's grasp; but in war, all is speculation, hazard, and uncertainty. A combination fails, we cannot positively say, had this or that been done, success was inevitable; for, up to the last moment of combat, victory may still elude one's grasp. The operations of war are multifarious, divergent, rarely arising from, or being confined to, one given point or space. They are constantly struggling against a thousand conflicting elements that are countermining each other. Military criticism may be said to be entirely theoretical or speculative, for there is scarcely any tangible rule by which we are enabled to decide, unless, indeed, some palpable error has been committed, and then criticism is superfluous, and blame imperative.

Military critics have rarely an opportunity of judging upon the spot, or of ascending into causes, which latter are either secrets confided by governments to commanders, or emanate from circumstances known only to themselves. The critic, however impartial, experienced, and enlightened, is always surrounded by a greater or less obscurity. He cannot define an issue, for effects must always be problematical, and therefore the most sagacious criticism must ever have its basis upon speculation. Thus, it has its origin in theory, and its termination in doubt; for it is not less difficult to mount up to causation than to descend to results. But the great error fallen into by the generality of critics, has been specified by General Clausewitz: for men generally content themselves with blame without devising the remedy.

Criticism may be likened to anatomy or medicine. What, then, for instance, should we say of a surgeon, or physician, when called in to consult upon a case, were he to exclaim, "You are ailing, the seat of your malady is in the digestive organs, you have pursued a pernicious regimen, a different system ought to have been adopted, I disapprove of all that has been done;" and, having said so, quits the room.

"True criticism," observes the author, "is not only an examination of the means actually employed, but of all other means, that might have been employed, and no man is justified in *condemning* unless he has a *better method to propose.*"

We have selected the following example of the author's illustration of criticism, because it contains some speculations not commonly known, and which must have the greater weight and interest, as coming from such a source. General Clausewitz's intimate knowledge of facts cannot be called in question.

"When Napoleon, after beating Blücher's army, in 1814, in the battles of Etoges, Champaubert, Montmirail, &c., turned his force against Schwarzenberg's corps, and defeated it at Montereau and Mormant,

every one was filled with admiration; because Napoleon, by thus marching and countermarching his main body, brilliantly availed himself of the error committed by the allies in separating their forces; and certainly if these splendid and ubilateral operations did not save him, it is the *general opinion* that the fault was not his. However, no one has hitherto asked the question—what would have been the result, if in lieu of abandoning Blücher to attack Schwarzenberg, he had followed up his successes against the former, and pursued him to the Rhine? It is our conviction that a total revolution must have ensued in the campaign, and that the grand allied army, instead of moving upon Paris, *would have recrossed the Rhine*. We do not desire any one to adopt our opinion, but no one, who comprehends the subject, can deny, that the *mention* of the alternative is but the natural result of a critical consideration of the case. Let us introduce two or three simple truths in illustration of our hypothesis.

"Firstly,—It is generally admitted that it is more advantageous to follow up successes in one direction than to waste one's strength in marches and countermarches, because the latter is not only a loss of time, but the force of an enemy being diminished by defeat, fresh advantages are more likely to be obtained by rapid pursuit; and besides, one does not then throw away the moral advantages already acquired, or give the foe time to breathe and reorganize *

"Secondly,—Blücher, though numerically weaker than Schwarzenberg, was a much more dangerous adversary, on account of his enterprising character, and in fact the grand point of action that carried every thing else with it, was centered in him.

"Thirdly,—The loss Blücher had suffered was tantamount to defeat, and gave Napoleon so great a superiority over him, that his retreat to the Rhine could scarcely be doubtful, more especially as upon this line there were no reinforcements or important reserves.

"Fourthly,—No other possible result could have acted more powerfully upon men's minds, or have produced more gigantic moral consequences. In an army so notoriously undecided and timid as that of Schwarzenberg, this retreat would have been looked upon as a death-blow. The losses sustained by the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg and Count Wittgenstein at Montereau and Mormant, were correctly known to Prince Schwarzenberg, but those endured by Blücher along his extensive and detached line of operations from the Marne to the Rhine, were only brought to his ears through the medium of report. The desperate demonstration made by Napoleon on Vitri, in March, when he essayed the effect that would be produced on his enemies by menacing to turn their flanks, was evidently based upon the principle of inspiring terror. But circumstances were totally altered, for he had failed at Laon and Arcis sur Aube, and Blücher had joined Schwarzenberg, with nearly one hundred thousand men. There will, doubtless, be many persons who will not be satisfied with these considerations, but at all events they cannot give us any reply; for Napoleon, by pressing upon the Rhine, would have menaced Schwarzenberg's basis of operation, whilst Schwarzenberg could only endanger that of Napoleon by threatening Paris; and we have endeavoured to show, that had Napoleon pursued Blücher, Prince Schwarzenberg would never have thought of moving upon the French capital."

The last chapter of the second book is devoted to the illustration of "Example," which may at first sight appear so intimately connected with experience as to render definition superfluous. But the difference is greater

* Military critics find fault with the Duke of Wellington for having more than once neglected this principle; but they are not aware of the local difficulties that clogged his movements.

than is supposed. Experience being the result of what we see, comes in all its virility and vigour home to the mind. Example being the produce of what we read, nothing in military study is more difficult to seize with discrimination. Indeed, it requires no ordinary talent to sift the ore from the dross, and to retain such portions as may lead to beneficial consequences. Of what use is it to store one's mind with examples culled from history, unless our intellect guides us to a proper application? and this is the more perplexing, since example is in constant contradiction to itself. For instance, we find twenty occasions where the adoption of a given method has produced the most fortunate results, whilst at the same time twenty more instances can be adduced when the employment of the same measure has entailed destruction.

It is not enough, therefore, to store one's mind with precept, it is the genius to extract light from it that is most requisite: otherwise the mind would be only comparable to a vast arsenal, where the stores were thrown in promiscuously without order or classification. It is a trite saying, "take warning from example;" but in war, where so much depends upon locality, hazard, and upon unforeseen accidents, example loses much of its influence. Battles are perpetual innovations on precept, and differ as much one from the other as the face of one man from that of his neighbour. Battles have not unfrequently been fought on the same ground; but there is, we believe, scarcely one instance of commanders recurring to antecedents for the disposition of their troops. The genius, the inspiration of the moment, must decide.

"When one considers," says General Clausewitz, "the various influences of example, one can well comprehend the urgent necessity of mature study. A circumstance that is not carefully sifted and examined, in all its bearings, may be compared to an object seen at a distance, its sinuosities and proportions are veiled, and it appears equiform to the eye.

"In fact, examples have often tended to produce the most conflicting opinions. Let us take, for instance, Daun's campaigns, which were models of prudence on one side, and of indecision and timidity on the other. Again, Napoleon's passage of the Alps in 1797, may be considered as a proof of the most daring energy, but it was utterly devoid of prudence."

But our extracts have already exceeded all just limits; we must, therefore, take leave of the author for the present, proposing to return to the remaining books upon some future occasion. In the mean time we strongly reiterate our recommendation of the work to those, who have any inclination to profit from the rich stores of enlightened knowledge that abounds in almost every page.*

* There is, we believe, no translation of this work in any language, although it is a book that ought to be in the hands of all military men, and is well adapted for the Military College.

"NICE PEOPLE."

Expose me to the malevolence of the wicked, the artifices of the designing, or the influence of the corrupt; but Heaven defend me from the infliction of "Nice People." "Nice People!" the very expression makes me shiver; the recollections it revives fills my soul with self-reproaches I cannot escape, and if sometimes I wish I had never been born, it is when I hear repeated these hated words.

Gentle reader, would you learn the origin of this repugnance to a portion of society, who are usually in high repute?—listen to the short narrative of one who sought, and found, and was their victim! I hold myself up not as "an example to imitate," but as "a warning to deter." The career of inexperienced youth is beset with temptations and snares. Yield to all and each, rather than to the fatal allurements and fascinations of "Nice People!"

My father was a country gentleman of considerable fortune and extensive information. He had an income of three thousand a-year, and knew the fourth volume of Blackstone by heart. He was astonishingly fond of the law, and every thing belonging to it, from the livery of a javelin-man, to the full-bottomed wig of a judge. He administered it after the most approved fashion of his class, and could shake his head at a culprit with electrifying effect. The shelves of his library were literally one sheet of "calf," even the three top ones, which, to speak the truth, were only "in boards," were painted to match, with a beautiful fidelity to nature. So much for my father and his hobby.

My mother was a notable personage, simple, and sweet-tempered, and not unreasonably proud of the rank and consequence to which marriage had elevated her. She was the daughter of my father's head gamekeeper. The "young 'squire's" heart was "snared" one evening that he went down to the lodge to give orders to old Joseph, and in a month after Miss Patty moved her residence from one end of the grounds to the other. I had three brothers and three sisters, all younger than myself except Tom, he was the first. I need not enter into any history of our young days, they were tolerably like the days of other children. We were born in sin, and bred in mischief. "Nursery-plants" till two years old, then transplanted to the parlour,—petted till five, whipped till ten, schooled till fifteen, and brought out properly "*finished*" a year or two after. I will bring you at once to the afternoon upon which I was to leave the parental roof for the first time. I had decided upon the bar as a profession, out of compliment to my father, and he cheerfully paid down, to a special pleader of some note, two hundred pounds, which was to entitle me to the *entrée* of his chambers, until I should deem myself as clever as my master, and which we considered would be in about two years. At this time I was nineteen years of age. After I had taken leave of my mother and sisters, and been treated with "kisses," enough to stock a confectioner's shop, my father called me into his study, to give me a few words of advice, in addition to the "voluntary contributions" I had "thankfully received" from others.

"Charles," said he, "you are now going up to London, for the first time. You will be your own master. Ride your passions and desires with a curb,—snaffle won't do in such a place. Don't be led away by idle pleasures. Look to your profession. It's a noble one, my lad! Blackstone was the greatest man that ever lived! except Burns! Have moderate recreation, but avoid much company. Young men go too fast. Get acquainted with some quiet "nice people," none of your rioting,

roystering folks, who turn night into day, for pleasure, and then day into night, from necessity—but discreet, quiet, "nice people." After these, and many more hints to the same effect, we parted, and early next morning I found myself located in a small dark set of chambers, up three pair of stairs in Churchyard Court, Temple!

I was a simple-minded lad, and I think I may say, considering all things, a well-conducted one; at any rate I had no positive vice, so that there was less danger in making me my own master, than there usually is in cases where boys are prematurely treated as men. My inclinations were very studious, and I resolved to avail myself of the advantages before me. For two years, then, I attended Mr. C.'s chambers with great regularity, reading from five to eight hours daily. The cautions of my father against gaiety and dissipation were unnecessary, for so determined was I, not to risk the possibility of being led astray, that during the whole of this time I did not make a single acquaintance. At length my health began to suffer considerably from such close confinement and want of relaxation. My mother and father entreated me to make the acquaintance of some "nice people," with whom I might occasionally spend an evening; they said I needed company, so I made up my mind to have it. One evening, I was writing to my father, to ask him if he could send me a letter, or two, of introduction, when young Butler, a fellow-pupil, opened my door. We sat down and had a segar—smoking was a weakness I sometimes indulged in.

After some little conversation, "Fleming," said he, "go to Willis's rooms with me to-night?"

"Willis," I replied, "I can't go to his rooms. I don't know him."

"My dear fellow," continued he, laughing, "I mean Willis's public rooms in King Street, St. James's; there is a ball to-night, to which I am a subscriber. You must really go." I shook my head. "Gad! but you must," said he. "Such a room! such music! such devilish 'nice people!'"

"Nice people?" said I, in an inquiring tone.

"Egad, and there are too. I'll introduce you to fifty—there's the Princes, from Brunswick Square; and the Stanhopes, from Fitzroy; the Regent's-park Trees; and the city Walls—all 'nice people,' but if you shouldn't like them, there's the ——"

"What time shall I be ready?" said I. It was the very introduction I required.

"Not later than ten," replied my young friend. "I will call and take you there in my cab."

He called as he had promised, and I was presently introduced to, and moving among, the gay and glittering throng. We had not been in the room above ten minutes, when I saw a party who had just entered, bearing up the centre. It consisted of three young ladies and an elderly one, apparently their mother, a grey-headed gentleman, who might well be the husband and father, and a thin, pale young man, who walked as if he were afraid of making an impression on the floor. Each beauty had evidently been careful

> "To have her sails, before she went abroad,
> Full spread and nicely set to catch the gale
> Of praise."

And their appearance, as they came up in convoy, excited no little attention. I was about to ask Butler if he knew them, but he anticipated me.

"Gad," said he, turning round. "here are the Princes;" and away he flew to pay his respects, with as much show of importance as if they had been "Princes of the blood." In about ten minutes he returned.

"Fleming, you *must* be introduced to the Princes—you really must—they are such devilish 'nice people.' Come."

"One moment," said I. "Tell me a little about them," and we moved on.

"About them," said he. "Oh! old Prince is a Proctor, and a capital business he has too; his house is in Brunswick Square—his establishment just what it ought to be. As for himself, there isn't a better old fellow in England; but his wife, Mrs. Prince, she *is* an excellent creature! so kind! so motherly! And the girls——." We turned short round, and came full upon them. "Ah!" exclaimed my companion, "most fortunate meeting, indeed. Ladies, we were just speaking of you. Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Charles Valentine Fleming.——Mr. Fleming—the Misses Prince." The three graces curtsied. "Fred," continued my friend, addressing the slim young man, who was their brother, and who, from the direction of his eyes, was apparently counting the wax-lights in a chandelier; "Fred, my particular friend, Fleming." Mr. Frederick Prince lowered his eyelids, put a scented cambric handkerchief to his lips, and smiled faintly. Well, an introduction thus satisfactorily completed to the young people, nothing remained but one to the old, and that followed, as you will hear, in a most natural way. The music commenced, and I summoned up courage to offer myself as a partner to one of the Misses Prince; indeed, I may say, to *Miss* Prince, for she evidently had the advantage—unenviable advantage—in years. She was not the handsomest of the family, but as the eldest, I considered claimed the compliment. We stood up, and I found her a very chatty creature, without a portion of that bashfulness and reserve, which make a girl look at her shoe when spoken to, and limit her conversation to the overworked monosyllables—yes and no. On the contrary, she looked me boldly in the face, when I addressed her, laughed fashionably loud, and twice corrected me with her fan for some little pleasantry. In other respects, too, she was rather a striking person. By the end of "L'Eté," I was much pleased with *her*—by the end of "La Poule," equally so with *myself*. During the last promenade I should have had no hesitation whatever in pronouncing her "an uncommonly nice girl."

"Come," said she, in an easy and familiar tone, as she moved off, "let me take you to mamma." And she placed her arm within mine, as unceremoniously as if we had been on a-six-quadrille-in-one-evening footing with each other. How much more sensible than if she had treated my arm like the wing of a butterfly not to be touched without soiling. We threaded our way to the card-room, and up to a whist-table in a corner. "Mamma, let me introduce to you Mr. Fleming, a most particular friend of Henry Butler's." I was flatteringly noticed.

"Are you a stranger to these rooms, Mr. Fleming?" inquired Mrs. Prince.

"Entirely," I replied.

"Do you know"——"Diamonds are trumps," said her partner, as fourth hand, she threw away a small heart to her adversary's best spade. ——"Many persons here," continued Mrs. P., entirely overlooking her mistake, and the next hand.

"But one—until I had the honour of——" and I bowed—a bow will often finish a sentence as satisfactorily as words. It did now, for turning to the young lady on my arm, she certainly acknowledged the compliment with a gentle pressure.

"Do you not think the music extremely good?"

"Very," said I. "No one *could* play better."

"A revoke!" exclaimed a sharp-eyed, sharp-boned, sallow-skinned, old maid, as at this *mal-à-propos* moment, the talkative Mrs. Prince

threw down a spade to the lead, and in an instant five withered fingers, with nails like screw-drivers, had laid face-uppermost the fatal evidence.

"A true bill," said the good-tempered Mrs. P., "I plead guilty."

"You'd better not, it won't save you," said her partner, in a guttural voice, something between a grumble and a grunt.

"Do let us go away from this," said Miss P. "I wonder how mamma can ever play with that ill-tempered lawyer, Old Bailey." And we went again among the dancers, and a quadrille forming, it was natural that we should help to complete it—and did so.

"Are you fond of music?" said my partner.

"Extremely. Do you play?"

"I trifle a little with the harp;—and you?"

"With the flute," said I.

"Georgiana is a proficient on the piano, and Emily sighs over the guitar; as for my brother, he did once assist us with the violin, but he discontinued it from a belief that it made one shoulder higher than the other. Fred is *so* particular."

With these and other fluent nothings, we finished a second set. During the evening I danced with both Georgiana and Emily. Georgiana was a tall stiff girl, yet certainly good-looking, but without any of the encouraging kindness of her elder sister; and, indeed, as taciturn as politeness admitted. During the whole of six figures, she only smiled once, and that was at an accident. Opposite to us was a little dowdy creature whose head exactly reached the elbow of a remarkably tall man, her partner. In "*chassez croisée,*" the poor little thing slipped and fell.

"What an awkward fellow!" said Georgiana, "he has dropped his bundle."

Emily was a very different creature, and decidedly the most fascinating of the three. It was not her face, for she was not handsomer than the others; it was not her figure, for she was rather short, but the expression of the former, and the airy lightness of the latter, with a charm of manner altogether indescribable, amply sufficed to take the fancy prisoner. She was fond of poetry, and had a considerable dash of romance in her character—open and ingenuous to a fault, expressing her likes and dislikes with an earnestness very entertaining. With Emily, I confess, I was forcibly struck.

Towards the close of the evening, I again came in contact with Mrs. Prince. She had "cut the cards," and was reclining on a sofa in the ball-room, chatting to a highly-rouged dowager beside her, and amusingly pointing out the little peculiarities of walk, talk, dress, manner, general appearance, and *effect* of the troop of young and middle-aged creatures that, during the quadrilles, or between them, passed in review before her, ever and anon relieving the monotony of ridicule, by some motherly remarks about "my girls."

This friendly *tête-à-tête* was unfortunately broken up by Mrs. P. not detecting any resemblance between her coloured companion and about five feet nothing of sallow-mortality, that happened to be her daughter, and whose figure, looking at its increasing thickness downwards; she, in an unlucky moment, and in the plenitude of her satire, declared to be like a note of admiration turned upside down.

When the indignant matron fled from the loquacious Mrs. P., I took her place. We chatted upon various subjects. Among others, of course, her daughters. She favoured me with the little peculiarities of each,—"Fanny was 'so lively and clever;' Georgiana 'so reserved and satirical;' Emily 'such a thoughtless little puss,'—but all 'dear good girls,' and '*so* domesticated and united.' If," continued their happy mother, "you should ever feel inclined to join us of an evening, and pass a quiet

hour, we shall be delighted to see you. We have always a little music, perhaps a quadrille. Do not wait for a formal invitation," said she, putting her card into my hand, " but come in—' in a quiet way.'"

And thus commenced my acquaintance with these " nice people."

I returned to my chambers that night, or rather early in the morning, delighted, as you may imagine, with the lucky accident that had befallen me. Really, if I had given up three months in hunting out an introduction, I could not have managed a more promising one.

Unlocking my door, and looking into my sitting room before I went to bed, I found a letter from my father. I trembled and turned pale. The seal was large and black. My mother, sisters, brothers, all rushed to my mind in an instant. For the first time in my life, I felt there was one I valued less than the others; for assured that death had claimed a victim, I could not help wishing whom it might prove to be, though had I seen all in health and strength before me, I never could have decided with whom I would most readily part. With trembling hand I opened the letter. In the first few lines there was no preparation for melancholy news. Anxious to learn the worst, I hurriedly glanced my eye from line to line, from page to page. I breathed more freely, for there was not even a word of grief, much less death. I reached the last sentence, the last words—" your affectionate father," and I put the letter down, hurt, that by an act so thoughtless, he should have caused in my mind an excitement so painful.

I reperused my father's letter. Happy man! He had been commanded to proceed to Windsor to receive the honour of a baronetcy. A disturbance had fortunately taken place in his county-town, which would, unless promptly suppressed, have undoubtedly led to —— God knows what! He acted with great decision on the occasion, and made a speech in the market-place *impromptu*. It had a wonderful effect upon the populace. Being altogether unintelligible, they concluded it was law, and he being generally esteemed an oracle, the rioters, amounting in numbers to upwards of twenty, were appeased for a time, and ultimately successfully attacked and routed by a strong force of yeomanry cavalry, who had, by dint of considerable labour, been brought together. For this act of service to the state, he was to be rewarded in the manner of which I have spoken.

In folding up the letter, which had thus unexpectedly informed me of this addition to the honour and importance of our family, my eye rested on a few lines which had hitherto escaped me; they were written on the side, and were as follows:—

" It is with the most poignant sorrow, my beloved Valentine, that I inform you of the sudden and violent death of your brother Tom. He fell a victim to his passion for hard riding. He was out with our hounds the day before yesterday, and taking a strong dike, his horse fell upon him, and, melancholy to relate, he was killed on the spot. Of course we have been plunged into great affliction; perhaps the most unhappy feature of the case is, it happening just as he was about to become heir to the distinguished honour, which, as I told you, is to be conferred on yours, &c.—H. V."

" P. S.—It will be as well that you should come down to attend the funeral if possible. Should you not be able, and wish to write, do not give me my title before next Friday."

Tears rolled down my cheeks, as I read this brief announcement of my brother's death. For an instant I felt indignant at my father for having made it secondary to the news about himself; but this feeling quickly

subsided, when I reflected how much more common is death than honour.

The following morning I had a visit from Butler. I explained to him why I could not call in Brunswick Square, and begged him to leave my card there, which he promised to do. For a week I was absent from town. I went home, of course, to attend the funeral—I did so as chief mourner. My father being engaged at Windsor, and therefore unable to attend. On my return to my chambers, I found the cards of Mr. Prince, Mr. Frederick Prince, Mrs. Prince, and the Misses Prince. I was much touched with this little attention. On the following day I opened my door to a knock very rarely heard, I should think, in the Temple. It was loud enough and long enough to have reached the very cellars of the building of which I inhabited the sky-parlour. A servant, in a glaring livery of blue, red, and gold, desired me to tell Mr. Fleming, that Mrs. Prince was at the Temple Gate, in the carriage, and wished to see him. I told the fellow *I* would be down in a few moments; whereupon he took off his hat and attempted a bow, but which was, as it usually is, when persons detect themselves in an impertinence to the wrong person, a sort of apologetic and nervous wriggle of the whole body.

I put myself a little into order, and went down. There was no mistaking the carriage. It was a large yellow-bodied one with red wheels, and blue hammer cloth, upon which were glaringly emblazoned the arms and quarterings of Mr. Prince, the Proctor. Before I reached it, I saw feathers and veils in profusion; I found not only Mrs. P., but two of her daughters. At their pressing invitation I went for a drive with them, and then home to dinner. Their kindness and attention were beyond any thing I can express. The cheerful and congratulatory manner in which they spoke of my father's elevation, and the delicacy and tact with which they alluded to my brother's death, asking me if I was not now the eldest son, created in me quite an interest for them all, and I already looked upon these extremely "nice people" as old friends, rather than acquaintances of yesterday.

Before I left Brunswick Square that evening, I had promised to return the following day on a visit for a week. All lent their powers of persuasion, though I confess I wanted but little: had it been otherwise, when Emily begged I would "put by my books and come," I should have at once complied. It would be too long a story, if I were to enter into detail of the week in question. It was one round of pleasure, increasing hourly, until I felt myself the happiest creature in existence. I did not disguise my attachment to the youngest daughter—my love, my passion, for her, when I had reason to believe it returned. This happened on the very morning I was about to terminate my visit. I went into the library, and found her alone reading a letter. It was crossed and recrossed, but this *primâ facie* evidence of it being from a woman, yielded to the bold and masculine hand in which it was written. I turned pale, and was about to retire, stammering out some apology for my intrusion, but she assured me I did not disturb her, and in fact, looked her wish that I should remain; and then she began talking of the letter, and her cousin Augustus, and his beautiful uniform, and the Cape of Good Hope, and a long passage, and a variety of other matters; and concluded by informing me that her said cousin was on his voyage to Calcutta to join his regiment; that he had light hair and blue eyes, wrote sweet poetry—had been staying with them a twelvemonth, before his departure—was a delightful, kind, good creature, and that she looked on him "*quite as a brother.*" I confess these last words hardly removed the suspicion that flashed upon me, as I marked her flushed cheek and sparkling eye. The "green-eyed monster" had already more than a finger upon me. She saw the tyranny with which I was threatened, and in a tone of sincerity a cynic

could not have doubted, assured me there was nothing but their cousinship between them. Of course, a conversation thus begun did not end here, but you need not be afraid that I shall repeat all that passed between us; such scenes have no interest for an audience, indeed will not even bear rehearsal before the curtain: suffice it that from that morning I considered myself, if not preferred, in the high road to *preferment*, and fully justified in indulging in the hopes I had for some time silently dwelt on.

My intimacy with the family continued unbroken for nearly a year, during which time I might almost have considered myself a member of it. From old Prince I received just that sort of attention which a youngster likes. He was always as happy to see me—or appeared so—as if we hadn't met for a month, though in truth I never lost sight of him for two days together. We used to sit over our wine and discuss the leading topics of the day with a briskness which lost nothing by repetition; and although we were widely opposed in politics, I being a Tory, and he a worshipper of Hume, our arguments never degenerated into personalities: this might have been from an inclination on his part to yield perhaps a little more than is desirable in an antagonist of spirit. For instance, after a long discussion on any subject, and a tolerable exhaustion of the *pros* and *cons*, he invariably wound up with these words, "Well, perhaps after all, you are right." This was always accompanied by a slight elevation of the brow, and then immediately after came three or four very deliberate, but affirmative movements of the head, which said plainly and flatteringly enough, "I think you are."

I observed something of the same concession to me in every member of the family, and it was a quiet, winning flattery I could not resist. I was charmed with all of them without knowing at the time, that it was because I was so delighted and satisfied with myself, and often exclaimed, "Well, if ever there were nice people, I have found them here." Mrs. Prince was perhaps the most adroit in the use of that most dangerous weapon of attack—flattery. Her assaults never defeated themselves by their violence. Her moments were rarely ill chosen; if she saw that I was prepared, she stood at once disarmed, waited her opportunity, and when I *did* feel myself touched, it was so slightly, as to create no alarm. She knew that she applied a subtle poison, and that a scratch was sufficient to ensure inoculation. If ever any thing was to be done, "*Charles*" was to be acquainted with it. Any place to be visited, "*Charles's convenience*" to be consulted. Any thing in dispute, "*What does Charles think?*" was the ready question—and "*Charles says*" so and so, the certain quietus.

The girls also played admirable seconds to their mamma—Miss Prince in particular. She displayed *a great* interest in me; her manner was really affectionate. She was some years older than myself, and this gave her naturally a licence the others had not. She used to take me out shopping three or four times a week, though I confess, I had rather been at home with Emily; and hardly, indeed, I may say never, made a call without I was with her. Then, she used to talk—which the others did not—about my affairs and prospects, and occasionally touched upon marriage, always warning me against choosing "a mere girl." More than once she most kindly put me on my guard against a family I visited in Harley Street, and whose "attempts," she assured me, "to catch every young man of their acquaintance, were really disgusting." Besides all this, she monopolized to herself the exclusive right of doing many little things for me that I should have preferred at the hands of her sister Emily—such as knitting purses, making watch-guards, mending gloves, marking my handkerchiefs with her hair, and so on. In return for this, she claimed my opinion on all matters concerning herself, in a manner that almost made me believe I had really a great interest in them; and,

indeed, from the most important step she ever took, viz. choosing a new dress, or bonnet, or selecting a song, down to going to church or chapel —*a seven days'* wonder—would never act without my knowledge and approbation. Georgiana displayed her interest for me in a different way. She was, as I have said, a haughty, and satirical girl. Her visitations in the latter line were so general, that I believe I was the only person of her acquaintance who escaped; the fact was, I was a very particular friend of Butler, and Butler was, or at least, so people said, a very particular favourite of hers. If I had been to judge myself, however, I should hardly have ventured to say that she cared two snaps of the finger about him, although there certainly was an *inclination* towards him, not observable in her manner to any one else. Be it as it may, she spared me, and I never knew wherefore, unless out of respect to him. Besides this negative approbation, she occasionally condescended to ask my judgment upon any book we might both have been reading, or any play we might have seen performed; this was a great deal, considering that she was in the habit of saying that young men of the present day were such insufferable and shallow coxcombs, they were only fit company for one another.

I shall hardly be expected to say much of Emily's manner and behaviour to me after what I have intimated about her. She was the centre of attraction for me—the choicest flower of the bouquet. Yet it was strange, that from the time of the interview of which I have spoken, I observed a considerable alteration in her, for which I could not satisfactorily account. She seemed for hours, nay, days together, to have lost her spirits and all animation, and frequently when engaged in conversation with me, suddenly lost its thread, and then would attempt an apology, and call it absence, and force a laugh. More than once I fancied that she perhaps regretted the encouragement she had given me; but when with my nerves strong, and my mind bent on a "disinterested sacrifice," I was about to speak to her on the subject, a look, a smile, a tone, would at once disabuse me of the injurious belief my anxiety had created.

As yet, I have said very little about Mr. Frederick Prince—the fact is, we were no great admirers of one another at the commencement of my intimacy with his family; but this, I believe, rather from my liking his mother and sisters, and he not caring at-all about them, than from any other reason. By degrees, however, we became intimate enough, indeed, I may say, very intimate, and at last all the time I passed out of his house, was passed in his company. He was a regular dasher, and in all his equipments a very proper person; then he kept most undeniable company, and had a shaking-hands intimacy with many of the "first-rate men upon town." To more than one nobleman he was clearly privileged to nod, and from the easy manner in which he caught, or threw a recognition, whether across the street, or into a carriage-window, I had every reason to suppose him long accustomed to the aristocratic method. Occasionally I wondered how he should have formed a circle of friends so entirely without his family sphere, and once or twice I questioned him about it, but he assured me the cause was with them. "My dear Fleming," said he, "one must breathe pure air sometimes, and really our people never know any body that any body knows."

It was some considerable time before he satisfied me that he had more than a street acquaintance with them. One evening, however, we were at the Opera together. Towards the end of the ballet we were joined by an individual, who seemed on an unusually familiar footing with him. He was about seven or eight and twenty, and though decidedly a plain and common looking man about the face, had something in his manner and address which bespoke the gentleman. His language was coarse, but it was the coarseness of what is termed *slang*—an acquired idiom by

no means endurable, but not innate vulgarity. He appeared to have been drinking, his breath was redolent too of tobacco; altogether he seemed a fitter subject at that moment for a public-house of another description, though, to do him justice, he appeared perfectly at home where he was. Prince introduced him to me as Sir Vincent Silk. Till the curtain fell he amused me by telling me the names of half the people in the house. And then, turning to Prince, he said, "I suppose we shall see you in the square by-and-by." Without waiting a reply, he nodded familiarly to me, and took his departure. We also left immediately after. I proposed supping at the Bedford, but was overruled. My friend said he had some friends in the neighbourhood, and should go there—indeed, he had promised Sir Vincent. "You will find a good repast," said he, in his usual affected style, "and no ceremony. Come."

I took his arm, and walked to St. James's Square. We knocked at a door on the south side, and were admitted into a hall, where I was left until my companion went up stairs and brought down his friend, the master of the house, and who, after an introduction, most politely bowed us into a brilliant apartment filled with company. I was considerably struck with the scene. The walls were literally clothed with plate glass and splendid pictures. In an adjoining room, equally superb, was laid out a long and elegantly supplied supper-table, groaning under the weight of silver and glass, with which it was furnished. I felt a little bewildered. Not so Mr Prince, who was as unmoved as in his mother's drawing-room, nodding and chatting to fifty different people. The greater number very soon began amusing themselves round a large table, upon which was spread money in profusion. I was at once satisfied of the rank of the company, from the immense sums I saw before them, and the indifference with which they paid and received them. Fifty or a hundred pounds were put up and taken down with a nonchalance which I then considered perfectly unapproachable by any but a person of the first breeding. One or two gentlemen presently addressed me in the most polite manner, and pressed me to the supper-table, where I was supplied most liberally with every delicacy. Wines of all sorts sparkled around me, and I could not but fancy myself, as I sat alone before such profusion, in the hall of some magician, and the hero of an Arabian Night's entertainment. The time wore on, and I joined my friend. He had been very fortunate, and his winnings were considerable. Sir Vincent Silk was at his elbow, with a hand perfectly full of notes, which he had won under the same lucky stars. They insisted on my sitting down between them, and when we rose to leave, I had thirty counters, or pieces, as they called them, for which a gentleman obligingly gave me six five pound notes. As we went home, elated with our success, I learned we had been in a gambling-house! I started with unaffected horror. "A gambling-house!" said I. "I thought they were gentlemen—friends of yours."

"So they are," replied Mr. Prince, as coolly as if he were telling me the day of the week. "Perfect gentlemen, I assure you. Did you not see Lords F. and G.—the honourable Mr. H., and baronets without number? Why, Fleming, I should think you saw two-thirds of all the men in town."

I suppose I looked somewhat as I felt. He tried to laugh me out of my "ridiculous notions," and as we parted for the night, or rather day, bade me try, the first thing on rising, whether or not my notes were forgeries. From this time I was more than ever with Frederick Prince; indeed, as I have said, I was always with him when not in Brunswick Square. I was perpetually reflecting on the odious vice in which I had unconsciously almost, taken my first step, and with a full conviction of the ruin to which it led, continued night after night indulging in it. It was wonderful how much I rose in Frederick's estimation, and the terms

of cordiality we were on, took me if possible, more than ever to his house. I fancied he encouraged, what I felt he must observe, my attachment to his sister Emily; and this, more than any thing else in the world, gave him an interest in my eyes. After leading this life of double excitement for a considerable time, I began to think that it was advisable to end the one and the other, for the sake of both my peace and pocket. I was thunderstruck one morning in looking over my accounts, to find that I had lost at different times over the gaming-table, no less a sum than six hundred pounds, and this all drawn from a small stock of ready money that came to me when I was of age. Added to this, I had lent in different amounts to my companion Frederick, as much as three hundred more, though, as far as that was concerned, it was of course as safe as in my banker's hands. My great intimacy with his mother and sisters had naturally entailed on me considerable expense. From one end of the season to the other we were recreating ourselves in some of the fashionable lounges of the West End. No new opera was brought forward but we passed our judgment upon it—Malibran never sang but some of us lent our sweet voices to hymn her praises—no gallery of pictures ever opened but we connoisseured each inch of canvass—no exhibition for the encouragement of any art or science escaped us. Horticultural *fêtes* and fancy-fairs we attended with exemplary perseverance. And, in a word, from Windsor Castle to the Thames Tunnel we left no sight unseen. Looking at the terms we were on, it would have been very false delicacy to hesitate for a moment in allowing me to pay for it all.

As a set-off, however, to all this, I had placed in the hands of old Prince a considerable sum of money, at least as much as five hundred pounds, which he told me he could lay out to the greatest advantage—to return without doubt fifteen per cent. About this time I dined in Brunswick Square, and passed an unusually delightful evening. Miss Prince was perfectly lavish of her fascinations, Georgiana was what I had never seen, witty without being severe, and Emily, my own Emily, more brilliant and happy than I had seen her for months. Mrs. Prince was gaiety itself. She engaged me in a quiet *tête-à-tête*, and let me into the secret that Butler had that morning proposed for Georgiana, and had been received. She then went on to hint, as I understood her, something of the same kind about another of the girls, which much surprised me, as I had never seen or heard of any particular attention to Fanny, and concluded by remarking that it would be singular indeed if all of them should be bespoke about the same time; and in saying this she looked at me in a way which nearly drew from me my proposal for Emily on the spot. I restrained myself, however, for a better opportunity, and left that evening, fully resolved to find it on the following morning.

The same night I went with Frederick for the last time, so I had deliberately vowed it should be, to play in St. James's Square. I had a considerable sum in my pocket, for I was anxious, should luck prove with me, by playing high to recover something of what I had lost. It was otherwise, I had soon changed and melted all but my last note. It was for twenty pounds. I placed it by my side while I waited the issue of a main in which I was heavily backing the caster in. He threw out. I put my hand down for my note, to stake my last—it was gone. I looked round, Prince was beside me, as he had been all night; he too, a serious looser. I asked him if he had seen the note. He replied, "No." "You have taken it up by accident," said I, looking into his hand, it is that £20, with a corner torn." He turned savagely upon me, and said it was a lie! He had taken up no note at all. The fact was, he was half mad with his losses, and cared not what he said. I, who was little less excited, retorted sharply; and we went to lengths that words could not smooth away. When I laid my head upon my pillow I hardly knew dis-

tinctly what had occurred. When I awoke in the morning I gave not a thought to the loss I had sustained, and the dispute that had arisen; one thought only possessed me, and that was the offer I was about to make to Emily. My whole happiness, I believed, depended on possessing her, and though it would be untrue to say I was not nervous and agitated, it arose rather from hope than fear. I could not but feel that the connexion would not be disagreeable to *her* family. Mrs. Prince had almost told me as much, on more than one occasion, and she was *so* straightforward and sincere; and as for my *own*, they had so impressed on me the value of "nice people," that I considered it would be of all things the step most likely to delight them. I dressed and hastened to the house. On such a mission I did not wait the propriety of hours. No one seemed to think I came too soon; it was quite clear that every one thought there was something to hear. We hurried from subject to subject—smiled, laughed, looked serious, and then—smiled, laughed, and looked serious again. Presently Georgiana said, she should go in to a young friend who lived next door, having promised to read aloud "*The results of Machinery, or the Working Man's Companion,*"—and she went. Most fortunately almost immediately after Mrs. P. had commissions for the other girls—and we were left alone. And now, it is impossible to give you more than the faintest conception of what followed. I spoke of my attachment—my respect for the family—my wish to settle—my ability to do so. Mrs. Prince drew me out in her own peculiar way, till I was fully delivered of all I had been burning to say, and after some irresistible compliments about my family, my profession, my talent, and my honour, which conveyed to me her perfect approbation and consent, she made some slight, very slight observations about our relative ages; but loving Emily as I did, I considered two years on my side amply sufficient, and therefore made no reply. We continued our interview a little longer, during which I was exhausting language in praises of her daughter.

"Well," said she, rising, "*I* can say no more, Charles; I will send her in, and she shall answer for herself." And she left the room. I heard her go up stairs—and I waited in intense anxiety the appearance of Emily. Some minutes passed—hours they seemed to me—at length I caught the sound of a footstep, her own light, fairy footstep on the stair. I hurried to the door, and waited to receive her. A hand was on the door—it trembled—so did I. It opened slowly—my heart was in my mouth. She entered. She! my Emily? No, horror! Miss Prince. Every thing seemed suddenly to swim around me. I uttered some exclamation—I know not what, and staggered to my chair, I know not how. She followed me, and hanging over me in the most affectionate manner, took my hand, and slightly pressed it, and sighed. I attempted to speak, to explain, but for some minutes my tongue refused its office, it seemed too large for my mouth. At length I did succeed, and stammered out, "It—it—it—it is your—your—your—your sister." She let go my hand—started, just far enough to reach a chair, and falling into it, uttered a scream, that would have been worth fifteen pounds a-week on any tragic boards in London. At the moment, however, I was alarmed, and seizing the bell-rope, hung on it till Mrs. Prince, Georgiana, Emily, and all the servants in the house were around us. The latter part of the company were readily dismissed, and an explanation followed. I said that Emily had ever been the object of my love and attention—that it must have been seen—that Miss Prince I had ever respected, and did respect—but——

"Emily!" exclaimed the indignant mother, interrupting me, "Emily has been engaged these twelve-months to her cousin." I looked incredulous. "Yes," she continued, "to her cousin Augustus, whose arrival in England is hourly looked for." I sought the deceiver's eye, but it

was turned away. For some minutes I was silent, but roused by the torrent of words from Mrs. P., and the sighs, and sobs, and groans of Miss P., I said, I was not aware that I had in any way justified them in supposing for a moment that my attentions to Miss Prince were serious. "Not serious, sir!" retorted Mrs. Prince, who from first to last was the only female orator. "Why, it has been obvious to all the world. Every one has spoken of it. Have you not always been with her? Has she ever seen a friend unattended by you? Not serious, indeed! Why my poor girl, my child, my Fanny will be ruined, if you forsake her!" And here she wept nearer nature than any one I had seen attempt it. I saw there was a breach nothing would be likely to heal, but a remedy I felt no inclination to apply, and, therefore, thought the best thing to do was to bid them good morning. I verily thought the kind, good-tempered, motherly Mrs. Prince, would have forcibly retained me; but I was not to have a wife forced down my throat, and therefore, in spite of persuasions, their remonstrances, their threat of "a breach of promise," and then a flourish about Mr. Prince, and Mr. Prince, junior, I left the house amid the titter of the servants who had been attentively listening to all.

I hurried to my chambers, resolved to pack up, be off to my father's, and cut these "nice people" for ever. On the stairs I met Sir Vincent Silk. He put a pink note into my hands. It was a most polite invitation from his friend Mr. Frederick—a morning meeting to satisfy his honour for having taken my twenty-pound note, or as *he* put it—for having been charged with taking it. I accepted it very briefly, and as on such occasions, one is more than permitted to introduce a friend—I mean expected to do so—I hastened to make the offer to Butler, who declined, under the excuse, and a very sufficient one, though it had not occurred to me, of being about to become my antagonist's brother-in-law. To my next application there was not a scruple.

We were on the ground at the appointed time—so were they. Sir Vincent Silk came up with a look which clearly betokened that he had, to him, a most ungrateful office; so it proved, for he was charged with an attempt at reconciliation. I was required to say, that Mr. Prince had *not stolen* the note, and to express my regret and apology for having charged him with it. My second was in full possession of all the facts, and replied that I had never said more than that he had *taken it up by mistake*. Therefore the expression *stole* was supplied by Mr. Prince himself. This was reported to Mr. P., and pulling up his stock, he expressed himself "perfectly satisfied." It was now my turn, and recalling to his mind, that he, Mr. P., had given me the lie, demanded the fullest retraction of the offensive word. Sir Vincent at once declared that it was altogether impossible; "for," said he, "although there is no doubt it was wrong, and uncalled for, and all that—yet there *are* times at which a man cannot apologize." He turned from us, having finished this speech, took up a pistol, "and next proceeded quietly to cock." Mr. Prince differed most essentially from Sir Vincent; and in spite of all remonstrance, insisted on withdrawing all the offensive language he had used. The thing thus settled, we had the discredit of walking scatheless from the ground. One or two circumstances occurred which compelled me to remain in town longer than I had intended. The evening before I was to start, I was unexpectedly broken in upon by my quondam associate. He placed a letter before me. I had certainly grown into request. It was another invitation similar to the one of which I had so recently disposed, and given, because I had dared to love a girl who had encouraged me in doing so, while an older flame was burning at a distance, of which I was ignorant. The gentleman, whose acquaintance I was to make in this most agreeable manner, was Mr. Augustus Hamilton, of his Majesty's —— regiment of foot.

Again my second and myself were in the field shaking, as the song says, "the sparkling dew-drops away." Although, when I first promised my attendance, I felt something very like an inclination to appease my indignation by doing a murder, yet, looking at my rival, I could not bring myself deliberately to rob his Majesty and the people of so promising a hero. One word of explanation I considered would, nay must acquit me of every thing that could call upon me to stand up for him to practise his trade upon, and I should have given it, but Mr. Frederick Prince, late principal, and now second, had learned the lesson read by Sir Vincent Silk, for the purpose of teaching it to others. He repeated it pretty much in the same words as he had heard it, and as I did not feel as much inclined to dispute it as he had done, we took our ground. Mr. Augustus Hamilton was decidedly the thinnest man in his Majesty's service. He was dressed in a light chocolate-coloured surtout, which fitted him like his skin, and he looked for all the world like six feet of German sausage. Though an excellent soldier, for all I know to the contrary, I could not but observe that he wanted the knack of standing at ease. The word was given—"Fire,"—and here his profession stood him in great stead. About a thousand times as much accustomed to the order as myself, he obeyed it with, I can't calculate how many times more alacrity, but seeing that I nearly shot my right toes off, after I received the contents of his pistol in my shoulder, there can be no doubt but that he was the lightning of our storm, and I the thunder. What followed I don't exactly know. I was conveyed to an hotel, where I lingered "now hope, now fear, my bosom rending," about fifteen weeks. This gave me plenty of time for reflection, and a hundred times I went over, step by step, my intimacy with the Princes—an intimacy beginning and ending with a ball. One morning it occurred to me, to send to old Prince for an account of the money he had employed for me; and, as he had nothing to do with our misunderstanding, and had always behaved in a handsome and generous way to me, I wrote a most friendly note. He sent me an equally kind reply, enclosing a check for seventeen pounds, which he said was the result of our joint speculation in indigo! Fifteen per cent. rose in my throat, but I made an effort and swallowed it. This was a pretty addition to the list of advantages accruing to me from my introduction to these very "*nice people.*" Loaned out of three hundred pounds by the son, and robbed of twenty; introduced to a hell, where I sunk six hundred—proctored of nearly as much, and flattered out of more than I can ever bring myself to name. To crown all, I entirely threw away a year, got fooled by a flirt, and crippled for life. Have I given you sufficient reasons for shuddering at the very thought or mention of "*Nice People?*"

J. H.

INSCRIPTION

IN THE HERMITAGE AT LACKHAM, WILTS.

WRITTEN BY THE FATHER OF THE LATE COLONEL MONTAGU.*

Hermits of old, a gloomy, sordid brood,
Sought heaven in sackcloth and in solitude;
But modern Anchorites esteem *clean linen*
As decent to repent in as to sin in:
The master, therefore, of this humble cell
Invites his friends to join in living well.

James Montagu.

May 10, 1766.

* The celebrated ornithologist.

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.

CHAPTER I.

Showing why and wherefore I decided upon a renewal of locomotion.

READER, did you ever feel in that peculiarly distressing state of mind in which one oppressing idea displaces or colours every other, absorbing, mixing up with, empoisoning, and, like the filth of the harpy, turning every thing into disgust—when a certain incubus rides upon the brain, as the Old Man of the Mountain did upon the shoulders of Sinbad, burthening, irritating, and rendering existence a misery—when looking around, you see but one object perched every where and grinning at you—when even what you put into your mouth tastes of but that one something, and the fancied taste is so unpleasant as almost to prevent deglutition—when every sound which vibrates in your ear appears to strike the same discordant note, and all and every thing will remind you of the one only thing which you would fain forget;—have you ever felt any thing like this, reader? If you have not, then thank God by way of grace before you out with your knife and fork and begin to cut up the contents of these pages.

I have and am now suffering under one of these varieties of "Phobias," and my disease is a Politicophobia. I will describe the symptoms.

I am now in the metropolis of England, and when I walk out every common house appears to me to be the House of Commons -- every lordly mansion the House of Lords—every man I meet, instead of being a member of society, is transformed by imagination into a member of the senate—every chimney-sweep into a bishop, and a Bavarian girl, with her "Py a proom," into an ex-chancellor. If I return home the ring at the bell reminds me of a Peel—as I mount the stairs I think of the "Lobby"—I throw myself on the sofa, and the cushion is transformed into a woolsack—if a solitary visitor calls in, I imagine a public meeting, and call out chair! chair!—and I as often address my wife as Mr. Speaker, as I do with the usual appellative of "my dear."

This incubus, like the Catholic anathema, pursues me every where—at breakfast, the dry toast reminds me of the toasts at public dinners—tea, of the East India charter—sugar, of the West India question—the loaf, of agricultural distress—and, as every one knows that London eggs are a lottery, according as they prove bad or good, so am I reminded of a Whig or a Tory measure. When the newspaper is brought in, I walk round and round it as a dog will do round the spot he is about to lie down upon. I would fain not touch it; but at last, like a fascinated bird who falls per force into the reptile's mouth, so do I plunge into its columns, read it with desperation, and when the poison has circulated, throw it away in despair. If I am reminded to say grace at dinner, I commence "My Lords and gentlemen;" and when I seek my bed, as I light my taper, I move "that

the House do now adjourn." The tradesmen's bills are swelled by my disease into the budget, and the cheques upon my banker into supplies. Even my children laugh and wonder at the answers which they receive. Yesterday one brought me her book of animals, and pointing to a boa constrictor, asked its name, and I told her it was an *O'Connell.* I am told that I mentioned the names of half the members of the Upper and Lower House, and at the time really believed that I was calling the beasts by their right names. Such are the effects of my unfortunate disease.

Abroad I feel it even worse than at home. Society is unhinged, and every one is afraid to offer an opinion. If I dine out, I find that no one will speak first—he knows not whether he accosts a friend or foe, or whether he may not be pledging his bitter enemy. Every man looks at his neighbour's countenance to discover if he is Whig or Tory: they appear to be examining one another like the dogs who meet in the street, and it is impossible to conjecture whether the mutual scenting will be followed up by a growl or a wag of the tail; but one remark will soon discover the political sentiments of the whole. Should they all agree, they are so busy in abuse that they rail at their adversaries with their mouths full—should they disagree, they dispute so vehemently that they forget that they were invited to dinner, and the dishes are removed untasted, and the duties of the Amphytryon become a sinecure. Go to an evening party or a ball and it is even worse, for young ladies talk politics, prefer discussion to flirtation, and will rather win a partner over to their political opinions than to their personal charms. If you, as a Tory, happen to stand up in a cotillion with a pretty Whig, she taps you with her fan that she may tap your politics; if you agree, it is "*En avant deux,*" if not, a "*chassez croisée.*" Every thing goes wrong—she may *set* to you indeed, but her's is the set of defiance, and she shakes her *wig* against your *Tory.* To *turn your partner* is impossible, and the only part of the figure which is executed *con amore* is *dos à dos.* The dance is over, and the lady's looks at once tell you that you may save your "oaths," while she "takes her seat."

I have tried change of scene—posted to watering places; but the deep, deep sea, will not drown politics. Even the ocean in its roaring and commotion reminded me of a political union.

I have buried myself in the country, but it has been all in vain. I cannot look at the cattle peacefully grazing without thinking of O'Connell's tail, Stanley's tail, and a short-docked pony reminded me of the boasted little tail of Colonel Peel. The farm-yard, with its noisy occupants, what was it but the reality so well imitated by the members of the Lower House, who would drown argument in discord? I thought I was in the lobby at the close of a long debate. Every tenth field, every tenth furrow, (and I could not help counting,) every tenth animal, and every tenth step, reminded me of the Irish tithes; and when I saw a hawk swoop over a chicken, I thought of the Appropriation Bill—so I left the country.

I have tried every thing—I have been every where, but in vain. In the country there was no relaxation—in society no pleasure—at home no relief. England was disjointed, never to be united until it

was dismembered—and there was no repose. I had my choice, either to go abroad, or to go mad; and, upon mature deliberation, I decided upon the former, as the lesser evil of the two. So I gave—I sold—I discharged—I paid—I packed up, and I planned. The last was the only portion of my multifarious duties not satisfactorily arranged. I looked at the maps, plied my compasses that I might compass my wishes, measured distances that I might decide upon my measures—planned, looked over the maps——and planned again.

CHAPTER II.

Showing that, although one may decide upon not staying at home, it is not quite so easy to decide upon to where you are to go.

Well, as I said in my last chapter, I planned—and planned—but I might as well conjugate it, as my better half and many others assisted—it was I planned, thou plannedst, he planned, we planned, ye planned, and they planned—and what annoyed me was, that I could not help considering that "the whole house was in a committee," and without being able "to report progress." At first it was *decided upon* that we should proceed up the Rhine, and not leave off paddling until we had arrived at Manheim, at which town I fancied that I should at least be out of political distance. We read all about Manheim, found out that it was a regular-built town, with a certain number of inhabitants—with promenades, gardens, and a fine view of the Rhine. "So you're going abroad—where?" Manheim, was the reply, and all the world knew that we were bound to Manheim; and every one had something to say, or something that they had heard said, about Manheim. "Very nice place—Duchess Dowager Stephanie—very cheap—gay in winter—Sir John Sinclair—Captain Greville—masters excellent"—were the variety of changes rung, and all was settled; but at last one unlucky observation raised a doubt—another increased—a third confirmed it. "A very dull place—German cookery bad for children—steam-boats from Rotterdam very bad, and often obliged to pass two nights on deck." A very influential member of the committee took alarm about the children being two nights on deck, and it was at last decided that to go up to Manheim by steam-boat at 4*l.* 9*s.* a-head, and children at half-price, was not to be thought of.

"I wonder you don't go to Bruges," observed a committee man; "nice quiet place—excellent masters—every thing so cheap—I once bought eighty large peaches there for two francs."

And all the children clapped their little hands, and cried out for Bruges and cheap peaches.

It was further submitted that it was convenient—you might go the whole of the way by water—and Bruges was immediately under consideration.

"If you go to Bruges, you will find it very dull," observed another; "but you'll meet Mrs. Trollope there—now Brussels is very little farther, and is a delightful place;" and Brussels was also referred to the committee.

"You won't like Brussels, but you'll meet Grattan there—there is

such a mixture, and house rent is dear. Now I should recommend Spa for the summer—it is a most beautiful spot—and excellent company." And Spa was added to the list.

Then after a day or two came an Anti-Teutonic, who railed against Germany—and Germans—German towns, German travelling, and German *French*, which was detestable—German cookery, which was nothing but grease. "You may imagine," said he, "and so have many more, that Germany is more pleasant and less expensive than France; but they have been disappointed, and so will you be. Now, for a quiet place, I should recommend St. Omer's—only thirty miles from Calais—so convenient—and very pretty."

St. Omer's—humph—very quiet—and retired—and no politics—and St. Omer's was occasionally canvassed.

"St. Omer's!" said another who called the next day, "you'll die of ennui. Go to Boulogne—it is delightful—you may be there as retired or as gay as you please."

Boulogne to be taken into consideration—many inquiries made, and all very satisfactory—good sands and excellent jackasses for the children.

"My dear friend, Boulogne is something like the King's Bench—at least most of the people only go there in preference. Every body will suppose that you've *levanted*. Pray don't go to Boulogne."

"Why don't you go by Southampton to Havre—there you'll have quiet and amusement—beautiful country about Honfleur—scenery up the Seine splendid; and then you can go up to Rouen by water, if you intend to go on to Paris."

Havre and Honfleur submitted to the committee.

But then came Dieppe, and Brest, and the environs of Paris, Versailles, St. Germains, Passy, and other recommendations, in which every one particular place was proved incontestably to be more particularly suited to us than any other, and the committee sat for three weeks, at the end of which, upon examining the matured opinions of the last seven days, I found them to have fluctuated as follows:—

Monday morning, Manheim. Evening, Spa.
Tuesday morning, Bruges. Evening, Brussels.
Wednesday morning, St. Omer's. Evening, Boulogne.
Thursday morning, Havre. Evening, Honfleur.
Friday morning, Dieppe. Evening, Passy.
Saturday morning, Versailles. Evening, St. Germains.
Sunday morning, Spa. Evening, Brussels.

The fact was, that there was a trifling difference of opinion in the committee—the great object appeared to be, and the great difficulty at the same time, to find a place which would suit all parties, that is to say, a place where there were no politics, plenty of gaiety, and cheap peaches.

CHAPTER III.

In which the reader will find the author on board of a smoker.

Paddle, paddle—splash, splash—bump, thump, bump. What a leveller is sea-sickness—almost as great a radical as death. All

grades, all respect, all consideration are lost. The master may summon John to his assistance, but John will see his master d—d before he'll go to him; he has taken possession of his master's great coat, and he intends to keep it—*he* don't care for warning.

The nurses no longer look after the infant or the children, they may tumble overboard—even the fond yearnings of the mother at last yield to the overwhelming sensation, and if it were not for the mercenary or kind-hearted assistance of those who have become habituated to the motion of a vessel, there is no saying how tragical might be the commencement of many a party of pleasure to the Continent.

"O lauk, Mary, do just hold this child," says the upper nurse to her assistant; "I do feel such a *sinking* in my stomach."

"Carn't, indeed, nurse, I've such a *rising*."

Away hurried both the women at once to the side of the vessel, leaning over and groaning heavily. As for the children, they would soon have been past caring for, had it not been for my protecting arms.

Decorum and modesty, next to maternal tenderness, the strongest feelings in woman, fall before the dire prostration of this malady. A young lady will recline unwittingly in the arms of a perfect stranger, and the bride of three months, deserted by her husband, will offer no resistance to the uncouth seaman, who, in his kindness, would loosen the laces that confine her heaving bosom.

As for politeness, even the ancien regime of the noblesse of France put it in their pockets as if there were a general chaos—self is the only feeling; not but that I have seen occasional traits of good-will towards others. I once witnessed a young lady smelling to a bottle of Eau de Cologne, as if her existence depended upon it, hand it over to another whose state was even more pitiable, and I was reminded of Sir Philip Sidney and the cup of water, as he lay wounded on the field of battle, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." And if I might have judged from her trembling lips and pallid countenance, it was almost an equal act of heroism. Paddle, paddle, splash, splash, bump, thump, bump—one would really imagine that the passengers were so many pumps, all worked at once with the vessel by the same hundred horse power, for there were an hundred of them about me, each as sick as a horse. "*Sic omnes*," thought I.

I have long past the ordeal, and even steam, and smoke, and washing basins, and all the various discordant and revolting noises *from those* who suffer, have no effect upon my nervous system—still was I doomed to torment, and was very sick indeed. For some time I had been watched by the evil eyes of one, whom the Yankees would designate, as *almighty ugly*. He was a thin, spare man, whose accost I could well have spared, for he had the look of a demon, and, as I soon found, was possessed with the demon of politics. Imagine what I must have suffered when I found out that he was a button-holder to boot. Observing that I was the only one who was in a state to listen, he seized upon me as his victim. I, who had fled from politics with as much horror as others have done from the cholera—I, who had encountered all the miseries of steam navigation, and all the steam and effluvia of close cabins, to find myself condemned with others

"alike to groan—" what with King Leopold, and William of Nassau, and the Belgian share of the debt, and the French and Antwerp, and his pertinacious holding of my button. "Shall I knock him down," thought I; "he insists upon laying his hands upon me, why should I not lay my hands upon him?" But on second consideration, that would not have been polite, so I made other attempts to get rid of him, but in vain; I turned the subject to far countries—the rascal had been every where; at one moment he would be at Vienna, and discuss the German confederation—at another in South America, canvassing the merits of Bolivar and St. Martin. There was no stopping him, his tongue was like the paddle of a steam-boat, and almost threw as much spray in my face. At last I threw off my coat, which he continued to hold in his hand by the third button, and threw myself into one of the cribs appropriated to passengers, wishing him a good night. He put my coat down in the crib beneath, and as he could no longer hold the button, he laid hold of the side of the crib, and continued his incessant clack. At last I turned my back to him, and made no answer, upon which he made a retreat, and when I awoke the next morning, I found that he was too ill to spout politics, although as he progressed, he spouted what was quite as bad.

Par parenthèse, he was a great liar, and as he drew a long bow when he was able to talk, so did he prove a long shot when he was sea-sick. Confound the fellow, I think I see him now—there he stood, a tall gaunt misery, about the height of a workhouse pump, and the basin was on the floor of the cabin, nearly three feet from his two feet; without condescending to stoop, or to sit down, or to lift up the basin, so as to lessen the distance, he poured forth a parabola, "*quod nunc describere*" had just as well be omitted. I shall dismiss this persecuting demon, by stating, that he called himself a baron, the truth of which I doubted much; that he was employed by crowned heads, which I doubted still more. On one point, however, I had little doubt, although he did not enter upon the subject, (and his tongue to a great degree confirmed it,) that he was a Chevalier d'Industrie.

"I am rid of him, thank God," exclaimed I, as I went on deck to breathe a little fresh air, having lighted my cigar in the steward's berth as I ascended. The first objects which attracted my attention, were a young gentleman and lady, the former standing by the latter, who was sitting in a pensive position, with her elbow leaning on the gunnel. She was in deep mourning, and closely veiled.

"And how does the beautiful Maria find herself this morning?" said the young gentleman, leaning over her with his hand on the rail to support himself.

The beautiful Maria! How was it possible not to be attracted by such a distinguishing appellation? The beautiful Maria! I thought of Sterne's Maria, and the little dog with a string, and I trimmed my ear like a windsail in the tropics to catch the soft responding, and most assuredly, in my imagination, melodious vibration of the air which would succeed.

At last there was a reply. "Oh! *tol, lol!*" And that in any thing but a melodious voice. "Oh! tol, lol!" What a bathos! The beautiful Maria, whom in my imagination I had clothed with all the

attributes of sentiment and delicacy, whom I had conjured up as a beau ideal of perfection, replies in a hoarse voice with, "Oh! tol, lol!" Down she went like the English funds in a panic—down she went to the zero of a Doll Tearsheet, and down I went again into the cabin. Surely this is a world of disappointment.

Perhaps I was wrong—she might have been very beautiful, with the voice of a peacock; she might also have the plumage—but no, that is impossible—she must from her sex have been a peahen. At all events, if not very beautiful, she was very sick. I left the beautiful Maria screeching over the gunnel. If the young gentleman were to repeat the same question now, thought I, the beautiful Maria will hardly answer, "*Oh! tol, lol!*"

It was very cold on deck, blowing fresh from the East. I never heard any one give a satisfactory reason why a west wind should be warm, and an east wind cold in latitude 50° N. It is not so in the tropics when the east wind follows the rarefacation occasioned by the sun. Yet does not Byron say,

"'Tis the land of the east, 'tis the clime of the sun."

Certainly our east winds are not at all poetical.

"Very cold, sir," said I, addressing a round faced gentleman in a white great coat, who rested his chin and his two hands upon a thick cane. "You are fortunate in not being sea-sick."

"I beg your pardon, I am not fortunate. I am worse than sea-sick, for I want to be sea-sick and I can't. I do believe that every thing is changed now-a-days, since that confounded Reform Bill."

Politics again, thought I; what the devil has sea-sickness to do with the Reform Bill? Mercy on me, when shall I be at peace? "There certainly has been some change," observed I.

"Change, sir! yes, every thing changed. England of 1835 is no more like merry England of olden time, than I am like Louis the Fourteenth—ruined, sir—every class suffering, sir—badly ruled, sir."

"Things are much cheaper."

"Much cheaper! Yes, sir, but what's the good of things being cheap when nobody has any money to purchase with? They might just as well be dear. It's a melancholy discovery, sir, this steam."

"Melancholy just now to those who are on board, and suffering, I grant."

"Pooh, nonsense! melancholy to those on shore, sir; the engines work while man looks on and starves. Country ruined, sir—people miserable—thrown out of employment, while foreigners reap the benefit; we sell them our manufactures at a cheaper rate; we clothe them well, sir, at the expense of our own suffering population. But is this all, sir? *Oh, no!*"

And here the gentleman dropped his chin again upon his hands, and looked very woeful indeed. After a few seconds he resumed.

"We are dismembered, sir—ruined by faction. Society is disintegrated by political animosities; thousands have retreated from the scene of violence and excitement, to find peace and repose in a foreign land."

I groaned an assent. "Ay, sir, and thousands will follow, with-

drawing from the country its resources, circulating millions which enrich other nations, and avoiding their own share of the national burdens, which fall still heavier upon those who remain. But is that all, sir? *Oh, no!*"

This second "oh, no!" was pronounced in a more lugubrious note: he shook his head, and after a pause he recommenced. "England is no longer priest-ridden, sir; but she is worse, she is *law*-ridden. Litigation and law expenses have, like locusts, devoured up the produce of industry. No man is safe without a lawyer at his elbow, making over to him a part of his annual income to secure the remainder. And then there's Brougham. But, sir, is that all? *Oh, no!*"

Another pause, and he continued. "I never grumble—I hate grumblers; I never talk of politics—I hate politics; but, sir, is it not the case, that madmen and fools have united to ruin the country? is it not true, sir, that unable to rise by their talents, and urged by a wicked ambition, they have summoned main force, and the power of numbers to their assistance, and have raised a spirit which they cannot put down again? Is it not true, sir, that treason walks barefaced through the land, pointing to general destruction—to a violation of all rights, to anarchy, confusion, and the shedding of blood? is not reason borne down by faction, sir? Madmen throw about fire and cry, it is only in sport; but, sir, is that all? *Oh, no!*"

This last "oh, no," was more melancholy than the preceding, but I considered that my companion must have nearly exhausted his budget of miseries, and was curious to ascertain what would come next.

"What, is there more, sir?" inquired I.

"More, sir. Yes, sir, plenty more. I ask you whether even the seasons have not changed in our unhappy country; have we not summer with unusual, unexampled heat, and winters without cold; when shall we ever see the mercury down below sixty degrees again? never sir. What is summer but a season of alarm and dread? Does not the cholera come in as regularly as green peas—terrifying us to death, whether we die of it or not? Of what advantage are the fruits of the earth so bountifully bestowed—have they not all been converted into poisons? Who dares to drink a light summer wine now? Are not all vegetables abjured, peaches thrown to the pigs, and strawberries ventured upon only by little boys who sweep the streets, with the broom in one hand and the pottle in the other? Are not melons rank poison, and cucumbers sudden death? And, in the winter, sir, are we better off? Instead of the wholesome frosts of olden days, purifying the air and the soil, and bracing up our nerves, what have we but the influenza, which lasts us for four months, and the spasmodic cough which fills up the remainder of the year? I am no grumbler, sir, I hate and abhor any thing like complaining, but this I will say, that the world has been turned upside down—that every thing has gone wrong—that peace has come to us unattended by plenty—that every body is miserable; and that vaccination and steam, which have been lauded as blessings, have proved the greatest of all possible curses, and that there is no chance of a return to our former prosperity; unless we can set fire to our coal mines, and re-introduce the small-pox. But, sir, the will of Heaven be done, I shall say no more, I don't

wish to make other people unhappy, but pray don't think, sir, I've told you all. *Oh, no.*"

At this last "oh no!" my companion laid his face down upon his knuckles, and was silent. I once more sought the deck, and preferred to encounter the east wind. "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind, thou art not so unkind," soliloquized I, as I looked over the bows, and perceived that we were close to the pile entrance of the harbour of Ostend. Ten minutes afterwards there was a cessation of paddle, paddle, thump, thump, the stern-fast was thrown on the quay, there was a rush on board of commissaires, with their reiterated cries, accompanied with cards thrust into your hands, "Hotel des Bains, Monsieur." "Hotel Waterloo, Monsieur." "Hotel Belle-vue." "Hotel Bedford, Monsieur." "'Hotel d'Angleterre," *ad infinitum*— and then there was the pouring out of the Noah's Ark, with their countenances wearing a most paradoxical appearance, for they evidently showed that they had had quite enough of water, and, at the same time, that they required a great deal more. I looked at my children, as they were hoisted up from the ladies cabin one after another, and upon examination I decided that the Hotel des *Bains* would be the most appropriate to their condition, so there we went.

(To be continued.)

THE SON TO HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

MOTHER, I cannot blame thy tears,
'Tis said 'tis better to resign
The partner of thy youthful years,
The kind and tender guide of mine.

And while thou mournest with regret—
A friend, all human friends above—
Believe not I can ere forget,
My dear and valued father's love.

Yet, mother, this excessive grief
Seems to arraign our Lord's behest;
Who made his earthly trials brief,
That he might live among the blest.

I would not boast—too well I know
Our best resolves must doubtful be;
Yet all the love a son can show,
Mother, I hope to show to thee.

My father his lov'd boy would teach
  Less as a tutor than a friend;
Perchance his sentiments and speech
  In part, may on his son descend.

And this reflection oft be brought
  Before the fond and widowed wife,
" Thus had my honour'd husband thought,
  Thus felt, thus spoke, if now in life."

While I my father's kindness trace,
  Think not I dwell on him alone;
Nought from my bosom can efface,
  The memory, mother, of thy own.

Thy tenderness in childhood's days,
  Thy many proofs of parent-care,
The gentle smile, the cheering praise,
  The soft caress, the whisper'd prayer.

These, these are stamped on memory's page,
  And let me prove the record's truth,
By giving back to thee in age
  The love thou gav'st to me in youth.

And do not deem thy labours o'er,
  Mother, in manhood's ripening hour,
I need thy counsels more and more,
  To guard me from temptation's power,

Each hidden flowery snare to show,
  Spread in the world's enticing course,
And save me from the future woe,
  Of humbling shame and late remorse.

Then cast this settled grief aside,
  Discourse with me on former days,
Tell how my father lived and died,
  And lead me in his holy ways.

Sorrows should hearts more closely bind,
  May ours through life united be;
Thou may'st in me a solace find,
  And I, a counsellor in thee.

The blessed saint above shall view,
  Our journey to his happier land,
And smile to see us thus pursue
  Our way to meet him hand in hand.

Oh, never let us hopeless prove,
  Nor earthly consolations shun,
While I can claim a mother's love,
  Thou, the fond duty of a son.

WHITE ON THE BELGIC REVOLUTION.

The Belgic Revolution of 1830. By CHARLES WHITE, Esq. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

WHEN a writer erects for himself a tribunal, and cites before it, in order to examine, to judge, and finally, to pass sentence, not on an individual, nor on a section, but on two nations particularly, and several others incidentally, the most daring must pronounce that he has undertaken a bold task; and the world has an undoubted right to ask who this individual is, that sets himself up to be the censor or the approver of actions, many of which can be appreciated only in their results, and of omissions that have often ulterior consequences more overwhelming than deeds, the offspring of long and earnest deliberation. But, as concerns the work before us, never could this most just question be more satisfactorily or proudly answered. For ourselves, when a publication of this description is submitted to us, we always feel inclined to ascertain how far the author, from his own acquirements, as well as his natural talents, added to his means of obtaining a correct knowledge of facts, is entitled to our giving credence to his assertions. In all these requisites Mr. White is eminently fortunate.

An English officer in the Guards, he served with credit during the greater part of the Peninsular war. Being a superior linguist, he was principally attached to the adjutant-general's staff. He afterwards became, in Hanover, aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and was employed in various military and political missions. During the whole of the Belgic revolution he was in actual employment of a demi-official character, and in continual contact with the principal actors in that singular crisis; whilst his description of the siege of Antwerp, during the whole of which he was present, forms one of the best and most striking articles that ever appeared in the "United Service Journal." Bred to war, and inured to diplomacy, occupying a station from which observation was an act but of little effort, he has brought to his undertaking advantages that few others could possibly possess—advantages that are altogether independent of his intuitive sagacity, and his literary powers, both of which the reader will soon perceive were of no mean order. Besides all this, he was an eye-witness to most of the exciting scenes that he describes; he knew personally many of those who thrust themselves or were thrust forward by circumstances during this long-continued commotion, knowing most of their views, and understanding very many of their incentives. Had Mr. White written his narrative with passion we should have stigmatized him as a bigot, with partiality as a maligner; with ignorance or with dulness write it he could not. But we find it temperate, calm, searching—doing at once honour to chivalry and loyalty, yet never haughtily trampling upon public opinion. Consecrating the cause of lawful authority, yet still indulgent to po-

pular enthusiasm, and vindicating popular rights. Taking a far and extended view of great questions, he still can feel for objects that are near and around him; fully understanding the merits of extensive political arrangements, yet never deserting the cause of the minority, when, to effect such arrangements, they are trampled upon by congressional policy, or borne to the earth by the dicta of calculating authority.

Belgium has ever been the theatre of continental war—a dependency or a province. Wherever and whenever, we may almost say, that the European powers have quarrelled, at whatever place the sword has been drawn, the battle was almost sure to be fought out upon her territories. Her soil has been saturated with the blood of many nations, her inhabitants have been the slaves of many masters; yet they have always preserved a national character, and sighed for national independence; they have done more, they have frequently revolted, they have fought for it. Physically speaking, they are a race of men admirably adapted to the purposes of war, and, owing to their peculiar locality, they have unfortunately seen too much of it.

When France lay crouching before the allied armies, her army disorganized, her emperor a fugitive, and the "Desired" assisted by foreign force into the abdicated throne, she was still an object of dread to her conquerors; and even in the very ashes of her humiliation, filled those bosoms with prospective fears that had overthrown her in the pride of her glory. Fortresses were to be erected, and kingdoms united and consolidated, in order to create barriers to arrest her in the future march of her ambition. From these prudent and benevolent views sprang the Belgic revolution. Belgium was given to Holland—the nationality of the greater territory was sought to be merged in that of the less—the giant was made subservient to the dwarf—the chivalry of a pastoral and warlike country ancillary to the calculating spirit of a trading community. This act alone was a source of a feeling of moral degradation in the minds of the Belgians; and this irritating circumstance the Dutch king, so far from endeavouring to remove or alleviate, pursued, perhaps unintentionally, the surest means to exasperate. He superseded the laws by *arêtés*, or Dutch ukases—he discountenanced the religion of the Belgians—he bestowed all offices, with but few exceptions, upon his more phlegmatic subjects—he removed the principal court of justice into the land of the dykes—he even attempted to abolish a polished and almost universal language, in order to make room for one, however dignified and sonorous it might be to his royal ears, that was perfectly abhorred by his southern subjects; in fact, he wished to make the greater and more beautiful portion of his kingdom a province; and he now sees, when it is too late for repentance, that all this tissue of injustice has made her an independent nation.

What we have stated above is neither declamation or mere assertion. They are facts; facts that can be doubted only by the wilfully blind, or misrepresented by the desperately wicked. And yet, the impression goes abroad that the Belgians had no grievances to complain of! Circumstances, over which the Dutch king had no control, gave to the House of Nassau a beautiful principality; and circumstances that

he himself created, and for which he only is answerable, deprived him of it. As Mr. White truly and forcibly observes, the arrangement that gave him Belgium was European; but he looked upon it merely as Orange—a tribute to his personal merits, or donation to honour his dynasty. As the right of resistance can be justified only by the extent of the grievances, we will extract from the work before us those injustices of which the Belgians principally complained.

"Less prudent than this enlightened monarch, the King of Prussia, the Prince-Sovereign directed the abolition of these institutions, among which was the trial by jury, not by the vote of the chambers, but by a simple edict issued on the 6th Nov. 1814; thus, at the very outset, awakening the fears and jealousies of the legal profession, and indeed of the whole nation which, though perhaps unable fully to appreciate all the virtues of that inestimable institution, looked on its abrogation as a restriction of their liberties, and perhaps, for the first time, felt all the value of the blessing they had lost. This was followed by other changes in the judicial system, intended to place it nearly on the footing of that of Holland—a measure, which, however well adapted to the habits and traditions of the latter, was totally dissonant with the ancient customs or modern usages of the Belgians, especially since their submission to France.

"In addition to the defects in the representative system, the mode of voting the ways and means, and to the abolition of the trial by jury, the Belgians complain of the following grievances:

"1st. The imposition of the Dutch language upon all functionaries, whether civil or military.

"2nd. The extreme partiality shown in the distribution of all places and employments.

"3rd. A financial system that pressed heavily and unjustly on Belgium, which was made to contribute to the payment of debts incurred by Holland long prior to the union, and the imposition of sundry oppressive taxes repugnant to the habits and usages of the people.

"4th. The establishment of the supreme court of justice (*haute cour*) and all other great public institutions in the north.

"5th. The indisposition of the government towards the Catholics, and a real or supposed desire to 'Protestantize' the people; the establishment of a philosophic college at Louvain, the monopoly of education, and the suppression of the episcopal and other national colleges and free schools."

After reading these complaints, the justice of which is notorious, who can wonder that a yoke so galling should be rudely shaken by those who were compelled to bear it? and who so simple as to suppose that the majority would bear it when imposed by a minority? The usual process took place. The oppressed grumbled, complained, remonstrated, threatened, rioted, revolted, and finally, revolutionized. Of course, the Dutch king was astonished, and the European courts perplexed. Our author, on this untoward occasion, well expresses the feelings, and developes the policy, of the Duke of Wellington; and what must have been the feelings and the policy of all the Tories who were not actually insane.

"The ideal grandeur of nations may depend on the triumphs of war, but the real foundation of all national splendour is essentially based on the maintenance of peace. The Duke of Wellington may be immortalized as a conqueror, but the most glorious achievements in his escutcheon are, firstly, the concessions made to the Catholics—concessions that the King of the Netherlands would have done well to imitate; and, secondly, that fine stroke of policy that prompted him to recognise the France of July, and thereby to save all Europe from a war, the bloodiest and most subversive that could be undertaken—a war of opinions. This system of non-intervention, or rather the substitution of diplomatic interference for that of the sword, forms a new

feature in British policy, the beneficial results of which have been immense; and when party passion shall have softened down, and the historians can calmly and impartially refer to the records of the day, the Duke of Wellington will not reap less praise from having been the founder, or, at least, the first practical patron of this passive system, than for his mighty actions in the field of battle.

"The recognition of Louis Philippe, and the refusal to interfere by force of arms in the Belgic question—a refusal peremptorily made by Lord Aberdeen in the early stage of revolution—must not be taken so much as an acknowledgment of what is termed '*the sacred right of popular insurrection*,' as an avowal that insular England is not authorized to meddle in the intestine broils of continental Europe; or, although she may have been authorized, as was the case in September, 1820, by an appeal from the then legitimate government, that the policy and interests of the British people forbid her to employ any other weapons than the pens of her diplomatists. 'Select what form of government you think proper,' said the Duke of Wellington to the Belgian deputation, dispatched to England by the provisional government, 'or whatever chief you may consider best calculated to effect the objects you have in view; providing you do not embroil yourself with Europe, we shall not interfere.' Such was the system laid down by the Duke of Wellington and his administration in July and September, 1830, both in regard to France and Belgium; and it is this system that has been followed up by Lord Grey, and has constantly formed the basis of his policy.

"It was the maintenance of European peace, and not the destruction of Netherlands' industry, that formed the main-spring of English policy, and constituted the sole land-mark to which the efforts of the government and its diplomatic agents were invariably directed.

"The issue has fully proved the wisdom and success of their endeavours; for, although they were surrounded by a thousand difficulties, although they were environed by the most contradictory interests and conflicting elements, and although nearly half a million of armed men stood with lighted matches and banners unfurled, panting for the onset, peace has been maintained—revolutionary passions have been calmed—the sword has returned bloodless to the scabbard—and, if changes have taken place, it has been in the representatives of monarchy, not in the monarchical system."

As to the actual conflict that took place at Brussels, and which was the first physical step of the movement, it was any thing but an imitation of the three days of July in the French capital. The simple facts are these: a riot takes place in a disaffected city; the military are passive, for some occult and Machiavelian reason; the citizens arm themselves in self-defence against plunder, and then suddenly find themselves stronger than the military, so they quietly proceed to put down the rioters and the royal authority together. To make a similar case; let us suppose that in London, during the heat of the struggle for reform, the Spitalfields weavers had commenced a tumult, and begun to make free with property. Let us also suppose that in order to convince the people that reform was the parent of anarchy, the guards were ordered to deal gently with the rabble, and then, that one hundred thousand of the London respectables, all of whom had arms and some previous training, either as volunteers or militia, were to assemble, and thus find themselves at once enabled to overawe the two or three regiments that might happen to be in the metropolis. Behold, if the opportunity be seized, a revolution effected at once. But, we thank God, this can never happen in England. There is no intermediate armed force to step between the military and a mob. None of those hotbeds of sedition, a burgher or a national guard. Thus, with us, the executive must do their duty; and it *is* always done. We may be so unfortunate as to see disaffec-

tion rise into a riot, but we shall never see, in our capital, riot rise into revolution.

This was the first outbreak. But matters were not allowed to remain in this state. The capital was to be reconquered to the Dutch king. As yet, the sanguinary struggle had not commenced. We have no space to enlarge upon the futile debates, and the prolonged negociations that ensued, ere Prince Frederick, at the head of his father's army, advanced upon and into the city, compromised, by his wretched manœuvres, his fine troops, and cast a blot upon the military escutcheon of his family, that time only can, and, hardly will, obliterate.

In this unnatural conflict, more than two thousand citizens fell. And now let us address the populace of all cities, who feel inclined to play the heroical, that is to say, to be lavish of their lives and limbs for the sake of enjoying the intoxication of a foolish frenzy. When Brussels was barricaded, and the troops advanced upon it, all the respectable inhabitants either secreted themselves or fled. There were none to head them in their resistance, or to share in their dangers. When they had secured the victory, it was then that the incendiaries returned to profit by their courage and their devotion. Their blood was wasted like valueless water, and had they been overpowered, those would have suffered by the outraged laws whom the sword and the shot had spared; but having conquered, what is their reward? Are there twenty—are there ten—is there even one man, who boldly confronted death in the days of the barricades, that is the better for it? Were but the people, the mere people but sensible, there would be no more revolutions brought about by physical force.

After the expulsion of the Dutch from Brussels, it is well known that they were shortly after driven out of all other parts of Belgium, with the exception of the citadel of Antwerp, and two or three inconsiderable strongholds. And then began the reign of protocols. In this part of the work, the author appears to infinite advantage. It is of itself a manual of diplomacy. He unfolds every little intricate knot that self-interest was so prolific in tying. England wished to give the Belgic throne to the Prince of Orange—France longed for it for one of her sons, intrigued to have it offered, and then dared not take it. When Leopold at length accepted the dignity, it was half a victory for France. It was her armies that twice vindicated Belgian integrity against the Dutch, and upon France, Belgium will always lean, in every emergency, up to her she will look.

Perhaps in no other transaction, that is worthy to be recorded by the pen of history, was greater moral justice done, than in the whole progress of this affair. Partiality on the part of the sovereign of Holland produced discontent, his obstinacy resistance, and his narrow views, ultimate overthrow. And yet, on all hands, is his private character allowed to be irreproachable. The mistakes of kings are very dangerous. If virtue were not in itself the fruition of wisdom, we should be almost tempted to say that, in rulers, wisdom is much better than virtue. There can be no doubt that a much worse individual than King William could and would have acted much better, have preserved his territories to his dynasty, avoided the sad effusion of blood

that took place, and the imminent danger in which he had placed the peace of all Europe.

Mr. White takes the reader to the siege of Antwerp. It is vividly described. We believe that there are now few who do not execrate the obstinacy that willed such an useless effusion of blood, and the folly that gave France a triumph so easily achieved. Had William wished to show the world that he was wrongfully dispossessed of this fortress by force, the declaration to Europe would have been quite as decisive, and much more Christian, if Chassé had been ordered to surrender upon the first shot directed against the fortifications. After all, what was this siege, in reality, but merely a barbarous interlude —a bloody play at soldiers—a getting up of a monstrous spectacle. On this act Mr. White thus expresses himself.

"The scene that passed on the banks of the Scheldt, in December, 1832, might be likened to one of those bloody pageantries that were once of trite occurrence upon the borders of the Tiber; where the mock game of war was played upon a scale of fearful theatrical grandeur, and where the bleeding bodies of the captive Gaul or Dacian were relentlessly immolated to slake the pampered thirst for the amusement of semi-barbarous Rome.* In this instance, the citadel was the arena, the Dutch and French were the gladiators, and civilized Europe the spectators. The issue was perhaps more bloody, but the sacrifice was not less wanton."

We must hasten to conclude. We entreat love and respect for this beautiful Belgium, perhaps the fairest, and surely the youngest, of the great European family. The oppression that she has suffered for ages demands our sympathy; we may bestow it upon her with honour, for she has proved herself brave—we may do it with safety, for she is monarchical. She has now for her king, a courageous, a prudent, and a virtuous individual, once the idol of our own nation, and who, we trust, will be a blessing to the one over which circumstances, under the direction of Providence, have called him to preside.

In describing this eventful revolution, Mr. White has acquitted himself most ably. If his work be not, of itself, and it deserves to be, history, it consists of the very best materials for forming it. It is written with energy, tempered by prudence—with a deep insight into causes, and a most accurate judgment of effects, themselves destined to become future causes. He is at once subtle and eloquent, elaborate without being tedious, and didactic without being dull. His work will always be read with as much pleasure as instruction; and, almost the only regret that the reader will experience when he has gone through his work, will be, that he has not written more.

But has he no faults? Certainly he has. Faults that we would not name, had not absolute silence as to their extent called in question the sincerity of our praise. In the first place, the careless, and sometimes faulty arrangement of his materials, has betrayed him into repetitions. His military education, and habits of thinking, have led him, at times, to give too much value to well-directed physical force,

* "The simile is the more justifiable from the fact that the roof of the theatre at Antwerp was the resort of spectators, who were thence enabled to witness the operations. Strangers were invited to this novel spectacle by the following advertisement:—'*Notice! The public is informed that places may be procured at the Théâtre des Variétés for seeing the siege.*'"

at the expense of the more irresistible moral impetus. Again, his familiarity with many languages has made him too careless of the pure idiom of his own. He uses several words that are not yet English, and which, from their barbarity, we never wish to become so, though, to balance this, he has coined some that ought to be immediately naturalized. Some genuine English words he has also used in a contorted sense; and, to crown all, the errors of the press, though they affect not the author, are so numerous, that they really disparage the book. In a second edition, to which we predict this work will speedily attain, much of the above will be rectified—indeed, it requires no great effort to make the book almost complete—but such as it is, with all its imperfections on its head, we heartily and conscientiously recommend it to all our readers; for it tends greatly to rectify error, remove prejudice, and to do that best of all good things, promote "good will among men."

CANZONET FOR THE GUITAR.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! swiftly fly, my bark,
While winds are free,
O'er the silver sea;
Oh! swiftly fly!

There's *one* that looks for me,
From her lonely bower,
At the vesper hour;
Oh! swiftly fly!

The lightnings flash around;
The thunder rolls,
From the land of souls;
Oh! swiftly fly!

She sinks—she sinks—my bark,
And the angry sea
Will my bride-bed be;
No help is nigh.

Oh! for *a look of love,*
To light the gloom
Of my watery tomb!
I die!—I die!

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

I GIVE the incident that I am about to relate, to show in what way, five-and-twenty years ago, a man of war was made the alternative of a jail; and to prove, generally speaking, of what little use this kind of recruiting was to the service; and also, as it made a great impression on me at the time, though a little episodical, I shall not hesitate to place it before my readers.

After remaining at anchor in the Downs during the night, we sailed next morning down the channel without stopping at Spithead, our ultimate destination being still a profound secret. As we proceeded, when we were off a part of the coast, the name of which I do not remember, about noonday it fell calm, and the tide being against us, we neared the shore a little, and came to an anchor. We had not remained long in our berth before we descried a shore boat pulling off to us, which shortly came alongside, with a very singular cargo of animals, belonging to the genus *homo*. In the stern sheets sate a magistrate's clerk, swelling with importance. On the after thwart, and facing the Jack in office, were placed two constables, built upon the regular Devonshire, chaw-bacon model, holding upright between their legs each an immense staff, headed by the gilded initials of our sovereign lord the King. Seated between these imposing pillars of the state, sate in tribulation dire, a tall, awkward young man, in an elaborately-worked white smockfrock, stained with blood in front and upon the shoulders. He was the personification of rural distress. He blubbered *à pleine voix*, and lifted up and lowered his hand-cuffed wrists with a seesaw motion really quite pathetical. Though the wind had fallen, yet the tide was running strongly, and there was a good deal of sea, quite enough to make the motion in the boat very unpleasant. As they held on alongside by the rope, the parties in the stern sheets began bobbing at each other, the staves lost and resumed, and then lost again, their perpendicular—so much indeed, as to threaten the head of the clerk, whose countenance "began to pale its ineffectual fire." The captain and many of the officers looking over the gangway, the following dialogue ensued, commenced by the officer of the watch. "Shore-boat, ho-hoy!"

"In the name of the king," replied the clerk, between many minacious hiccoughs, and producing a piece of paper, "I have brought you a *volunteer*, to serve in his majesty's fleet;" pointing to the blubberer in the smockfrock.

"Well," said the captain, "knock off his irons, and hand him up."

"Dare not sir—as much as my life is worth. The most ferocious poacher in the county. Has nearly beaten in the scull of the squire's head gamekeeper."

[1] Continued from p. 69.

"Just the sort of man that we want," said the captain. "But you see he can't get up the side with his hands fast; and I presume that you cannot be in much danger from the volunteer, whilst you have two such staves, held by two such constables."

"Yes," said the now seriously affected clerk; "I do not think that I incur much danger from the malefactor, since I am under the protection of the guns of this frigate." So, somewhat re-assured by this reflection, the brigand of the preserves was unmanacled, and the whole party, clerk, constables, and prisoner, came up the side, and made their appearance on the break of the quarter-deck.

But this was not effected without much difficulty, and some loss, a loss that one of the parties must have bewailed to his dying day, if it did not actually hasten that awful period. One of the constables in ascending the side, let fall his staff, his much-loved staff, dear to him by many a fond recollection of riot repressed, and evil doer apprehended, and away it went, floating with the tide, far, far astern. His unmitigated horror at this event was comic in the extreme, and the keeper of the king's peace could not have evinced more unsophisticated sorrow than did the late keeper of his conscience at the loss of the seals, the more especially as the magistrate's clerk refused to permit the boat to go in pursuit of it, not wishing the only connecting link between him and the shore to be so far removed from his control.

The group on the quarter-deck was singular and ludicrous. Reuben Gubbins, for such was the name of the offender, was the only son of a small farmer, who, it appeared, had even gone the length of felony, by firing upon and wounding the gamekeeper of the lord of the manor. He was quite six feet high, very awkwardly built, and wore under his frock a long-tailed blue coat, dingy buckskin nether garments, and top boots, with the tops tanned brown by service. His countenance betrayed a mixture of simplicity, ignorance, and strong animal instinct. He was the least suited being that could be possibly conceived of whom to make a sailor. His limbs had been long stiffened by rustic employments, and he had a dread of the sea, and of a man-of-war, horrifying to his imagination. In this dread it was very evident that his companions largely participated, not excepting the pragmatical clerk. The constable with the staff, and the constable without, ranged themselves on either side of the still sobbing Arcadian. Indeed, the staffless man seemed to be but little less overcome than the prisoner. He felt as if all strength, value, and virtue, had gone out of him; and ever and anon he glared upon the baton of his brother officer with looks felonious and intent of rapine.

The business was soon concluded. Reuben, rather than see himself tried for his life, determined to make trial of the sea, and thus became, perhaps, the most unwilling volunteer upon record.

Poor fellow! his sufferings must have been great! The wild animal of the forest, when pining for the first time in a cage, or the weary land-bird, blown off far away upon the restless sea, could not have been more out of their elements than tall and ungainly Reuben Gubbins on the deck of his Majesty's ship Eos. I do not know how it was, for I am sure that I ought to have despised him for his unmanly and incessant weeping, I knew that he had offended the

laws of his country, yet when the great lout went forward disconsolately, and sat himself down, amidst the derision of the seamen, upon a gun-carriage on the forecastle, I could not help going and dispersing the scoffers, and felt annoyingly inclined to take his toil-embrowned hand, sit down beside, and cry with him. However, I did not so far commit myself. But a few hours afterwards I was totally overcome.

Strict orders were given not to allow Gubbins to communicate with any one from the shore. A little before dusk there was a boat ordered by the sentinels to keep off, that contained, besides the sculler, a respectable looking old man, and a tall, stout, and rather handsome, young woman. Directly they caught the eye of Reuben, he exclaimed, "Woundikins! if there bean't feyther and our sister Moll." And running aft, and putting his hat between his knees, he thus addressed the officer of the watch, "Please Mr. Officer, zur, there's feyther and our Moll."

"Well!"

"Zur, mayn't I go and have my cry out with 'em, for certain I ha' behaved mortal bad."

"Against orders."

"But, sure-ly, you'll let him come up to comfort loike his undutiful son."

"No, no, impossible."

"Whoy, lookee there, zur—that's feyther with the white hair, and there's sister crying like mad. Ye can no' ha' the hard heart."

"Silence! and go forward."

I looked over the side, and there I saw the old man standing up reverently, with his hat in one hand, and a bag, apparently full of money, in the other. Undoubtedly the simple yeoman had supposed that money could either corrupt the captain, or buy off the servitude of his guilty son. It was a fine old countenance, down the sides of which that silver hair hung so patriarchally and gracefully; and there that poor old man stood bowing in his wretchedness and his bereavement, with his money extended, to every officer that he could catch a glimpse of, as his hat or head appeared above the hammock nettings or the bulwarks. The grief of his sister was common-place and violent; but there was a depth and a dignity in that of the old man that went to my very heart. I could not help going up to the lieutenant and entreating him to grant the interview.

"It won't do, Mr. Percy. Don't you know that the fellow was put on board with C. P. before his name? I anticipate what you are going to say, but humanity is a more abstract thing than you are aware of, and orders must be obeyed."

"But, zur," said Gubbins, who had again approached, "I can see that feyther has forgi'en me, and he's the mon I ha' most wronged arter all. Besides sistur wull break her heart if she doan't say 'Good bye, Ruben'—if feyther has made it up, sure other folk mought be koind. Oh, ay—but I've been a sad fellow!" And then he began to blubber with fresh violence.

The officer was a little moved—he went to the gangway, hailed the boat, and when she came near enough, he told the old farmer

kindly, that his orders to prevent personal communication were strict; that any parcel or letter should be handed up, but that he would do well not to let his reprobate son have any money. During this short conference, Reuben had placed himself within sight of his relatives, and the sacred words of "My father," "My son," were, in spite of all orders, exchanged between them. By this time the tide had turned, the wind had risen, and precisely from the right quarter, so the hands were turned up, "up anchor." The orders for the boat to keep off were now reiterated in a manner more imperative; but it still hung about the ship, and after we were making way, as long as the feeble attempts of the boatman could keep his little craft near us, the poor old man and his daughter, with a constancy of love that deserved a better object, hung upon our wake, he standing up with his white hair blown about by the wind, to catch a last glimpse of a son whom he was destined to see no more, and who would, without doubt, as the scripture beautifully and tenderly expresses it, "bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Long, long after the stolid and sullen son had ceased, apparently, to interest himself about the two that were struggling after us, in their really frail boat, I watched, from the taffrail, the vain and loving pursuit; indeed, until the darkness and the rapidly increasing distance shrouded it from my view, I did not leave my post of observation, and the last that I could discern of the mourners still showed me the old man standing up, in the fixed attitude of grief, and the daughter with her face bent down upon her knees. To the last, the boat's head was still towards the ship—a touching emblem of unswerving fatherly love.

I could not away with the old man's look, it was so wretched, so helpless, yet so fond—and was typed to my fancy so strongly by his little boat pursuing with a hopeless constancy over waves too rough for it, the huge and disregarding ship, so, with my breast full, even to suffocation with mingled emotions, I went down to my berth, and laying my head upon the table, and covering my face with my hands, I pretended to sleep. The cruel torture of that half hour! I almost thought the poacher, with all his misery, still blessed in having a father's love—'twas then that I felt intensely the agony of the desertion of my own parent—the love that had been denied to me to give to my own father, I lavished upon the white headed old man. In imagination, I returned with him to his desolate home; I supported his tottering steps over the threshold, no longer musical with the step of an only son. I could fancy myself placing him tenderly and with reverence in his accustomed chair, and speaking the words of comfort to him in a low voice, and looking round for his family bible—and the sister, doubtless she had many sources of consolation; youth was with her—life all before her—she had companions, friends, perhaps a lover; but,—for the poor old man! At that moment, I would have given up all my anticipations of the splendid career that I fancied I was to run, in order to have gone and have been unto the bereaved sire as a son, and to have found in him a father.

But nobody could make a sailor of Reuben Gubbins, and Reuben had no idea of making a sailor of himself. It was in vain that the boat-

swain's-mate docked the long tails of his blue coat, (such things were done in the navy at that time,) razèed his top-boots into seaman's shoes, and that he had his smock frock reduced into a seaman's shirt. The soil hung upon him, he slouched over the deck, as if he were walking over the furrows of ploughed land, and looked up into the rigging as if he saw a cock-pheasant at roost upon the rattlins. Moreover, he could talk of nothing else excepting "feyther," and "our Moll," and he really ate his bread (*sub intellige* biscuit) moistened with his tears, (if tears can moisten such flinty preparations,) for he was always whimpering. For the sake of the fit of romance that I had felt for the father, I took some kind notice of this yokel afloat. I believe, as much as it lay in his nature, he was grateful for it, for to every one else on board he was the constant butt.

Mr. Farmer, our first lieutenant, was a smart, and a somewhat exacting officer. He used to rig the smoke-sail some twelve feet high across the mizen mast, and make the young gentleman just caught, and the boys of the ship, lay out upon it, in order that they might practise furling after a safe method. At first nothing could persuade Reuben to go a single step up the rigging—not even the rope's end of the boatswain's mate. Now this delicacy was quite at variance with Mr. Farmer's ideas; so, in order to overcome it by the gentlest means in the world, Reuben had the option given him of being flogged, or of laying out on the smoke-sail yard, just to begin with, and to get into the way of it. It was a laughable thing to see this huge clown hanging with us boys upon the thin yard, and hugging it as closely as if he loved it. He had a perfect horror of getting to the end of it. At a distance, when our smoke-sail yard was *manned*, we looked like a parcel of larks spitted, with one great goose in the midst of us. "Doey get beyond me, zur; doey, Mr. Percy," he would say. "Ah! zur, I'd climb with any bragger in this ship for a rook's nest, where I ha' got a safe bough to stand upon; but to dance upon this here seesawing line, and to call it a horse too, ben't christian loike."

But his troubles were soon to cease. He was made a waister, and at furling sails, stationed on the main yard. I will anticipate a little that we may have done with him. The winter had set in severely, with strong gales, and much frost and snow. We were not yet clear of the chops of the channel, and the weather became so bad, that it was found necessary to lie to under try sails, and close-reefed main-top-sail. About two bells in the first dog watch the first lieutenant decided upon furling the main sail. Up in the main yard Reuben was forced to go; he went to leeward, and the seamen, full of mischief, kept urging him farther and farther away from the bunt. I was with one of the oldsters in the maintop; the maintop-sail had just been close reefed. I had a full view of the lads on the main yard, and the terror displayed in Reuben's countenance was at once ludicrous and horrible. It was bitterly cold, the rigging was stiffened by frost, and the cutting north-east wind came down upon the men on the lee yardarm out of the belly of the topsail with tremendous force, added to which, the ship, notwithstanding the pressure of the last-mentioned sail, surged violently, for there was a heavy though a short

sea. The farmer's son seemed to be gradually petrifying with fear: he held on upon a fold of the sail instinctively, without at all assisting to bundle it up. He had rallied all his energies into his cramped and clutching fingers. As I looked down upon him I saw that he was doomed. I would have cried out for assistance, but I knew that my cry would have been useless, even if I had been able, through the roar of the winds and the waters, to have made it heard.

But this trying situation could not last long. The part of the sail on which Reuben had hung, with what might be truly termed his death-clutch, was wanted to be rolled in with the furl, and, by the tenacity of his grasp, he impeded the operation.

"Rouse up my lads, bodily, to windward," roared the master's-mate, stationed at the bunt of the sail.

"Let go, you lubber," said the sailor next to windward of Reuben, on the yard.

Reuben was now so lost, that he did not reply to the man even by a look. "Now, my lads, now. One, two, three, and a——." Obedient to the call of the officer, with a simultaneous jerk at the sail, the holdfast of the stupified peasant was plucked from his cracking fingers; he fell back with a loud shriek from the yard, struck midway on the main rigging, and thence bounding far to leeward in the sea, disappeared, and for ever, amid the white froth of the curling wave that lapped him up greedily. He never rose again. Perhaps in her leeway, the frigate drifted over him—and thus the violated laws of his country were avenged. I must confess, that I felt a good deal shocked at the little sensation this (to me) tragical event occasioned. But we get used to these things, in this best of all possible worlds; and if the poacher died unwept, unprayed, unknelled for, all that can be said of the matter is—that many a better man has met with a worse fate.

(To be continued.)

THE DEVIL'S DILEMMA.

BY DR. PUNEVER, A.S.S.

The Devil look'd thoughtfully, sad, and pale,
Whilst on the feathery end of his tail,
(For tipped with a sting no longer it hung,
O'——— had borrow'd *that* end for a tongue;)
His valet de chamb' was exerting his skill
To make it friz out like a martinet's frill.
All thoughtfully sad and pale look'd he,
For his halls were fill'd with great company—
All lords and ladies of high degree.

And he rapp'd his phosphorus-box in a huff,
And he took a large pinch by the way of snuff,
And he sniff'd it up with a sniffle long,
For the Devil's tastes are remarkably strong;
Though it glow'd in his nostrils he got not the ease
Of clearing his head by a comforting sneeze.
So he flung the box with an exquisite damn,
At the head of his shivering valet de cham'.
For the Devil was vex'd, as well he might be,
With so many guests of the highest degree.

Having wash'd his hands and magnificent face
With living lava to give it a grace,
And rinced his mouth with some molten gold,
Which his majesty found to be shockingly cold;
For furnace nor crucible ever could show
Heats like those that eternally glow
His frame all about and his bosom within—
'Tis the fire of foil'd ambition and sin.

The Devil was vex'd, and the Devil was wroth,
So he ordered up with his morning broth—
(A hotly-spiced broth to recover his stamina,
For his stomach was sick with last Sunday's Examiner)—
He ordered his secretary up to know
What he should do with his guests below;
For the lords and the ladies were all so fine,
That nothing was heard but a murmuring whine,
A whine for some servants to wait on them well.
Oh! it really puzzled the devils in hell
To please their tastes at a roast or a fry;
For roast them, or fry them, or broil them, the cry
Was ever "*who waits?*" for no lady could be,
Though well tossed up in a fricassee
In a silver pan, o'er a golden grate,
Content, for want of accustom'd state.

The secretary and Devil sate
Over their broth in a long debate,
The former, an iron pen had got,
That was, at the writing end, red-hot;
To see it, you might plausibly think
'Twas merely a Perryan dipp'd in red ink.
And, with that pen he scribbled away,
As long as his master had aught to say—
Woe, woe, to the names that he *book'd* that day.

" To catch a large batch of the lower classes,
To wait on my guests, my skill surpasses.
For working painfully all the week,
They've got no time temptation to seek,
Down they lie them after their toil,
Too tir'd to sin—I'm depriv'd of my spoil.
On Sundays, for victims, I'm more distrest;
There's the morning's worship, and noon's sweet rest,
And the *one* meat meal at the baker's cook'd,
I'm d——d, Mr. Secretary, if one can be book'd.
Then cheerful they with their little ones go,
Who sport around them, and run to and fro
Along the green lane, or up the smooth hill,
Too grateful and cheerful to think of aught ill;
Or if, in the week, they've been lucky in wages,
They clap the whole squad in one of the stages,
Or trundle the family into a boat—
'Tis a cargo not chartered for *me* that's afloat;
They grieve not, they mourn not, they sin not, you see—
Even printers' devils—are no devils for me."

Angrily thus the Devil spoke:
And his face look'd blue through a veil of smoke.
When a sudden flash from his countenance broke,
And he struck his brow, as perhaps you've seen
A brow was struck by a Mr. Kean.
" I've got it—yes, yes, I've won—I've won—
I'm off to earth, for the thing is done!
No longer now shall hell's glowing borders
Be imperfect for want of the lower orders.
Sir Andrew Agnew's glorious bill!"
Shouted out the great concoctor of ill,
" Or if that fail—sure, sure, a dolt or
Fool I must be, not t' avail me of Poulter."

ADOLPHUS DE MULLINS.

EARLY in the winter of 1829 I left one of the midland counties, at the instigation of an old Irish acquaintance, then resident in Dublin, whose eulogy of "the emerald gem of the western world" so wrought on my susceptibilities for the ridiculous, of which his letter was plethoric, that I was induced to overcome my constitutional repugnance to travelling. With the usual admonitions respecting attention to wet feet and avoidance of unaired beds from my mother, and a request on my father's part that I would duly transmit him the result of my observations on the progress of certain political commissions, I deposited myself inside the Umpire, and alighted at the Saracen's Head, Liverpool, with that clock-work punctuality which characterises this mechanical age. I am one of those ever anxious to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing;" but am unfortunately not gifted with that faculty said to be much used by imaginative poets, and which enables many prosers to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." With Elia and Hazlitt has departed the romance of common-place. Stages may run, and balloons disport their gaudy plumage with what brilliancy they will, but who is now to "extract emotions beautiful and new" from things whose triteness is proverbial? Who is now the lapidary to impart to the dull pebble the lustre of the gem? or whose the hand to strike from the cold flint a scintillation of that warmth which tinged icy matter-of-fact with the roseate hue of summer? Not mine assuredly; though on a pinch I marvel not that the reminiscences of my journey might be concocted into something approximating to the Burlington Street criterion of pseudo-excellence. However, my modesty would not allow me to emancipate myself from the influence of the tuneful sisterhood, so far as to forego Byron's Don Juanish specific against that most unsentimental of all maladies, sea-sickness. Unfortunately my ardour in the demolition of beef-steaks, succeeded by sundry anti-parsimonious libations of alcoholic liquid, 'ycleped cognac, so pleasingly beguiled the time, that the mail boat sailed from the pier just as I weighed anchor from the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head.

Invoking the malediction of all the denizens of the Hades upon his lordship's poetic nostrum, I was about to betake myself to mine inn, when I was apprised that one of the Dublin Company's vessels was just upon the point of starting. Hastily ascertaining that there was accommodation for a cabin passenger, I clutched hold of a rope by means of which I swung myself up on the paddle-box, but thence descended with more precipitancy than grace among a heap of salt bags that ran fore and aft along the sides. A gruff titter from the assembled spectators on shore somewhat abruptly communicated to me the unflattering truth that I was not the only one cognizant of my awkwardness. With as much apparent indifference as the novelty of

my position would allow me to muster, I attempted to whistle "Robin Adair," and so effectually, that the risibility of the by-standers rapidly moderated. A fresh incident, however, speedily awakened their mirth with tenfold animation. There being but brief space for the indulgence of pedestrian propensities, I insinuated my hands into the profundities of my breeches pockets, and gazed musingly at the forest of masts that towered above the walls of the Princes' Dock. I was standing about a foot and a half from the chimney of the packet, which having just slipped her moorings, thought proper, without the slightest intimation of any such atrocious design, to give a most confounded roll on one side, as if she were drunk. As I had never learned to make the line of direction fall within the base, the centre of gravity could not be conveniently preserved while I remained upright. My equilibrium and my dignity were alike in jeopardy. Doubtless it would have been indicative of wisdom had I bowed to my fate, as Cæsar folded his toga and sank at the foot of Pompey's statue. But the destinies willed it otherwise. When the ship rolled, instead of rolling with it, and courting a renewal of my acquaintance with the salt bags, I attempted to steady myself by clinging to the aforesaid chimney. Now, as the steam had been generating and evolving some two or three hours previous to my embarkation, this conduit of that mysterious power had become divers degrees above that temperature usually designated genial. No sooner, therefore, had I grasped it, than like Satan from the onslaught of Michael, I "fled bellowing," and more adroitly than I contemplated, saluted the bare deck with a vigour that materially deranged the equilaterality of my nasal organ.

As I staggered up on bended knee, a shout of derision from the landsmen greeted my ears, still singing from the force of the concussion. I was completely crest fallen. My olfactory damaged, and hands crisped like an overtoasted mushroom, nothing remained but to submit to the imperious necessity of the moment, which, after a few benisons less charitable than fervent, bestowed upon myself, the ship, the water, and all things in and out thereof, I did with tolerable dignity—albeit it was of the negative kind. What with the brandy I had imbibed, and the effect of the fall, a sort of stupor "that was not repose" shortly "steeped my senses in forgetfulness." How long I enjoyed this "luxury of woe" I am unable to determine; but the first intelligible sounds I could distinguish were uttered in a voice like a kettle drum, roaring out, "Port! port! here's the Liffey."

"Port! hard port, sir!" exclaimed another voice.

"My God!" thought I, "the Liffey—then we are in Dublin already, and I have been here stupified the whole passage. But what is the meaning of 'port! hard port!' I suppose there is considerable difficulty in getting into harbour."

Again I mused, but without raising my head from my arm, which had formed itself into a kind of hoop, encircling my face to the entire exclusion of every object. In a few minutes two persons, as well as I could judge from my position, who had been walking to and fro a short distance from me, halted immediately opposite to where I lay. After indulging in several most uproarious cachinnatory vociferations, these *Arcades ambo* (most correctly rendered "blackguards both")

proceeded to discuss the subject of their merriment in somewhat subdued tones; but waxing loud as they proceeded, I overheard the fragment of a *tête-à-tête*, of which I speedily ascertained I was the object.

"Well," exclaimed a voice in the most barbarous tones of Lancashire patois, "I'm a land-shark if the cove mustn't have nipped his lush pretty 'ticlar to run a-ground in sich a rig."

"Och, an troth," responded a Milesian, on whose brogue I could have hung my hat, "the darlint is just afther takin the laste drop too much to do him no harm. Divil pisin me if I'd make such a pig o' myself to plase ere a man in the county."

"County!" resumed the other, "what county? why you hignoramus, 'baint you at sea? You 'ent got no more excression than that ere warmint we're a speaking on."

"Whew! arrah none o' your gosther, with your excressin," retorted the bog-trotter with emphasis, "divil a much you can spare of it at any rate, whatever it is, I'll be bail."

"I say, feller," growled the Briton in most self-gratulatory accents, "if you comes that again I'll smash your grampus mug for you, precious soon. If you thinks for to go to play any of your Hirish—— D—n you for a numbug."

In the hiatus of this gentle admonition the Patlander, who had approached much nearer to me than my sympathy for one of the persecuted eight millions could have warranted, received a forcible reproof from his colloquial friend, and fell souse on my ribs as the elegant ejaculation, "D—n you for a numbug," accompanied his descent.

Insequitur clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentum! Heavens, what a din! I sprang to my feet, and forthwith impressed the site of my soporific indulgences with the antithesis of the os frontis. There sate I, like a Chinese mandarin in a fig vender's, viewing the fray. Pat had uttered his war whoop, and a legion of his countrymen came rushing to the rescue. The Englishman, who appeared to be one of the ship's hands, received the first of his opponent's auxiliaries with so affectionate a caress, tended in the shape of a kick in the umbilical regions, that the recipient wriggled about the deck like a Vauxhall rocket cutting diagonals, accompanying his rotatory antics by exclaiming, "Och, sweet bad luck to you, Phil Neal, every day you get up! Wasn't it myself that was a born goose for goin to middle in your consarns, you son o' the dioul."

Phil was locked in the iron grasp of the seaman, and essayed in vain to cheer his friends to the encounter. Three of the most chivalrous of the belligerents received successive endearments not less warmly bestowed than that which greeted the worthy who opened the preliminaries in behalf of his afflicted brother. These manifestations of the Saxon's benevolence rather abated the intensity of the finest pisantry's anxiety touching the recovery of the "hereditary bondsman." Fired with an enthusiasm befitting the spirit-stirring moment, a juvenile hero, about eighteen, suddenly bounded from the ranks of his more pacific or discreet compeers, and fastened himself with the tenacity of one of those picturesque indications of the pro-

gress of civilisation—a patent handcuff—on the shoulders of the son of Neptune. Sinbad, with the Old Man of the Sea, or Laocoon, with the serpents round his limbs, was not more completely bedeviled than the sailor. In vain he swung himself round and round—all his gyrations were unavailing. So vivid, however, were the reminiscences of his cordialities in the minds of his Hibernian acquaintances, that they religiously eschewed a renewal of quondam experimentalizing with his feet, contenting themselves with vociferating their tumultuous approbation of the tactics pursued by the foe in the rear.

This aspiring genius, with a prodigality peculiar to the precocious in the fine arts, lavished his blows on the face of the tar with an earnestness that his illustrious progenitor, Dan Donnelly, (famed in the pugilistic archives of the "first flower of the earth,") might have envied. At length, animated to a degree not strictly compatible with the entire retention and deliberate use of his mental powers, the young gentleman, more heroically than wise, dealt a tremendous box *in* the sailor's mouth!

The evil genius of the unbearded warrior flapped her leaden wings aloud, as the nautical, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, closed his masticatories upon the devoted digits. I fancied I could hear sinews, tendons, and cartilages of all sorts, recede before the rat trap ivories of the blue-jacketed gentleman, who was speedily relieved from the dorsal incumbrance of the "numbug." Bestowing a glance of Satanic philanthropy upon his congregated admirers from the sister island, and a parting tap on the sinister auricular ornament of Phil (who remained the while like a magpie in the claws of a vulture, emitting the most dolorous dissonance,) he swaggeringly strode down the gangway.

The enacting of the scene, I have attempted to describe, might have occupied the space of about five minutes, when the captain and two or three of the crew were attracted to the spot, by the diabolical outcries of Phil and his compatriots. When the master then requested an elucidation of the cause of the uproar, all the unshirted gentry, individually and collectively, spontaneously volunteered a narrative. After several ineffectual efforts to impress upon the mellifluous assembly, his utter inability to comprehend more than one version of the affair at a time, his equanimity was at length fairly overcome, and wishing no good to the visual organs of the orators, he was about to return, when his eyes chanced to rest upon my aching physiognomy, as I sat upright on the deck. Had a hand-grenade fallen at his feet, his aspect could not have evinced more unequivocal symptoms of astonishment. Hesitatingly approaching me as if dubious of my claims to vitality, he slowly raised me against a hogshead in my immediate vicinity, and gazed long and earnestly into my dilapidated visage. Inquiring eagerly if the villains had assaulted me, and being informed that I was solely to blame for my present condition, his amazement, if possible, increased, until by degrees I contrived to apprize him of so much of the facts as had reference to myself. Calling some one, named Finchey, an elderly personage, in the habiliments of a half-butler, half-mariner, made his appearance,

with whose assistance, together with that of the benevolent Palinurus himself, I succeeded in reaching the cabin stair, down which I slowly descended, the whole globe appearing to be revolving like a teetotum, or a spinning-jenny.

"Very well, you didn't destroy yourself; very well, indeed, sir," said the captain, tendering me a glass of hot gin and water, but which appeared to me to be a boiling distillation of aquafortis and turpentine.

"Very!" groaned I, declining his well-intended, but loathsome hospitality.

"What's that, what's that?" uttered a shrill voice immediately behind me—"destroy himself—a case of self-murder, then?"

I turned to look at the speaker, and beheld reclining upon another sofa, a personage clothed, as to the garments, somewhat after the fashion of a male of my own species, but on his head grew a wilderness of raven bushes pushed bolt upright; from each cheek a semicircle of the same projected with bristling vigour. Round his eyes were hoops of horn, enclosing pieces of green glass, while multitudinous cables, ropes, ribbons, and chains, hung dangling from his neck. The right hand, the fingers of which were encompassed with circles of a flaming yellow substance, clutched a diminutive tuft of sables appended to the nether lip, and the left held a book, upon the open leaves of which innumerable hieroglyphics were scrawled with much uniformity. Beneath the chin a black bandage, of something of stiff consistency, held the face almost immovably perpendicular, and in the breast glittered a promiscuous assemblage of bright things, resembling the heterogeneous contents of a bazaar window.

This bedizened thing gazed at me and I at him, till, despite of my pains, I laughed aloud. Whether the expansion of my features imparted to them an additional degree of ugliness, I am unable to say, but I suppose such must have been the case, as the popinjay shrank appalled from my glance, and amused himself with beating a spasmodic tatoo on his conjuring book.

The elderly hybrid, who had assisted me to the cabin, here entered with washing apparatus. I rose to perform my ablutions, and had succeeded in reaching the centre of the apartment, when the sight of my unique physiognomy reflected in a miserable mirror at the bottom of the dingy little room, fastened me as if by magic to the floor. Frankenstein gazed with indifference on his monster, compared with the sensations I endured while I looked at my like, and my like looked every moment more hideously at me. *Mihi frigidus horror membra quatit, gelidusque coït formidine sanguis.* Such an object never before nor since presented itself to my agonized optics; the very remembrance of the figure I cut, incapacitates me from attempting to describe it. While contemplating the hated vision in the glass, the animal on the sofa evinced extraordinary symptoms of restlessness. The genius of a seven years' phthisical cough seemed to have descended upon his blatant lungs, and the profusion and emphasis of his "hems!" at last succeeded in diverting my attention from the unseemly counterpart of myself. As I turned my eyes upon him he uttered a low moan, sprang from his recumbent position, and seizing an enormous toasting

fork, which Finchey had left upon the table, rushed, with the utmost celerity upon deck, to the material discomfiture of his rings, ribbons, and trinkets. So extraordinary an exit not a little provoked my curiosity respecting the cause that could have induced the variegated worthy to evanish like Beelzebub with a three-pronged spike in his hand. Concealing my amazement as I best could, I proceeded to humanize my outward man, by removing the filth and blood that had accumulated on my face and person during my sojourn upon deck. My unhappy proboscis had received a severe contusion, and my left cheek, under the eye, exhibited a very anti-romantic looking protuberance.

While engaged in the labours of purification, Finchey, who, I found, acted as an apology for a steward, entered, and inquired if I pleased to take tea.

"Tea!" said I, "what do you mean? I shall breakfast when we go ashore. How long before we land?"

"If the vin olds good, ser, I think as ow it ent unpossible for to make Dunleary by height in the morning."

"Eight in the morning," exclaimed I with amazement, "why what time is it now?"

"Height in the hevening, ser," responded my informant grinning as if he thought I were bantering him.

"Good God," I muttered. "I must be either drunk or mad!"

"Not very now, ser," said Finchey, with a patronizing twinkle in his eye.

"Why I heard some one," I continued, "cry out, 'here's the Liffey' long since, and surely we can't be far from landing now."

"Hee, hee, hee, ser; that's true, ser; but that was ven ve vere a-coming hout round the Floating light at the Pool, and the Company's wessel, the Liffey, was a-coming hin."

"The Company's vessel, the Liffey," thought I; "that puts the business in a new light." "But," recollecting the remainder of the phrase I had heard, I said, "some one else said, 'Port! hard port.' What does that mean, if not that we were going up the river?"

"Oh, ho, ser! 'Port! hard *to* port,' ser; why, ser, you see it means this here. Vhen one wessel is a-coming hup to a hother wessel, the captain o' this here wessel says to the man at the helm, 'port, port,' which means to put the rudder to the larboard to go to the starboard of that ere wessel, and not for to run foul of one and hother."

"So," said I, most deferentially, "'port, port,' meant that the Liffey was not to run foul of—what's the name of this vessel—the Starboard—"

"The Villiam Uskisson, ser," interrupted the nondescript, with tartness, perceiving I was mangling his sea phrases; "it means, ser, that the Villiam Uskisson was not for to go for to run foul of the Liffey, ser."

Acknowledging the extent of my obligation to the intelligent home secretary of the William Huskisson, I politely intimated my willingness to accede to the proffer of his hospitality, and ordered tea. While "the weed that cheers but not inebriates" was being prepared, I had time to run over in my mind the circumstances of the last few hours.

Instead of having been insensible during the whole of the voyage, it appeared that I had been merely stunned for a very short time. Like the caliph in the eastern tale, who plunged his head for a moment in a water basin, and imagined he had been making tedious and distant journies, I concluded that my trance had continued a whole night. This delusion was much favoured by the fact, that at the period of the year, the same light prevailed at the setting in of evening and the dawn of day. The mystery of the "Liffey" and "port" was satisfactorily accounted for; but no possible conjecture sufficed to elucidate the problem of the ornamented gentleman's extraordinary departure. Having sacrificed most liberally to the "Chinese nymph of tears, green tea," and with it sacrificed no inconsiderable quantum of the usual steam-packet accompaniments of beverage, to wit, beef, eggs, ham, toast, rolls, and so on, I was about to doze again, when the hero of the rape of the trident cautiously entered. Concluding, I presume, that I slept, he carefully ensconced himself behind the table, which was fastened to the floor, flanked on one side by one of the berths, (as the wretched cribs in the cattle steamers are called,) and on the other, but at some distance, by my travelling portmanteau. After driving his bedecked fingers with great earnestness through the jetty plumage of his cerebellum for some few minutes, he suddenly but silently laid hold of my trunk, (not my corporeal one,) and drew it towards him. I set him down for a member of the swell mob, expecting to see him apply a skeleton key to the lock. But he simply inspected the brass plate upon which my name was engraved, and drawing several slips of paper from his vest, commenced writing with great earnestness. Ever and anon he would inspect my features, until I presume the topographical site of every individual hair and wrinkle must have been perfectly familiar to him. Having filled some seven or eight of these papers, he packed up his caligraphic paraphernalia, and gently stole out of the room, leaving (unintentionally, I apprehend,) the written slips behind.

As I could have no doubt of my being the subject of the manuscripts on the table, I dismissed all qualms of delicacy respecting the propriety of possessing myself of them, and rose for that purpose accordingly. I speedily ascertained, however, that a resumption of my horizontal position would tend much more to the safety of my head-piece against further battering, than the indulgence of my curiosity. Scarcely had I lain down and commenced a reverie on the mortality of things human, and such like novelties, in the way of contemplation, than I suddenly found myself deposited with no inconsiderable celerity under the table.

By this time, the pitching of the vessel had become tremendous. Every board, and plank, and stave, in her whole formation, seemed endued with fifty tongues, and groaned and clamoured with deafening noise, while the rushing of the maddening sea against her sides, the whistling of the winds through sails and cordage, the shouts of sailors, and incessant din of ponderous machinery, now working at its utmost against the fury of contending elements, trebled the uproar, and assailed my astonished senses on every side. It had long been a hobby of mine, previous to commencing this ill-fated voyage, that I would

not be sick. The first intimation to that effect I rejected with a heroism "worthy of a better cause," as the phrase goes. Even when the horrid fact stared me in the face, I contented myself with simply d——g Finchey. But things had now reached a climax. I was sick —sick to death, and no help for it.

The announcement of "breakers a-head," or any similarly agreeable intelligence, I should have heard with the most stoic indifference. How long I lay sweltering about the floor I know not, and at the time cared less; but the first thing that attracted my attention on partially recovering my faculties, was a tintinnabulation, as if a multitude of elfish or fairy bells were rung just within ear-shot. I turned, and beheld my embellished friend at the cabin-door, shivering like a half-drowned sheep, and all his decorations ringing their brazen and dissonant condolence in his ears. He betook himself, with the most rueful expression of which his almost frozen visage was capable of portraying, to his old quarters on the sofa. Here he commenced and kept up a series of ventriloquising interjections, that fairly shamed the turbulence of winds and waves. His example was infectious. Every respiration on his part was followed by the same on mine; and, alas! when more than sound came from him, it was ditto ditto with me. As if in mockery of our sorrows, the tempest kept momentarily increasing, though for an hour before I thought increase impossible. At length the spirit of the storm seemed to concentrate all its violence for one vast effort, as if resolved to spend its fury in a solitary burst. A long huge wave, as I could discern by the unwonted lurching of the vessel, pressed her down on the side upon which I lay, so that the opposite side, (where lay my fellow voyager,) seemed no longer flat, but perpendicular. In that awful moment I thought we were rushing headlong downwards through the foaming surge. Above me was poor Fribble, tenaciously holding on by the covering of the sofa, which was visibly giving way. His descent upon my fated corpus seemed inevitable, and assuredly I expected to be macadamized beneath his weight, and that of his trappings, from such a height. Still the steamer kept leaning more and more fearfully down, till I was in expectation of its turning completely over, and going to the bottom. God! what a moment that was to me, who never had crossed water but by a bridge! I glanced at my companion—the sofa covering had yielded to his weight, and he appeared darting through the air upon me. I groaned, I screamed, I shouted, as if enamoured of my own voice, and was about to perish, swan-like, with a song. A miracle alone saved me. Just as I was within the hundredth part of a minute of being annihilated, Popinjay convulsively threw up his right leg, like a stone from a sling. His heel was caught as if by a man trap, in the frame of the mirror, (be its memory ever hallowed!) that had reflected my blushing honours, and there remained, as immovable as the foundation of St. Paul's.

This was the crisis—we passed it in safety, but then came the reaction.

The labouring and straining vessel had reached the bottom of the monstrous billow, that seemed to pursue it like a fiend to its farthest length, and then mounted another of similar magnitude. Now were

our positions reversed—down tumbled every thing on the opposite side—I on high, Fribble far beneath! Destruction awaited him of the trinkets—there was no preventing it. I was on the Tarpeian rock, and off I should go. Like a javelin from a Roman catapulta—like an avalanche from the summit of Mount Java—like any thing that will afford you a simile in such a case, I plunged with the violence of an uprooted pyramid, smash upon him! I felt exterminated, dashed, and scattered to the winds of heaven! Gods, men, and angels, never, if I outlived the indestructible ocean, shall I forget the crash!

At this distance of time it would be impossible to say what my sensations were. Indeed, I have but a very faint notion myself; all that I can now recollect is, that I pitched headlong into the unhappy being's breast. Dire was the clatter of brooches, watch-guards, and eye-glasses, unpronounceable and fearful the demolition of many an unique pencil case and tooth-pick, buried in the recondite sinuosities of his sparkling waistcoat.

* * * * * *

Morning broke bright and cheerfully, and was reflected back in many a hue from me and my companion in calamity. Finchey entered, and muttered divers ill-suppressed maledictions on people "not calling for basins, and turning a decent place into a hog-stye." Having in some measure dissipated his indignation by the promise of a brace of half crowns, and succeeded, with his assistance, in regaining some of the external attributes of a civilized being, I went upon deck. In a few minutes Finchey followed, and presented me with the papers I so anxiously desired the previous evening. The reader will, perhaps, form a vague notion of my feelings, when I read the following, written, as I, who had much experience in the line, well knew, in the most approved fashion of newspaper copy.

"MOST EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—An incident of a truly singular nature has just been particularized to us by a gentleman, in whose implicit veracity we can confidently place the most unbounded reliance. On Wednesday evening Henry ———, Esq. embarked on board the William Huskisson steamer, from Liverpool to this port, without attendance or other luggage, than a large and weighty portmanteau. It was remarked that the honourable gentleman evinced extreme mental perturbation, casting his eyes incessantly to Heaven, and often uttering a name, which for obvious reasons we forbear to mention here, but which had reference to a distinguished individual, whose connexion with Irish affairs lately gave him a peculiar, and, as many say, an unenviable notoriety. Mr. ——— had not proceeded far on the voyage, when it became apparent that the unhappy gentleman entertained serious designs inimical to his temporal, and, alas! to his eternal welfare. We omit going into the details of this deplorable affair, and therefore confine ourselves simply to the narration of the fact, that as one of the crew attempted to restrain the frantic excesses of Mr. ———, that gentleman threw himself with appalling desperation, down one of the apertures of the vessel, technically designated, we believe, 'the hatchway.' By the merciful, and indeed, miraculous interposition of an omniscient and all-seeing Providence, the design

was happily frustrated, and Mr. ——— escaped with a few severe, but not dangerous contusions. 'Men,' profoundly observes the learned Paley, 'are never tempted to destroy themselves but when under the oppression of some grievous uneasiness;' and we lament to be obliged to concur in the remark of the erudite divine—for so great was the mental excitement of Mr. ———, that when conducted to the cabin, he violently endeavoured to terminate his existence, and rush into the presence of his Maker, with a toasting fork. Here again, by the manifest interference of a benignant Heaven, he was snatched from destruction by Mr. Dennis Adolphus de Mullins, (the London correspondent of this journal,) who, by a most singular coincidence, happened to be returning from the performance of his arduous duties during the late eventful proceedings in the English metropolis. Mr. ——— is a gentleman of commanding stature, (here followed a description of most provoking correctness—age, dress, features, bumps, and protuberances of all sorts, delineated with most rigid fidelity.) He is supposed to be not very distantly allied to a personage at the vice-regal residence, of the highest importance. Mr. de Mullins conjectures, (and from our long experience of his discrimination in these matters, we are induced to assent to the supposition,) that the rumoured disagreements among certain gentry in a high quarter, may have so far operated upon Mr. ———'s sensibility, as to have goaded him to the commission of the rash act it is our painful duty to record."

This tissue of lies, absurdity, impertinence, and egotism, at once let me into the affair of the toasting-fork. Such a man on a London journal of rascality would be invaluable, after a little pruning of his exuberance in the mystic line; for although there were evident indications of a master mind, in the weaving up of political conjectures and inuendos, with the infernal invention of my attempted suicide, the genius of the amiable romancer had become rather riotous with probability.

We were now fast "making Dunleary," or Kingstown, as it is now called, five miles from Dublin, and where we were to land, in consequence of the tide being insufficient to carry us up to the city. I was standing musingly looking on the beautiful and romantic scenery, which makes the bay, after that of Naples, the finest in Europe, Finchey particularizing the various headlands as we neared the shore, when Adolphus approached in more than former brilliancy of japanned wares. Slapping Finchey, in affected jocularity, with his open hand on the shoulders, so as to have well nigh prostrated my Cicerone, he ordered him to proceed to the cabin, and bring the papers he had left there the night previous.

"*I* am the depositary of those interesting documents, Mr. De Mullins," cried I, thrusting the fluttering foolscap under the dilated orbs of the astounded delinquent; "probably you will not be over solicitous to deprive me of the pleasure of proprietorship?"

"Sir," began the gentleman, in accents resembling the dulcet breathings of a galvanized guineapig—but perceiving that the vessel had now reached the shore, he nipped his discourse in the bud, and effected a disembarkation in a twinkling.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF BELGIUM.[1]

In the first portion of this article we entered, with some detail, into the causes of pauperism in Belgium; which, in common with other statisticians, we are inclined to attribute principally to the redundancy of its population, and the want of sufficient employment to carry off the surplus. We shall now lay before our readers a general sketch of the different institutions devoted to, and connected with, the relief of the poor and infirm of all classes; together with a brief notice of the *Monts de Piété* and saving banks, reserving for another occasion an account of the discipline and internal economy of the three great central prisons; which latter, by a prudent system of arrangement, will be found to cover nearly the whole of their expenses—a most important feature in the judicial and administrative economy of a country, which has no external means of ridding itself of those who fall beneath the lash of the law, and who would otherways become a dead burden to the nation; thus adding the grievance of incarcerated mendicity to that of antecedent spoliation. We shall endeavour to point out how the large number of indigent, which we have shown to amount to one-eighth of the population, are wholesomely provided for; partly by the wise and economical organization of its charitable and penal establishments, partly by the spontaneous benevolence of all classes of the community, and partly by that indirect taxation, which, under the head of *octroi*, principally falls upon that class of citizens whose wealth or general easy circumstances best enable them to support its burdens; and thence to contribute, according to the scale of their domestic wants or luxury, to the relief of their fellow creatures. We shall take each institution in succession, and after giving a brief description of its population, resources, and internal economy, compare them with those of a similar character in England; that is, whenever the nature of these establishments admit of such comparison. Our object is to show what is done in Belgium, and thence what might be effected in Great Britain. It is not our intention to designate the Belgic institutions as faultless, but to prove that, with all their imperfections, they are less defective than our own; since, with inferior resources, they attain superior results, which will be seen upon comparing the gross amount of population, pauperism, and expenses in the two countries, after allowing the necessary deduction for the relative price of provisions and necessaries.

Dépôts de Mendicité.—Workhouses.

The enactments regarding these establishments, emanating from the French government, and originally borrowed from England, were maintained in vigour in the Netherlands, until the 12th of October, 1825. An order in council then gave a new organization to the system, and connected it with the establishment of the agricultural

[1] Continued from p. 127.

colonies. This organization left untouched the penalties against vagrancy. It was principally directed to the amelioration of the internal economy of the depôts, which were distributed as follows:—1. La Cambre for South Brabant.—2. Bruges for the two Flanders.—3. Mons for Hainault.—4. Namur for Luxembourg and Namur.—5. Reckheim for Liége and Limbourg.—And 6. Hoogstraten for Antwerp.

The principle serving as the basis of the prescribed organization, was to appropriate these establishments solely for the reception of beggars, incapable of agricultural labour, either seeking an asylum or incarcerated for infringing the mendicity laws. Workshops and schools for apprenticeship were formed. All labour was paid for at the integral commercial price, according to quantity and quality. Persons under 6 and above 70 years of age to be exempted from work. Children between 6 and 12, and individuals between 50 and 70, to gain a portion of their subsistence, according to their strength and capabilities. All others not included in these categories, that is, between 12 and 50, to gain the whole of their subsistence, which was fixed at 17 cents. ($3\frac{1}{2}d.$) per day. Any thing gained over and above this sum to be set by as the property of the individual. The savings arising from this reserve to be paid to them, part upon their quitting the depôt, and the remainder upon their *reaching their place of domicile or destination;* for the general fund being consolidated, vagrants are retained in the depôts of the province where they take refuge, or are arrested, without the prefatory expense of "passing them home," as it is mistermed; whence, a considerable saving arises to the public, by the mendicant eventually paying for his own transfer. All those entering voluntarily are allowed to depart at will, after refunding the expense of sustenance. Those forcibly detained are not liberated until they have paid the whole charge of maintenance, and have learned some trade whereby they can gain a livelihood. The average residence of both classes is about six months.

The alimentary regulations vary according to age and sex. Adults receive $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pure rye bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. potatoes or other vegetables, and $\frac{1}{16}$ quart of Rumford soup. Children of tender years are allowed a proportionate ration with wheaten bread, and persons above 70, meat twice a week, and a pint of beer per day. Their bread is composed of equal portions of wheat and rye. The clothing is substantial and warm, varying according to seasons. The sexes are separated, and rigid attention paid to the morals of both; so that these establishments combine the three qualities of penitentiary, workhouse, and infirmary. The funds destined for their support are derived—1. From the sale of the produce and manufactures of the inmates;—and 2. From the sums placed at the disposal of the different provincial governments, or raised by the *octroi* and other contributions in the different communes; at the rate of about 33 centimes per day for each inmate. The communes pay in proportion to the number of their respective natives inhabiting the depôts. Thus, taking for instance, the number of poor in the La Cambre workhouse at 1270, and the absolute cost of the whole, all deductions being made, at 132,000 francs for 12 months, and supposing the population of the

province of N. Brabant to amount to 490,000, the contribution of each of the latter towards the maintenance of the former, would be about 16 centimes annually, or little more than 2½*d.* The sojourners in the six depôts upon the 1st of January, 1832, amounted to 2,846, and the total cost of maintenance and administration was 354,444 francs, which gives 33 centimes (or 3¼*d.*) per day for each individual. Upon dividing the former sum amongst the whole Belgian population, it leaves about a halfpenny as the direct and indirect contribution of each individual, throughout the country, towards the maintenance of the poor; whereas, upon taking the amount of poors' rates in England at 8 millions, and the population at 16 millions, it results that the forced contribution of each amounts to 10*s.* To resume: of the above 2,846 mendicants, about 2000 were voluntary, the remainder committed vagrants; about half were females. One thousand two hundred were occupied in labour, and thus contributed to their own support. The rest, principally composed of aged, infirm, and infants, were idle. The produce of the farms, gardens, and manufactures of the six establishments in 1832, amounted to 76,000 florins in round numbers. The net profit of sale was 10,000 florins, or about 3¾ florins for each inmate. The absolute annual cost of each mendicant may, therefore, be calculated at about 4*l.* 19*s.* Now it appears that the minimum cost of paupers in the best regulated English workhouses amounts to 2*s.* 9½*d.*, and that the average may be taken at 4*s.* per week, which gives 10*l.* 8*s.* per annum, more than double what it costs in Belgium, although the difference between the value of the necessaries of life cannot be calculated at more than one-eighth as regards the articles most essential for the food and clothing of the poor.

The mortality in these depôts, when compared with that of the rest of the country, or even of the central prisons, is immense. The deaths generally are as 1 in 10 in the former, whilst at the prison of St. Bernard there is as 1 in 22, at Vilvorde as 1 in 29, and at Ghent as 1 in 44. It must be borne in mind, however, that a great portion of this mortality must be ascribed to the age and infirmities of the inmates, to previous debility and long suffering, and often to chronic maladies. Making every allowance for these causes, it appears that the discipline of the prisons, of which we shall speak presently, is much superior to that of the workhouses, and that the tenants of the former are provided better with food, raiment, and bedding, than those of the latter, and this at a lesser cost. In the one, meat is allowed four times a week, and each culprit sleeps in a separate hammock. In the other, meat is allowed only twice a week, except to the aged and sick, and two inmates occupy the same bed. But whatever may be the defects of these institutions, they are far superior both in point of economy and morality to those of England, and present none of those disgusting scenes of immorality, profaneness, and idleness, that are the general characteristics of the English workhouses.* As regards economy, the difference is remarkable; for whilst the maximum cost for each indivi-

* See Report of his Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the administration and practical operation of the Poor Laws. London. Fellowes. 1834.

dual per week is 119 cents., or 1*s.* 10*d.*, including hospital charges, the minimum in the best regulated establishments in England is 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the average 5*s.* 6*d.*, not including extra expenses of repairs, administration, &c. In point of morality the difference is not less remarkable. The sexes are separated, or only permitted to see each other in the presence of the guardians; those able-bodied paupers that can work are compelled to do so, under the penalty of solitary confinement, and that of being kept to hard labour until the whole of their subsistence is refunded. Their religious and moral instruction is closely attended to; and if they make no progress, at all events they do not retrograde from the contagious profaneness of others. The centralization of the funds casts the burden of maintenance equally upon the country, or at all events, upon such districts as engender the greater number of paupers; and the discipline being severe, the able bodied in most cases apply themselves to work in order to escape as speedily as possible from an irksome state of confinement, where no latitude is given to vice or idleness. Whilst, in the English workhouses, the number of young females bears an extraordinary proportion to the general mass; in Belgium this proportion is reversed, the females being, for the most part, past forty, mothers of large families, being either in an acknowledged state of extreme poverty, or incapacitated, either from infirmity or some other cause, from supporting themselves or families. Constant, yet not overwhelming labour, inferior diet, severe moral discipline, and no less severe chastisement in the event of ill conduct, offer none of those inducements to the idle to throw themselves upon the workhouse, as are to be found in England, where these establishments

"In by far the greater number of cases, are large almshouses, in which the young are trained in idleness, ignorance, and vice; where the able bodied are maintained in sluggish, sensual indolence; where the aged and more respectable are exposed to all the misery that is incident to dwelling in such a society, without government or classification, and where the whole body of inmates subsist on food far exceeding both in kind and in amount, not merely the diet of the independent labourer, but that of the majority of the persons who contribute to their support." *

The following is the table of population and mortality in the six depôts between the 1st of October 1830, and the 30th of September 1831, inclusive.†

* Report of Poor Laws Commissioners. According to this report the total amount of the money expended for the relief of the poor in the year ending March 1832, was 7,036,968*l.* in the 15,538 parishes of England and Wales; the whole population being about 16 millions, this will give about 8*s.* 6*d.* per head as the general burden; but as the amount of paupers may be taken at an average of 15 per cent., or 1 in 7, the maximum being 25 in the smallest, 12½ in the intermediate, and 7¾ per cent. in the largest parishes, it is necessary to deduct nearly 2½ millions as the number of poor supported by 13½ millions rate payers, whose personal contribution may be taken at 10*s.*; but as two-thirds of the population of England and Wales contribute nothing to the rates, the tax, if spread over the remainder, may be taken at 1*l.* 10*s.*

† Though unconnected with the immediate subject, we must observe that a decree of the Netherlands government, dated 17th of August 1815, exempted all charitable administrations from every species of expense, whether for stamps or pleadings in judicial proceedings, and directed their being served *gratis* by the crown officers.

	Inmates.	Deaths.	Proportion of Deaths.
La Cambre . . .	993	83	.. 1 in 12
Hoogstraten . . .	231	25	.. 1 in 9
Reckheim	250	24	.. 1 in 10
Mons	274	35	.. 1 in 8
Namur	341	45	.. 1 in 8
Bruges	396	36	.. 1 in 11
	*2485	248	Mean 1 in 10

Agricultural Colonies.

These colonies owe their formation to the *Société de Bienfaisance*, established in Belgium in the autumn of 1822. Any individual paying 2.50 florins annually, might become a member. The society was directed by two commissions, each composed of a president and twelve members. The one called "Commission of Benevolence," the other "of Superintendence." The first was divided into four sections; namely, one for the finance department, another for instruction, a third for procuring employment, and the fourth for correspondence. The members of these commissions were elected by ballot for twelve years, the president for life. The principal object, as set forth in the rules, was the amelioration of the indigent classes, by furnishing them with employment, sustenance, and education,

"In order to rescue them from that state of degradation and depravity in which they are too generally plunged, and with the view of rendering them participants in the benefits of civilisation, of enlightening them as to their duties, and of inspiring them with a taste for labour."†

These colonies were divided into two sections: the one called "free," established near Wortel, the other "compulsory," at Merxplas-Ryckevorsel. The first was composed of such poor people as were placed there either by the members or by the communes.‡ The other was formed of healthy paupers extracted from the depôts of mendicity, and sent there by the government. A contract, dated 28th of January 1823, was passed between the latter and the society, which stipulated to receive 1000 able bodied mendicants, or children above 6 years of age, at an annual price of 35 florins each, for 16 years. At the expiration of this period the society was bound to receive government mendicants *gratis*. The charge of conveyance to be at the expense of the state. Vacancies by death or other causes to be filled up from the depôts, the society reserving to itself the right of expelling any individual incapable of working.

* It will be seen that the average population of these depôts has increased considerably within the last four years, and upon the 1st of January 1833, reached 2,846.

† Extract from article viii. cap. ii. of the regulations for the *Société de Bienfaisance*.

‡ The free colony was so called because its inmates were voluntary, in contradistinction to those of the other, who were extracted from the depôts—or compulsory. The villages named in the text are situated about eight leagues N.E. of Antwerp, in the heath near Turnhout.

The *sine quâ non* of admission for a family into the free colony was, that it should not be composed of more than eight individuals, capable of maintaining themselves by their own labour. Any corporate body, society, or charitable individual, could obtain admission for a family, by contracting to pay 25.50 florins annually for each person above 6 years of age, for 16 years; or a total sum of 1600 florins. By the latter arrangement the allotment of ground and habitation became the property of the subscriber, for the same object, and under the same conditions, as regarded the colonist.

Each family was entitled during life to the enjoyment of his especial allotment, consisting of 3½ *bonniers* (7 acres) of ground, with two cows, some sheep, and a brick-house, with a barn and cowshed. The furniture and agricultural implements are furnished by the society, and gradually paid for by the colonists.*

These regulations, as well as the contract passed between the government and society, remain in force to the present day. But the philanthropic views of the founders have not been attended with corresponding success, and there is reason to fear that the colonies are menaced with ruin. Hitherto their funds have not sufficed for their maintenance. Indeed, such is the ungrateful nature of the soil, that it is highly probable the farms will never return a fourth of the sum laid out in their cultivation. A more convincing exemplification of this cannot be afforded than is met with in the following returns for 1830, of the colony of Wortel, which is principally appropriated to agriculture.

Expenses.	Florins.	Receipts.	Florins.
Purchase of Potatoes, Grain, Hay, Straw, &c. . . .	6,678	Sale of Potatoes, Grain, Hay, Straw, &c.	2,505
Ditto, of Cattle, and Attendants' Wages	2,998	Sale of Cattle	1,322
Ditto, Agricultural Instruments	1,733	Dairy Produce	177
	11,409		4,004

Thus, without including the wages of agricultural labourers, amounting to 26,000 florins, there is a deficit of 7,405, or a total of 33,405. In the colony of Merxplas, the agricultural expenses present a still greater defalcation, the receipts being 2,933, and the expenditure upwards of 40,000 florins.

It is true the barrenness of the soil might, in time, be vanquished by industry, but years must elapse ere this can be effected. In the mean time the accumulating expenditure and decreasing revenue threaten bankruptcy. From their first foundation up to the present period, the colonies have only been maintained by means of loans, amounting altogether to 803,000 florins. Of these 134,000 have been re-imbursed, leaving a total dead weight of 669,000. On the other

* Code Administratif des Etablissements de Bienfaisance, p. 304, and following.

hand, the whole of the society's assets do not exceed 561,000 florins.

The population of the two free colonies of Wortel, on the 31st of March 1831, amounted to 545 individuals of different ages and sexes: that of Merxplas to about 445. The total annual estimate of expenses for the first, exceeded 69,000 florins, its receipts were only 35,000: deficit 34,000. The outgoings for the second were 95,000, its receipts were 52,000: deficit 43,000. The total expenditure of the whole may be taken at 238,000, including interest of loans; its united revenue 150,000; so that independent of the difference between the capital of debt and estimated value of property, there is an annual excess of expenditure over income of 88,000 florins, or about 7,167*l.* This deficiency can only be met by fresh loans, but as the property is already mortgaged beyond its value, there can be no security, and consequently no credit. The annual subscriptions, averaging about 24,000 florins, having nearly ceased since the revolution, it is only by assistance from government that the colonies, which have already discontinued the dividend on their debt, can be carried on. But as the utility of the establishment in its present situation and under existing regulations, is a matter of controversy, it is most probable that they will continue to languish, and, unless annually relieved, eventually fall to ruin.

One of the greatest errors committed by the founders, was in establishing the infant colony upon a soil so sterile as to require tenfold labour and expense of tillage; a soil unpropitious to the growth of grain, vegetables, oleaginous plants, pasture, or timber; singularly exposed to suffer from the vicissitudes of seasons, and requiring larger supplies of manure, than many more genial spots which might have been selected, and without canals or communication.

It appears from the table of valuation, that the whole of the land belonging to the Direction of the colonies amounts to 1,072 bonniers; of these 310 are in cultivation. The following is an extract from the general return.

Buildings.		Land.		Cattle, &c.	
Small Farms at Wortel . .	129	Bonniers in full Cultivation* . . .	310	Horned Cattle .	181
Central Buildings idem . .	4	Ditto, planted with Firs	263	Sheep	602
A Depôt for 1000 Mendicants at Merxplas . .	1	Ditto, Nursery Ground . . .	3	Horses . . .	17
Large Farms, idem . . .	4	Ditto, Broom . .	4	Goats	22
	138	Ditto, Heath . .	492	Pigst	10
			1072	Sheep Dogs . .	13
					842

* Valued at 600 florins each, or about 12*l.* the acre.

† One is surprised at finding so few of these useful animals in an establishment of this nature.

The total value of the harvest of 1831 was estimated at 22,000 florins, or about 70 florins per bonnier, or 2*l.* 18*s.* per acre. A striking proof of the ungrateful nature of the land, for the mean price of grain in 1831 being 36*s.* per quarter, we shall only have 9½ bushels for the acre. It is evident, therefore, that the nature of the soil is such as to render any attempt at profitable tillage utterly abortive. The establishment of agricultural colonies on waste land is a favourite speculation at this moment with political economists in France and in other countries. If their plans be carried into effect, let them take warning from the error committed in the Netherlands, and not select tracts of ground, that never can yield a fair return.

Lunatic Asylums.

East Flanders reckons eight establisments, which were long conducted in a manner the most revolting, and presented a frightful scene of misery, filth, and degradation. The most barbarous cruelties were practised with impunity, until Mr. Tiest a benevolent Catholic divine, undertook to introduce reforms into the two asylums at Ghent, which were placed under the care of Dr. Guislain, a young physician of considerable promise. A new system of classification, improved diet, and milder treatment, was adopted, and the condition of the unhappy patients much ameliorated. Blows and chains were abolished, and the means of coercion limited to the use of the straight waistcoat, leather girdle, *douche*, and rotatory chair. The lunatics were also furnished with employment according to their respective capacities. But these improvements appear to be confined to the establishments above mentioned.

West Flanders contains four asylums. Here the treatment is somewhat better, but it appears that no efforts are made to restore the sufferers to their rational faculties. Antwerp has also its asylum, which is well aired, and comparatively cleanly. At Malines and Lièrre in the same province, there exist societies intitled *Alexians* and *Célites*, who devote themselves to the care of lunatics; either attending them abroad, or receiving them as lodgers in their own dwellings. Such patients as are not in a furious state are sent to the small village of Gheel, where they are boarded by the inhabitants, who from time immemorial have been accustomed to this horrid speculation; receiving from 80 to 120 florins annually for each individual, according to the gravity of the case.

Dr. Guislain * thus speaks of this remarkable spot, where the stranger, unprepared for such a spectacle, is both shocked and terrified on seeing the streets and neighbouring fields peopled with idiots and lunatics in all the various stages of this grievous visitation; and when the very inhabitants themselves, from constant intercourse with their unfortunate guests, have acquired a strange and sinister look, that

* Traité sur l'aliénation mentale. 2 vols. 8vo. Amsterdam. De l'Etat des Ailénés en Belgique, &c. &c. par E. Ducpetiaux. This enlightended philanthropist, who, like a second Howard, devotes his life to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, has recently paid a visit to England, with a view of examining our establishments, in order to see what improvements may be introduced into those of his own country.

leads one to imagine the whole population in a state of mental alienation.

"The establishment of Gheel,"* says Dr. Guislain, "certainly offers many advantages. The wholesome air and unconfined space enjoyed by the lunatics are requisites not to be found elsewhere. But this latter, from its abuse, is in my opinion any thing but advantageous. An unlimited freedom exposes these unhappy creatures to various accidents. A lunatic can quarrel and fight, and if he has sinister intentions against himself or others, can execute them with impunity. It is true he can be manacled if he is turbulent, or attempts evasion; but then his liberty is reduced to little or nothing, and the idea of seeing his physical movements limited, must affect his mind. The too great extent of ground, the dispersion of the patients in distant quarters, render it impossible to subject them to regular habits, or to any good moral system. Besides the superintendence of the commissioners can only be executed imperfectly, as it is impossible for the physicians to visit immediately any given patient confined by force to his bed, to attend to his corporeal cleanliness, or to afford him necessary and prompt assistance. Who can ascertain whether these unhappy beings, especially idiots and maniacs, receive the proper nourishment, or the clothing which is requisite? The unrestrained intercourse of the sexes is another abuse highly injurious to the patients."

Independent of the other objections offered by Dr. Guislain, the last is more than sufficient to prove the utter inefficacy and gross immorality of this *free* colony of lunatics, which has only one redeeming quality, the salubrity of its air.

In Hainault there are various asylums, viz., at Mons, Brugelette, Tournay, Froidmont and Wez-Velvain; for the most part ill conducted. The sexes are confounded. Famine, chains, and stripes, are almost the only measures of coercion made us of, and in most cases death speedily terminates their horrid tortures.

Lunatics from Luxembourg and the province of Namur are sent to the central depôt of mendicity at Namur. Idiots range freely about the buildings; the more dangerous cases are confined in cells, of which there are about forty; but here, for want of proper treatment, their condition is deplorable.

Gheel is the last refuge for lunatics from Brussels and S. Brabant. They are first confined in the hospital of St. John, in the metropolis, when they pass through a preparatory course of treatment. If their cases appear hopeless, they are transferred to Gheel, and abandoned to nature or the care of the peasants, who contract for them. In the hospital of St. John these unfortunate inmates are comparatively well treated. Such as are inclined to work are furnished with employment; others of a dangerous character are carefully watched; the furious are confined in straight waistcoats. The expense of patients sent from Brussels to Gheel, amounts to 22,000 florins annually.

At Maestricht there is an asylum for both sexes. The general administration of the hospitals pays to the director of the establishment about 1*l.* 12*s.* per month for each individual. This ought to insure the inmates wholesome treatment; but nevertheless, the mortality is very great.

Liège possesses two hospitals, one for women, the other for men; but the regulations and arrangements are detestable. There is no classification. Idiots and lunatics of every degree, whether melan-

* The village is in the province of Antwerp, about 25 miles east of that city.

choly or furious—whether susceptible of lucid intervals, or utterly irrecoverable, are all confounded together. The buildings are badly ventilated, inconvenient, and unwholesome; and there is no system presenting a definite object. Independent of the foregoing establishments, there are many private receptacles in the different provinces, and many patients are confined in the different hospitals and depôts of mendicity.

It results from all concurrent testimonies, that the general system is deplorable. With rare exceptions, the buildings are confined and badly situated. The cells damp, dark, unairy, and paved like the streets. The bedding and clothing scanty, and the diet insufficient for the patient's wants. Straw for the first, rags for the second, and for the third rarely meat, beer, or milk—water being the only beverage. There are no grounds for exercise, and the chambers or halls where they assemble for meals, are close and disgustingly filthy. Every part of the building, and the treatment, are calculated to increase melancholy, and diminish the prospect of cure. The medical system is vicious, as the physicians direct their attention to the mere physical ailments of the sufferers, and utterly neglect the moral regimen. Chains and stripes are lavishly employed; while the use of the straight waistcoat, douche, or revolving chair, is little known. In short, the whole plan is defective, and some idea of this may be formed from the fact, that of 2,928 patients admitted into various asylums, between 1810 and 1822, there occurred 809 deaths, or 1 in 3.62. The intimated number of cures are about 1 in 10. On comparing this mortality with that of the principal lunatic asylums in England, it will be found to present an immense difference. For upon examining the returns of the latter for nearly the same period, the entries appear to have been 17,396—the deaths 1,588 or 1 in 10.95. The improved system introduced latterly has still further diminished this number. On turning to the table of cures the difference is still more strongly marked, being upon an average of twenty years in the proportion of 1 in 2.67.

In 1825 the number of lunatics in the Netherlands amounted to 5,591, being in the proportion that $9\frac{33}{100}$ bears to 10,000. The number of indigent patients was 2,979, or about one-half, of which the larger proportion were women. Of these, 1,867 were confined in the various asylums, or at Gheel. Calculating the present number of lunatics as $9\frac{33}{100}$ in 10,000, or about 1 per 1,000, it would give upwards of 4,500 for Belgium, and of these about half maintained at the public expense. The proportion of raving maniacs is about 1 in 5, so that the number may be supposed to amount to 900. Indigent lunatics are placed on the same footing as mendicants in the depôts, and their maintenance is provided for by the same means, varying from 25 to 35 cents. (5*d.* to 7*d.*) per day, according as they are confined in hospitals, or boarded with the peasantry.*

* The same abuses exist in Belgium as in France, as to the mode of arresting lunatics. It is sufficient that the police shall be informed that an individual is in a state of mental aberration for them to arrest and confine him, after a previous *pro forma* examination by one medical man.

Foundlings, abandoned Children, and Orphans.

Of these establishments, which owe their origin to the philanthropy of St. Vincent de Paule, there exist eighteen in Belgium, or about two for each province, presenting a mean annual list of 12,500 inmates. The average annual entries are calculated at about 3,500, and the exits about 2,900. Of the latter, 1,350 by death; 1,500 reclaimed by their parents; the remainder either from having attained the prescribed age, or from other causes.

The greater part of the infants are put out to nurse, during three, six, or nine years, at an annual expense, varying according to the age of the child. For instance, those under twelve months costing forty-eight florins, or 4*l.*; those between three and four, 3*l.* 5*s.* and so on, until the tenth, or last year, in a perpetually diminishing ratio, the minimum of which is about 2*l.**

The foundling asylums are under the superintendence of the local charitable administrations, and the funds are derived from legacies, bequeathed property, or subsidies granted by the municipal or communal authorities. The admission of foundlings, or abandoned children, is discretionary, and the numbers must therefore depend upon the degree of vice or misery prevalent in the country. The average amount for Belgium may be taken at 8,750 annually, but this number increased in 1833 to 9,305.†

As the distinction between foundlings and abandoned children may not be clearly understood, it may not be irrelevant to give the following extracts from a decree of Napoleon's, dated Tuileries, 19th Jan. 1811. Section II. Art. 2.

"*Foundlings* are those born of unknown parents, who may have been found exposed, or who may have been conveyed to the hospitals destined for their reception. Art. 3. In each hospital there shall be a revolving box, (*tour,*) where they may be deposited. Section 3. Art. 5. *Abandoned Children* are those born of known fathers and mothers, at first reared by them or other persons on their account, and subsequently abandoned, without its being possible to discover the retreat of the parents, or to have recourse to them."

At the same time the law enacted heavy punishments against all persons wilfully abandoning children under seven years of age. If in a solitary place, the penalty varied from six months to two years imprisonment, with a fine of from 16 to 200 francs. For guardians or nurses exposing or abandoning infants, the minimum punishment was two years and 50 francs fine; the maximum five years and 400 francs; and if maiming or death ensued, the penalties were those of the law in cases of wilful wounds and murder.

Various decrees of the Netherlands' government confirmed or amended those of France. One of these ordained the admission of

* Recherches sur la population, les naissances, &c. des Pays Bas, par *Quetelet.*—Considérations sur les enfans trouvés, par *Benoiston de Château-neuf.*—Des modifications à introduire dans la législation des enfans trouvés en Belgique, par E. Ducpétiaux.

† A decree of the French Republic, dated 1st Germinal, An. III., ordained that all foundlings, abandoned children, should bear the title of "*Orphans, Children of their Country,*" and that their maintenance should be provided for.

these victims of depravity and misery into the agricultural colonies, at the rate of 40 florins annually for infants under 6, and 45 for those above 6 years of age; the expense to be borne by the commune in which the child was exposed or abandoned. Professor Quetelet gives the mean annual cost of each child, that is, the price paid by the administration of the hospitals, at about 37 florins, or 3*l.* 1*s.* The maximum being 56.70 florins at Termonde, and the minimum 13.63 at Maestricht. Thus, taking the mean expenditure at 37 florins, and the average number of foundlings for the whole Netherlands at 12,500, it would give 462,500 florins annually, or about 38,541*l.* Professor Quetelet makes the expense amount to 760,233 florins, but he calculates on the cost of 57, including expenses of administration. Mr. Ducpetiaux states the absolute expense of Belgium at 600,000 francs only, or 24,000*l.** The average duration of the abode of survivors in the various asylums, is about 12 years; though at Mons many remain until their 18th, and at Maestricht until their 21st year. It is almost superfluous to add, that each foundling receives a suitable education. The girls are put out to service, and the boys apprenticed to tradesmen as soon as their age or acquirements admit of their being thus disposed of. As regards the mortality amongst this unhappy class of human beings, it appears that in Belgium the average of ten years gives 45 per cent. In France the proportion is much higher, being 60 per cent. for the same period, and these during the first year. In some parts of France, viz., in Bourbon and the Maine, the proportion is nearly 80 per cent.

Without entering into the merits or defects of these establishments, or denying the benevolent object of their creation, it is not possible to regard them, when taken in connexion with the law regarding illegitimacy, otherwise than as adding to the facilities and impunities afforded by that law, and consequently as a direct encouragement to profligacy. It has been shown in our former article, that on the yearly increase of population, one in 48 survivors may be said to be a foundling, or $2\frac{1}{3}$th per cent. This large proportion, exclusive of other illegitimate births, which are as 1 in 6, shows the extent of immorality, and proves that if the facilities of disposing of illicit offspring were more limited, the desire so to do would decrease in an equal proportion. It has been argued that severity in cases of illegitimacy tends to promote infanticide, as was formerly the case in Sweden.†

* Dr. Chalmers esteems the expenses for illegitimate children chargeable to the parishes in England, at 1-10th of the whole poors'-rates, so that taking the population at 16 millions, and the expenses at 800,000*l.*, and taking the population of Belgium at $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and the expenses at 24,000*l.* it results that the expenditure is as 96,000 to 800,000, or more than 8 to 1.

† In opposition to this argument we will give the following fact, derived from the speech of Mr. H. de Brouchére, 10th March, 1834, upon this subject. "During the years that the asylum of Maestricht received 70 to 80 infants, the number of accusations of infanticide brought before the Limbourg assises was greater than that on similar occasions when this establishment was closed. Far be it from me to pretend to elicit from this fact the conclusion that the diminution of infanticide resulted from closing the hospital, but I quote it to prove to you, that the influence of these establishments upon infanticide is not so great as the public supposes, and that they do not always produce a diminution of this crime. I was myself, for a long time, convinced that foundling hospitals must necessarily tend to the preservation of

But on the other hand, a too great relaxation, or rather utter neglect of the law of repression, leads to the worst abuses. And however faulty the English legislation may be as concerns this point, its abuses are perhaps preferable to the impunities of that of France, where the number of foundlings averages 118,000 annually, or one for 326 inhabitants, and where the amount of illegitimate births is as one to 2.66. If mere numerical increase of population were desirable, then the laws of the latter would be well calculated to promote the object, but when the increase of a useful and efficient population is the desideratum, nothing can be worse adapted to attain the desired result.

new-born children, and being struck by the above facts, I sought to discover how it was that infanticide was not augmented in the province of Limbourg, in an inverse proportion to the number of deposited children. The researches I made have given me the solution of this problem, I discovered that the crime of infanticide was never committed upon children that had lived some days. That women who had felt the first delights of maternity never attempted the lives of their offspring. That mothers were not guilty of this act of cruelty except during the first embarrassment of the moment, and whilst they were placed between the conflicting sentiments of disgrace and nature. And lastly, that the child was safe whenever the mother supposed that her delivery was known to a second or third person." The following table gives the proportionate number of infanticides in France, Belgium, and England, for 5 years, from 1826 to 1830. France, 58 per ann.—England, 8 ditto.—Belgium, 5 ditto. Taking the average population of Belgium, this proportion is immense, when compared with that of England, where there are *no foundling hospitals* for exposed children.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TOMB OF DESSAIX ON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

" Covetous of nothing but glory."

THOU should'st rest here, oh! glorious chief,—
A rock that mounts to meet the skies,
For thy career although so brief,
Show'd thy spirit could but rise.
Thou should'st rest here.

Thou should'st rest here, oh! warrior great,
Within the halo of thy glory;
Hard by, the cruel hand of fate
Struck thee first, 'midst scenes so gory.
Thou should'st rest here.

Thou should'st rest here, Dessaix, midst those
Who wear out life in doing good:*
Thy spirit lov'd the world's repose,
Not thine the *glory* that lov'd blood.
Thou should'st rest here.

A.

* The monks of St. Bernard. Their charitable offices to the unfortunate travellers are well known.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

TIMOTHY returned, and brought me consolation—the bleeding had not re-commenced, and Harcourt was in tolerable spirits. An eminent surgeon had been sent for. "Go again, my dear Timothy, and as you are intimate with Harcourt's servant, you will be able to find out what they are about."

Timothy departed, and was absent about an hour, during which I lay on the sofa, and groaned with anguish. When he returned, I knew by his face that his intelligence was favourable. "All's right," cried Timothy; "no amputation after all. It was only one of the smaller arteries which was severed, and they have taken it up."

I sprang up from the sofa and embraced Timothy, so happy was I with the intelligence, and then I sat down again, and cried like a child. At last I became more composed. I had asked Captain Atkinson to dine with me, and was very glad when he came. He confirmed Timothy's report, and I was so overjoyed, that I sat late at dinner, drinking very freely, and when he again proposed that we should go to the *rouge et noir* table, I did not refuse—on the contrary, flushed with wine, I was anxious to go, and took all the money that I had with me. On our arrival Atkinson played, but finding that he was not fortunate, he very soon left off. As I had followed his game, I also had lost considerably, and he entreated me not to play any more—but *I was a gamester* it appeared, and I would not pay attention to him, and I did not quit the table until I had lost every shilling in my pocket. I left the house in no very good humour, and Atkinson, who had waited for me, accompanied me home.

"Newland," said he, "I don't know what you may think of me—you may have heard that I'm a *roué*, &c. &c. &c., but this I always do, which is, caution those who are gamesters from their hearts. I have watched you to-night, and I tell you, that you will be ruined if you continue to frequent that table. You have no command over yourself. I do not know what your means may be, but this I do know, that if you were a Crœsus, you would be a beggar. I cared nothing for you while you were the Mr. Newland, the admired, and leader of the fashion, but I felt for you when I heard that you were scouted from society, merely because it was found out that you were not so rich as you were supposed to be. I had a fellow feeling, as I told you. I did not make your acquaintance to win your money—I can win as much as I wish from the scoundrels who keep the tables, or from those who would not scruple to plunder others; and I now entreat you not to return to that place—and am sorry, very sorry, that ever I took you there. To me, the excitement is nothing—to you, it is overpowering. You are a gamester, or rather, you have it in your

[1] Continued from p. 140.

…e, **therefore**, the advice of a friend, if I may so call
…t **go there** again. I hope you are not seriously in-
…t **you** have lost to-night."
…**plied** I. "It was ready money. I thank you
… follow it. I have been a fool to-night, and

… had lost about two hundred and fifty
…nings of the night before. I was an-
…arcourt's safety, and felt indifferent.
…had three thousand pounds, which
… at mortgage for me, but until
…ice I had bought stock in the
…succeeded, as mortgages in
…fore remained. My rents
…recourse to this money.
… to sell out two hun-
…ld—for I would not
…own that I had lost
…n the city, I found Cap-
… for me.
…u are not doing badly. I have let
…tend to call out whoever presumes to

…ve! but that is a threat which may easier be
…d up by deeds."
…o or three more," replied Atkinson, coolly, "and then,
…pon it, you'll have it all your own way. As it is, I acknow-
… there has been some show of resistance, and they talk of making
… resolution not to meet you, on the score of your being an impostor."

"And a very plausible reason, too," replied I; "nor do I think I have any right—I am sure I have no intention of doing as you propose. Surely, people have a right to choose their acquaintance, and to cut me, if they think I have done wrong. I am afraid, Captain Atkinson, you have mistaken me; I have punished Harcourt, for his conduct towards me—deserved punishment. I had claims on him; but I have not upon the hundreds, whom, when in the zenith of my popularity, I myself, perhaps, was not over courteous to. I cannot *run the muck* which you propose, nor do I consider that I shall help my character by so doing. I may become notorious, but certainly, I shall not obtain that species of notoriety which will be of service to me. No, no; I have done too much, I may say, already; and, although not so much to blame as the world imagines, yet my own conscience tells me, that by allowing it to suppose that I was what I was not, I have, to say the least, been a party to the fraud, and must take the consequence. My situation now is very unpleasant, and I ought to retire, and, if possible, re-appear with real claims upon the public favour. I have still friends, thank God! and influential friends. I am offered a writership in India—a commission in the army—or to study the law. Will you favour me with your opinion?"

"You pay me a compliment by asking my advice. A writership in India is fourteen years' transportation, returning with plenty to live

on, but no health to enjoy it. In the army you might do well, and moreover, as an officer in the army, none dare refuse to go out with you. At the same time, under your peculiar circumstances, I think if you were in a crack regiment, you would, in all probability, have to fight one half the mess, and be put in Coventry by the other. You must then exchange on half-pay, and your commission would be a great help to you. As for the law—I'd sooner see a brother of mine in his coffin. There, you have my opinion."

"Not a very encouraging one, at all events," replied I, laughing; "but there is much truth in your observations. To India I will not go, as it will interfere with the great object of my existence."

"And pray, if it be no secret, may I ask what that is?"

"To find out *who is my father.*"

Captain Atkinson looked very hard at me. "I more than once," said he, "have thought you a little cracked, but now I perceive you are *mad*—downright *mad;* don't be angry, I couldn't help saying so, and if you wish me to give you satisfaction, I shall most unwillingly be obliged."

"No, no, Atkinson, I believe you are not very far wrong, and I forgive you—but to proceed. The army, as you say, will give me a position in society, from my profession being that of a gentleman, but as I do not wish to take the advantage which you have suggested from the position, I shrink from putting myself into one which may lead to much mortification. As for the law, although I do not exactly agree with you in your abhorrence of the profession, yet I must say, that I do not like the idea. I have been rendered unfit for it by my life up to the present. But I am permitted to select any other."

"Without wishing to pry into your affairs, have you sufficient to live upon?"

"Yes, in a moderate way; about a younger brother's portion, which will just keep me in gloves, cigars, and eau de cologne."

"Then take my advice and be *nothing.* The only difference I can see between a gentleman and any body else, is, that one is idle and the other works hard. One is a useless, and the other a useful, member of society. Such is the absurdity of the opinions of the world."

"Yes, I agree with you, and would prefer being a gentleman in that respect, and do nothing, if they would admit me in every other; but that they will not do. I am in an unfortunate position."

"And will be, until your feelings become blunted as mine have been," replied Atkinson. "Had you acquiesced in my proposal, you would have done better. As it is, I can be of no use to you; nay, without intending an affront, I do not know if we ought to be seen together, for your decision not to *fight* your way is rather awkward, as I cannot back one with my *support* who will not do credit to it. Do not be angry at what I say; you are your own master, and have a right to decide for yourself—if you think yourself not so wholly lost as to be able eventually to recover yourself by other means, I do not blame you, as I know it is only from an error in judgment, and not from want of courage."

"At present I am, I acknowledge, lost, Captain Atkinson; but if I succeed in *finding my father*——"

"Good morning, Newland, good morning," replied he, hastily. "I see how it is; of course we shall be civil to each other when we meet, for I wish you well, but *we* must not be seen together, or you may injure my character."

"Injure *your* character, Captain Atkinson?"

"Yes, Mr. Newland, injure my character. I do not mean to say but that there are characters more respectable, but I have *a* character which suits me, and it has the merit of consistency. As you are not prepared, as the Americans say, *to go the whole hog*, we will part good friends, and if I have said any thing to annoy you, I beg your pardon."

"Good bye, then, Captain Atkinson; for the kindness you have shown me I am grateful." He shook my hand, and walked out of the room. "And for having thus broken up our acquaintance, more grateful still," thought I, as he went down stairs.

In the mean time, the particulars of the duel had found their way into the papers, with various comments, but none of them very flattering to me, and I received a note from Mr. Masterton, who, deceived by the representations of that class of people who cater for newspapers, and who are but too glad to pull, if they possibly can, every one to their own level, strongly animadverted upon my conduct, and pointed out the folly of it; adding, that Lord Windermear wholly coincided with him in opinion, and had desired him to express his displeasure. He concluded by observing, "I consider this to be the most serious false step which you have hitherto made. Because you have been a party to deceiving the public, and because one individual, who had no objection to be intimate with a young man of fashion, station, and affluence, does not wish to continue the acquaintance with one of unknown birth and no fortune, you consider yourself justified in taking his life. Upon this principle, all society is at an end, all distinctions levelled, and the rule of the gladiator will only be overthrown by the stiletto of the assassin."

I was but ill prepared to receive this letter. I had been deeply thinking upon the kind offers of Lord Windermear, and had felt that they would interfere with the *primum mobile* of my existence, and I was reflecting by what means I could evade their kind intentions, and be at liberty to follow my own inclinations, when this note arrived. To me it appeared to be the height of injustice. I had been arraigned and found guilty upon an *exparte* statement. I forgot, at the time, that it was my duty to have immediately proceeded to Mr. Masterton, and have fully explained the facts of the case; and that, by not having so done, I left the natural impression that I had no defence to offer. I forgot all this, and still I was myself to blame—I only saw that the letter in itself was unkind and unjust—and my feelings were those of resentment. What right have Lord Windermear and Mr. Masterton thus to school and to insult me? The right of obligations conferred. But is not Lord Windermear under obligations to me? Have I not preserved his secret? Yes; but how did I obtain possession of it? By so doing, I was only making reparation for an act of treachery.

Well, then, at all events, I have a right to be independent of them, if I please—any one has a right to assert his independence if he chooses. Their offers of service only would shackle me, if I accepted of their assistance I will have none of them. Such were my reflections; and the reader must perceive that I was influenced by a state of morbid irratibility—a sense of abandonment which prostrated me. I felt that I was an isolated being without a tie in the whole world. I determined to spurn the world as it had spurned me. To Timothy I would hardly speak a word. I lay with an aching head, aching from increased circulation. I was mad, or nearly so. I opened the case of pistols, and thought of suicide—reflection alone restrained me. I could not abandon the search after my father. Feverish and impatient, I wished to walk out, but I dared not meet the public eye. I waited till dark, and then I sallied forth, hardly knowing where I went. I passed the gaming house—I did pass it, but I returned and lost every shilling; not, however, till the fluctuations of the game had persuaded me, that had I had more money to carry it on, I should have won. I went to bed, but not to sleep; I thought of how I had been caressed and admired, when I was supposed to be rich. Of what use then was the money I now possessed? Little or none. I made up my mind that I would either gain a fortune, or lose that which I had. The next morning I went into the city, and sold out all the remaining stock. To Timothy I had not communicated my intentions. I studiously avoided speaking to him; he felt hurt at my conduct, I perceived, but I was afraid of his advice and expostulation. At night-fall I returned to the hell—played with various success; at one time was a winner of three times my capital, and ended at last in my pockets being empty. I was indifferent when it was all gone, although in the highest state of excitement while the chances were turning up. The next day I went to a house agent, and stated my wish to sell my house, for I was resolved to try fortune to the last. The agent undertook to find a ready purchaser, and I begged an advance, which he made, and continued to make, until he had advanced nearly half the value. He then found a purchaser (himself, as I believe,) at two-thirds of its value. I did not hesitate, I had lost every advance made, one after another, and was anxious to retrieve my fortune or be a beggar. I signed the conveyance and received the balance, fifteen hundred and fifty pounds, and returned to the apartments, no longer mine, about an hour before dinner. I called Timothy, and ascertaining the amount of bills due, gave him fifty pounds, which left him about fifteen pounds as a residue. I then sat down to my solitary meal, but just as I commenced I heard a dispute in the passage.

"What is that, Timothy?" cried I, for I was nervous to a degree.

"It's that fellow Emanuel, sir, who says that he will come up."

"Yesh, I vill go up, sar."

"Let him come, Timothy," replied I. Accordingly Mr. Emanuel ascended. "Well, Emanuel, what do you want with me?" said I, looking with contempt at the miserable creature who entered as before, with his body bent double and his hand lying over his back.

"I vash a little out of breath, Mr. Newland—I vash come to say

dat de monish is very scarce—dat I vill accept your offer, and vill take de fifty pounds and my tousand which I have lent you. You too mush gentleman not to help a poor old man, ven he ish in distress."

"Rather say, Mr. Emanuel, that you have heard that I have not ten thousand pounds per annum, and that you are afraid that you have lost your money."

"Loshe my monish!—no—loshe my tousand pound! Did you not say, dat you would pay it back to me, and give me fifty pounds for my trouble; dat vash de last arrangement."

"Yes, but you refused to take it, so it is not my fault. You must now stick to the first, which is to receive fifteen hundred pounds when I come into my fortune."

"Your fortune, but you av no fortune."

"I am afraid not; and recollect, Mr. Emanuel, that I never told you that I had."

"Vill you pay me my monish, Mr. Newland, or vill you go to prison?"

"You can't put me in prison for an agreement," replied I.

"No; but I can prosecute you for a swindler."

"No, you confounded old rascal, you cannot; try, and do your worst," cried I, enraged at the word swindler.

"Vell, Mr. Newland, if you have not de ten tousand a year, you have de house and de monish; you vill not cheat a poor man like me."

"I have sold my house."

"You have sold de house—den you have neither de house or de monish. Oh! my monish, my monish! Sare, Mr. Newland, you are one d——d rascal;" and the old wretch's frame quivered with emotion; his hand behind his back shaking as much as the other which, in his rage, he shook in my face.

Enraged myself at being called such an opprobrious term, I opened the door, twisted him round, and applying my foot to a nameless part, he flew out and fell down the stairs, at the turning of which he lay, groaning in pain.

"Mine Got, mine Got, I am murdered!" cried he. "Fader Abraham receive me." My rage was appeased, and I turned pale at the idea of having killed the poor wretch. With the assistance of Timothy, whom I summoned, we dragged the old man up stairs, and placed him in a chair, and found that he was not very much hurt. A glass of wine was given to him, and then, as soon as he could speak, his ruling passion broke out again. "Mishter Newland—ah, Mish-ter New-land, cannot you give me my monish—cannot you give me de tousand pound, widout de interest? you are very welcome to de interest. I only lend it to oblige you."

"How can you expect a d——d rascal to do any such thing?" replied I.

"D——d rascal. Ah! it vash I who vash a rascal, and vash a fool to say the word. Mishter Newland, you vash a gentleman, you vill pay me my monish. You vill pay me part of my monish. I have de agreement in my pocket, all ready to give up."

"If I have not the money, how can I pay you?"

"Fader Abraham, if you have not de monish—you must have some monish; den you vill pay me a part. How much vill you pay me?"

"Will you take five hundred pounds, and return the agreement?"

"Five hundred pounds—lose half—oh! Mr. Newland—it was all lent in monish, not in goods; you will not make me lose so much as dat?"

"I'm not sure that I will give you five hundred pounds; your bond is not worth two-pence, and you know it."

"Your honour, Mishter Newland, is worth more dan ten tousand pounds: but if you have not de monish, den you shall pay me the five hundred pounds which you offer, and I will give up de paper."

"I never offered five hundred pounds."

"Not offer; but you mention de sum, dat quite enough."

"Well then, for five hundred pounds, you will give up the paper?"

"Yes; I vash content to loshe all de rest, to please you."

I went to my desk, and took out five hundred pounds in notes. "Now, there is the money, which you may put your hands on when you give up the agreement." The old man pulled out the agreement and laid it on the table, catching up the notes. I looked at the paper to see if it was all right, and then tore it up. Emanuel put the notes, with a heavy sigh, into his inside coat pocket, and prepared to depart. "Now, Mr. Emanuel, I will show you that I have a little more honour than you think for. This is all the money I have in the world," said I, taking out of my desk the remaining thousand pounds, "and half of it I give to you, to pay you the whole money which you lent me. Here is five hundred pounds more, and now we are quits."

The eyes of the old man were fixed upon me in astonishment, and from my face they glanced upon the notes; he could, to use a common expression, neither believe his eyes nor his ears. At last he took the money, again unbuttoned and pulled out his pocket-book, and with a trembling hand stowed them away as before.

"You vash a very odd gentleman, Mishter Newland," said he, "you kick me down stairs, and—but dat is noting."

"Good bye, Mr. Emanuel," said I, "and let me eat my dinner."

The Jew retired, and I commenced my meal, when the door again slowly opened, and Mr. Emanuel crawled up to me.

"Mishter Newland, I vash beg your pardon, but vill you not pay me de interesth of de monish?"

I started up from my chair, with my rattan in my hand. "Begone, you old thief," cried I; and hardly were the words out of my mouth, before Mr. Emanuel travelled out of the room, and I never saw him afterwards. I was pleased with myself for having done this act of honesty, and for the first time for a long time, I ate my dinner with some zest. After I had finished, I took a twenty pound note, and laid it in my desk, the remainder of the five hundred pounds I put in my pocket, to try my last chance. In an hour I quitted the hell pennyless. When I returned home I had composed myself a little after the dreadful excitement which I had been under. I felt a calm, and a degree of negative happiness. I knew my fate—there was no more suspense. I sat down to reflect upon what I should do. I was to commence the world again—to sink down at once into obscurity—

into poverty—and I felt happy. I had severed the link between myself and my former condition—I was again a beggar, but I was independent—and I resolved so to be. I spoke kindly to Timothy, went to bed, and having arranged in my own mind how I should act, I fell sound asleep. I never slept better, or awoke more refreshed. The next morning I packed up my portmanteau, taking with me only the most necessary articles; all the details of the toilet, further than cleanliness was concerned, I abjured. When Timothy came in, I told him that I was going down to Lady de Clare's, which I intended to do. Poor Timothy was overjoyed at the change in my manner, little thinking that he was so soon to lose me—for, reader, I had made up my mind that I would try my fortunes alone; and, painful as I felt would be the parting with so valued a friend, I was determined that I would no longer have even his assistance or company. I was determined to forget all that had passed, and commence the world anew. I sat down while Timothy went out to take a place in the Richmond coach, and wrote to him the following letter:—

My dear Timothy—Do not think that I undervalue your friendship, or shall ever forget your regard for me, when I tell you that we shall probably never meet again. Should fortune favour me, I trust we shall—but of that there is little prospect. I have lost almost every thing; my money is all gone, my house is sold, and all is gambled away. I leave you, with only my clothes in my portmanteau and twenty pounds. For yourself, there is the furniture, which you must sell, as well as every other article left behind. It is all yours, and I hope you will find means to establish yourself in some way. God bless you—and believe me always yours, and gratefully yours,

Japhet Newland.

This letter I reserved to put in the post when I quitted Richmond. My next letter was to Mr. Masterton.

Sir,—Your note I received, and I am afraid that, unwittingly, you have been the occasion of my present condition. That I did not deserve the language addressed to me, you may satisfy yourself by applying to Mr. Harcourt. Driven to desperation, I have lost all I had in the world, by adding gaming to my many follies. I now am about to seek my fortune, and prosecute my search after my father. You will, therefore, return my most sincere acknowledgments to Lord Windermear, for his kind offers and intentions, and assure him that my feelings towards him will always be those of gratitude and respect. For yourself, accept my warmest thanks for the friendly advice and kind interest which you have shown in my welfare, and believe me, when I say, that my earnest prayers shall be offered up for your happiness. If you can in any way assist my poor friend, Timothy, who will, I have no doubt, call upon you in his distress, you will confer an additional favour on,

Yours, ever gratefully,
Japhet Newland.

I sealed this letter, and when Timothy returned, I told him that I wished him, after my departure, to take it to Mr. Masterton's, and not wait for an answer. I then, as I had an hour to spare, before the coach started, entered into a conversation with Timothy. I pointed out to him the unfortunate condition in which I found myself, and my determination to quit the metropolis.

Timothy agreed with me. "I have seen you so unhappy of late—I may say, so miserable—that I have neither eaten nor slept. Indeed, Japhet, I have laid in bed and wept, for my happiness depends upon yours. Go where you will, I am ready to follow and to serve you, and as long as I see you are comfortable, I care for nothing else."

These words of Timothy almost shook my resolution, and I was near telling him all; but when I recollected, I refrained. "My dear Timothy," said I, "in this world we must expect to meet with a chequered existence; we may laugh at one time, but we must cry at others. I owe my life to you, and I never shall forget you, wherever I may be."

"No," replied Timothy, "you are not likely to forget one who is hardly an hour out of your sight."

"Very true, Timothy; but circumstances may occur which may separate us."

"I cannot imagine such circumstances, nor do I believe, that bad as things may turn out, that they will be so bad as that. You have your money and your house; if you leave London, you will be able to add to your income by letting your own apartments furnished, so we never shall want; and we may be very happy running about the world, seeking what we wish to find."

My heart smote me when Timothy said this, for I felt, by his devotion and fidelity, he had almost the same claim to the property I possessed, as myself. He had been my partner, playing the inferior game, for the mutual benefit. "But the time may come, Timothy, when we may find ourselves without money, as we were when we first commenced our career, and shared three-pence halfpenny each, by selling the old women the embrocation."

"Well, sir, and let it come. I should be sorry for you, but not for myself, for then Tim would be of more importance, and more useful than as valet with little or nothing to do."

I mentally exclaimed, 'I have, I think I have, been a fool, a great fool, but the die is cast. I will sow in sorrow, and may I reap a harvest in joy. I feel,' thought I, (and I did feel,) 'I feel a delightful conviction, that we shall meet again, and all this misery of parting will be but a subject of future garrulity.' "Yes, Tim," said I, in a loud voice, "all is right."

"All's right, sir; I never thought any thing was wrong, except your annoyance at people not paying you the attention which they used to do, when they supposed you a man of fortune."

"Very true; and Tim, recollect that if Mr. Masterton speaks to you about me, which he may after I am gone to Richmond, that you tell him that before I left, I paid that old scoundrel Emanuel every farthing that I had borrowed of him, and you know, (and in fact so does Mr. Masterton,) how it was borrowed."

"Well, sir, I will, if he does talk to me, but he seldom says much to me."

"But he may, perhaps, Tim; and I wish him to know that I have paid every debt I owe in the world."

"One would think that you were going to the East Indies, instead of to Richmond, by the way you talk."

"No, Tim; I was offered a situation in the East Indies, and I refused it; but Mr. Masterton and I have not been on good terms lately, and I wish him to know that I am out of debt. You know, for I told you all that passed between Emanuel and myself, how he accepted five hundred pounds, and I paid him the thousand; and I wish Mr. Masterton should know it, and he will then be better pleased with me."

"Never fear, sir," said Tim, "I can tell the whole story with flourishes."

"No, Tim, nothing but the truth; but it is time I should go. Farewell, my dear fellow. May God bless you and preserve you." And, overcome by my feelings, I dropped on Timothy's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"What is the matter? What do you mean, Japhet? Mr. Newland—pray, sir, what is the matter?"

"Timothy—it is nothing," replied I, recovering myself, "but I have been ill; nervous lately, as you well know, and even leaving the last and only friend I have, I may say for a few days, annoys and overcomes me."

"Oh! sir—dear Japhet, do let us leave this house, and sell your furniture, and be off."

"I mean that it shall be so, Tim. God bless you, and farewell." I went down stairs, the hackney-coach was at the door, Timothy put in my portmanteau, and mounted the box. I *wept bitterly*. My readers may despise me, but they ought not; let them be in my situation, and feel that they have one sincere faithful friend, and then they will know the bitterness of parting. I recovered myself before I arrived at the coach, and shaking hands with Timothy, I lost sight of him; for how long, the reader will find out in the sequel of my adventures.

I arrived at Lady de Clare's, and hardly need say that I was well received. They expressed their delight at my so soon coming again, and made a hundred inquiries—but I was unhappy and melancholy, not at my prospects, for in my infatuation I rejoiced at my anticipated beggary—but I wished to communicate with Fleta, for so I still call her. Fleta had known my history, for she had been present when I had related it to her mother, up to the time that I arrived in London; further than that she knew little. I was determined that before I quitted she should know all. I dared not trust the last part to her when I was present, but I resolved that I would do it in writing. Lady de Clare made no difficulty whatever of leaving me with Fleta. She was now a beautiful creature, of between fifteen and sixteen, bursting into womanhood, and lovely as the bud of the moss-rose; and she was precocious beyond her years in *intellect*. I staid there three days, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with her; I told her that I

wished her to be acquainted with my whole life, and interrogated her as to what she knew: I carefully filled up the chasms, until I brought it down to the time at which I placed her in the arms of her mother. "And now, Fleta," said I, "you have much more to learn—you will learn that much at my departure. I have dedicated hours every night in writing it out; and, as you will find, have analyzed my feelings, and have pointed out to you where I have been wrong. I have done it for my amusement, as it may be of service even to a female."

On the third day I took my leave, and requesting the pony chaise of Lady de Clare, to take me over to ———, that I might catch the first coach that went westward, for I did not care which, I put into Fleta's hands the packet which I had written, containing all that had passed, and my intentions for the future—bidding her farewell.

"Lady de Clare, may you be happy," said I. "Fleta—Cecilia, I should say, may God bless and preserve you, and sometimes think of your sincere friend, Japhet Newland."

"Really, Mr. Newland," said Lady de Clare, "one would think we were never to see you again."

"I hope that will not be the case, Lady de Clare, for I know nobody to whom I am more devoted."

"Then, sir, recollect we are to see you very soon."

I took her ladyship by the hand, and left the house. Thus did I commence my second pilgrimage.

(To be continued.)

TO ——— ———.

You have requested that my heart I leave you,
I leave you what is better,—my esteem;
This will rest firm; it never can deceive you:
But love!—believe me, 'tis an empty dream,
Possessing which, you have not what you seem,
Embodied fickleness—a thief—a rake,
One who makes joy with misery to teem,
And what he gives, gives not for virtue's sake,—
Selfish, the captured heart would make its conqueror ache.

Ah! if you love me, then you would not pain me,
You would not have me leave my heart behind,
E'en if I could—and then thou askest vainly,—
That I, a self-willed thing, should know to bind:
No,—take the *adoration of my mind*,
That which I have the power to give at will,
And that in which no treachery I find,
That which, when passion dies, continues still:
That which *without caprice* the thoughtful breast can fill.

A.

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACOB FAITHFUL," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing what passed at Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent.

Ostend, April 18, 1835.

I WAS confoundedly taken in by a rascal of a commissionnaire, and aware how the feelings of travellers are affected by the weather or the treatment they receive at any place they may pass through, I shall display the heroism of saying nothing about the place, except that I believe Ostend to be the most rascally hole in the world, and the sooner the traveller is out of it so much the better will it be for his purse and for his temper.

April 19.

It has been assumed as an axiom that every one in this world is fond of power. During our passage in the track-schuyt I had an evidence to the contrary, for as we glided noiselessly and almost imperceptibly along, a lady told me that she infinitely preferred the three-horse power of the schuyt to the hundred-horse power of the steam-packet. We arrived at Bruges, escaping all the horrors and difficulties of steam navigation.

House rent at Bruges is cheap, because one half of the houses are empty—at least that was the cause assigned to me, although I will not vouch for its being the true one. The reader may remember that this was the site of cheap peaches, but none met our sight, the trees not being yet in blossom. I ought to observe, for the satisfaction of the Foreign Bible Society, that at the hotel at Bruges I saw a book of their exportation lying on the chimney piece in *excellent* preservation.

April 21.

As to what passed in our journey to Ghent, I can only say that every thing *passed us*—for the roads were very heavy, the horses very lazy, and the postboys still lazier—they rode their horses listlessly, sitting on them sideways, as I have seen boys in the country swinging on a gate—whereby the *gait* of the track-schuyt could not be styled a swinging pace. We did arrive at last, and thus ended our water carriage. At Ghent we went to the Hôtel Royal, from out of the windows of which I had a fine view of the belfry surmounted by the Brazen Dragon from Constantinople; and as I conjured up times past, and I thought how the belfry was built and how the dragon got there, I found myself at last wandering in the Apocrypha of "Bel and the Dragon."

We went to see the picture by Van Eck, in the cathedral of St. Bovin. The reader will probably wish to know who was St. Bovin—so did I—and I asked the question of the sacristan: the reader

[1] Continued from p. 198.

shall have the benefit of the answer, " St. Bovin, monsieur, il était un *saint.*"

That picture of Van Eck's is worth a van full of most of the pictures we see: it was Van Eck who invented, and was indeed the father of painting in oil. It is a wonderful production.

Mrs. Trollope says that people run through Belgium as if it were a mere rail-road to other countries. That is very true—we did the same—for who would stop at Ostend to be swindled, or at Bruges to look at empty houses, or at Ghent, which is nothing but a Flanders Birmingham, when Brussels and King Leopold, and the anticipation of something more agreeable, were only thirty miles off. Not one day was our departure postponed; with post-horses and postillions we posted post haste to Brussels.

CHAPTER V.

Kabobs at Brussels, April 22.

The Queen of Belgium " a fait un enfant." On the continent it is always the wife who is considered as the faiseuse; the husband is supposed, and very often with justice, to have had nothing to do in the matter—it certainly does appear to be optional on the part of the ladies, for they limit their family to their exact wishes or means of support. How different is it in England, where children will be born whether it is convenient or not! O Miss Martineau! you may talk about the " preventive check," but where is it? In England it would be as valuable as the philosopher's stone.

I think that the good people of Paris would do well, as they appear just now to have left religion in abeyance, to take up the manners and customs of the empire of the Nahirs, a Mahratta nation, which I once read about. In that country, as in heaven, there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage. All are free, and all inheritance is through the children of the sister; for although it is impossible to know who may be the father of any of the children, they are very certain that the sisters' children must have the blood on the maternal side. What a good arrangement this would be for the Parisians—how many *péchés mortelles* would they get rid of—such as adultery, fornication, &c.—by passing one simple law of the land. By-the-by, what an admirable idea for reforming a nation—they say that laws, now-a-days, are made to prevent crime: but if laws were enacted by which crime should no longer be considered as crime, what a deal of trouble might be saved.

The theatre is closed owing to the want of funds; the want of funds is owing to the want of honesty on the part of the manager having run away with the strong box, which was decidedly the very best box in the theatre.

April 26.

I went to see a species of Franconi, or Astley's; there is little variety in these performances, as there are only a certain quantity of feats, which can be performed either by the horses or the riders, nevertheless we had some novelty. We had the very best feminine rider I ever saw; she was a perfect female Centaur, looking part and

parcel of the animal upon which she stood; and then we had a regularly Dutch-built lady, who amused us with a tumble off her horse, coming down on the loose sawdust, in a sitting posture, and making a hole in it as large as if a covey of partridges had been basking in it for the whole day. An American black (there always is a black fellow in these companies, for, as Cooper says, they learn to ride well in America by stealing their masters' horses) rode furiously well and sprained his ankle—the attempt of a man in extreme pain to smile is very horrible—yet he did grin as he bowed and limped away. After that we had a performer, who had little chance of spraining her ankle, a Miss Betsey, that is, a female of good proportions, who was, however, not a little sulky that evening, and very often refused to perform her task, and as for forcing the combined will of a female and an elephant to boot, there was no man rash enough to attempt it, so she did as little as she pleased, and it pleased her to do very little; one feat, however, was novel, she took a musket in her mouth and fired it off with her trunk.

When I was in India I was very partial to these animals; there was a most splendid elephant, which had been captured by the expedition sent to Martaban; he stood four or five feet higher than elephants usually do, and was a great favourite of his master, the rajah. When this animal was captured there was great difficulty in getting him on board of the transport. A raft was made, and he was very unwillingly persuaded to trust his huge carcass upon it; he was then towed off with about thirty of the natives on the raft, attending him; the largest purchases and blocks were procured to hoist him in, the main-yards doubly secured, and the fall brought to the capstern. The elephant had been properly slung, the capstern was manned, and his huge bulk was lifted in the air, but he had not risen a foot before the ropes gave way, and down he came again on the raft with a heavy surge, a novelty which he did not appear to approve of. A new fall was rove, and they again manned the capstern; this time the tackle held, and up went the gentleman in the air; but he had not forgotten the previous accident, and upon what ground it is impossible to say, he ascribed his treatment to the natives, who were assisting him on the raft. As he slowly mounted in the air, he looked about him very wroth, his eyes and his trunk being the only portions of his frame at liberty. These he turned about in every direction as he ascended—at last, as he passed by the main channels, he perceived the half of a maintop-sail yard, which had been carried away in the slings, lying on the goose-necks; it was a weapon that suited him admirably; he seized hold of it, and whirling it once round with his trunk, directed the piece of wood with such good aim, that he swept about twenty of the natives off the raft, to take their chance with a strong tide and plenty of alligators. It was the self-possession of the animal which I admired so much, swinging in the air in so unusual a position for an elephant, he was as collected as if he had been roaming in his own wild forests. He arrived and was disembarked at Rangoon, and it was an amusement to me, whenever I could find time to watch this animal, and two others much smaller in size who were with him; but he was my particular pet. Perhaps

the reader will like to have the diary of an elephant when not on active service. At what time animals get up who never lie down without being ordered, it is not very easy to say. The elephants are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the extreme heat of the sun; they stand under this tree, to which they are chained by their hind legs. Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the respective keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, cast themselves loose, and in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper; they then march off with him to the nearest forest, and on their arrival commence breaking down the branches of the trees, selecting those which are most agreeable to their palates, and arranging them in two enormous faggots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make witheys and bind up their two faggots, and then twist another to connect the two, so as to hang them over their backs down on each side, and having thus made their provision, they return home; the keeper may or may not be present during this performance. All depends upon whether the elephants are well trained, and have been long in servitude. Upon their return, the elephants pass the chains again round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before; they then amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the others. Now when an elephant has had enough to eat, he generally selects a long bough, and pulling off all the lateral branches, leaves a bush at the end forming a sort of whisk to keep off the flies and musquitoes; for although the hide of the elephant is very thick, still it is broken into crannies and cracks, into which the vermin insert themselves. Sometimes they have the following ingenious method of defending themselves against these tormentors—they put the end of their trunk down in the dust, draw up as large a quantity as they can, and turning their trunks over their heads, pour it out over their skin, powdering and filling up the interstices, after which they take the long branch I have before mentioned, and amuse themselves by flapping it right and left, and in all directions about their bodies, wherever the insects may settle.

And now for an instance of self-denial, which I have often witnessed on the part of my friend the large elephant. I have observed him very busy, flapping right and flapping left, evidently much annoyed by the persecution of the musquitoes; by-the-by, no one can have an idea how hard the tiger-musquito can bite. I will, however, give an instance of it, for the truth of which I cannot positively vouch; but I remember that once, when it rained torrents, and we were on a boating expedition, a marine who, to keep his charge dry, had his fore-finger inserted in the barrel of his musket, pulled it out in a great hurry, exclaiming to his comrade, "may I be shot, Bill, if one of them beggars ha'n't bit me right through the barrel of my musket." This *par parenthèse*, and now to proceed. As I said before, the elephant showed, by constant flagellation of his person, that he was much annoyed by his persecutors, and just at that time, the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round as a ball, which in India I believe

they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindostanee—"*Watch it*," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of Indian ink, and driving away every musquito which came near it; this he continued for upwards of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned. It was really a beautiful sight, and causing much reflection. Here was a monster, whose bulk exceeded that of the infant by at least ten thousand times, acknowledging that the image of his maker, even in its lowest degree of perfection, was divine; silently proving the truth of the sacred announcement, that God had "given to man dominion over the beasts of the field." And here too was a brute animal setting an example of devotion and self-denial, which but few Christians, none indeed but a mother, could have practised. Would Fowell Buxton, surrounded by a host of musquitoes, have done as much for a fellow-creature, white or black? not he; he would have flapped his own thighs, his own ears, his own face, and his own every thing, and have left his neighbours to take care of themselves; nor should we blame him.

As I am on the subject, I may as well inform my readers how and in which way this elephant and I parted company, for it was equally characteristic of the animal. The army was ordered to march, and the elephants were called into requisition to carry the tents. The Quarter-Master General, the man with four eyes, as the natives called him, because he wore spectacles, superintended the loading of the animals—tent upon tent was heaped upon my friend, who said nothing, till at last he found that they were overdoing the thing, and then he roared out his complaints, which the keeper explained; but there was still one more tent to be carried, and, therefore, as one more or less could make no difference, it was ordered to be put upon his back. The elephant said no more, but he turned sulky—enough was as good as a feast with him, and he considered this treatment as no joke. Now it so happened that at the time the main street, and the only street of the town, which was at least half a mile long, was crowded to suffocation with tattoos, or little ponies, and small oxen, every one of them loaded with a couple of cases of claret, or brandy, or something else, slung on each side of them, attended by coolies, who, with their hooting, and pushing, and beating, and screaming, created a very bustling and lively scene. When the last tent was put on the elephant he was like a mountain, with canvass on each side of him, bulging out to a width equal to his own; there was just room for him to pass through the two rows of houses on each side of the street, and not ten inches to spare: he was ordered by the keeper to go on—he obeyed the order certainly, but in what way—he threw his trunk up in the air, screamed a loud shriek of indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal in speed to a horse's gallop, right down the street, mowing down before him every poney, bullock, and cooley that barred his passage; the confusion was indescribable, all the little animals were with their legs in the air, claret and brandy poured in rivulets down the street, coolies screamed

as they threw themselves into the doors and windows, and at one fell swoop the angry gentleman demolished the major part of the comforts of the officers, who were little aware how much they were to sacrifice for the sake of an extra tent. With my eyes I followed my friend in his reckless career, until he was enveloped and hid from my view in a cloud of dust, and that was my farewell of him. I turned round, and observed close to me the quarter-master-general, looking with all his *four eyes* at the effects of his inhumanity. But I have wandered some twenty thousand miles from Brussels, and must return.

CHAPTER VI.

Brussels, May 5th.

His Belgian majesty, the Belgian ministers, Belgian ambassadors, Belgian authorities, and all the Belgian nobility and gentry, all the English who reside in Brussels for economy and quiet, and all the exiles and propaganda who reside here to kick up a row, have all left Brussels by the Porte d'Anvers. And all the Belgians who live at Brussels have shut up their shops, and gone out by the Porte d'Anvers. And the whole populace, men, women, and children, have gone out of the Porte d'Anvers. And all the infants have also gone, because the mothers could not leave them at home. And the generals, and their staffs, and the officers, and all the troops, and all the artillery, have also left Brussels, and gone out at the Porte d'Anvers, to keep the said populace quiet and in good order. So that there is no one left at Brussels, and Brussels must for one day take care of itself.

And now you of course wish to know why they have all left Brussels, and further, why they have gone through the Porte d'Anvers.

Because there is this day the commemoration of the inauguration of the *Chemin de Fer*, which has just been completed from Brussels to Malines, and is on this day to be opened, that is to say, that three steam tugs, whose names are the Stephenson, the Arrow, and the Elephant, are to drag to Malines and back again, in the presence of his majesty, all his majesty's ministers, all the ambassadors who choose to go, all the heads of the departments, and every body else who can produce a satisfactory yellow ticket, which will warrant their getting into one of the thirty-three omnibuses, diligences, or cars, which are attached to the said three steam tugs, the Arrow, the Stephenson, and the Elephant. I shall go and see it—I will not remain at Brussels by myself, the "last man."

May 6th.

It was a brilliant affair, and went off well, because the trains went on well. We were tugged through twelve miles of the most fertile pasture in the universe, the whole line of road so crowded with spectators, as to make evident the extreme populousness of the country. For the first mile it was one mass of people—and a Belgian crowd has a very agreeable effect, from the prevailing colours being blue and white, which are very refreshing, and contrast pleasantly with the green background. Every man had his blouse, and every woman her

cap and straw bonnet; but if the Belgians look well *en masse*, I cannot say that they do so in detail; the men we do not expect much from, but the women are certainly the ugliest race in the whole world —I will not except the Africans. In some of our men-of-war it was formerly the custom to have an old knife, which was passed from one to the other, as the men joined the ship, being handed to the ugliest man they could find; he held the knife until another came, more unfortunate in physiognomy than himself, when it was immediately made over to the last, who was obliged in his turn to retain it until he could discover some one even more unprepossessing. Following up this principle with the ladies of Belgium, and comparing them with those of other European states, they are most unequivocally entitled to *hold the knife*, and unless they improve by crossing the breed, I am afraid they will have it in their possession for centuries.

We arrived safe at Malines, and I was infinitely amused at the variety of astonishment in the five hundred thousand faces which we passed. In one rich meadow I beheld a herd of fat priests, who looked at the trains in such a manner as to say that they were "heretical and damnable," and that the Chemin de *Fer* was nothing but the Chemin *d'Enfer*. At Malines we all got out, walked to a stone pillar, where a speech was made to the sound of martial music, and we all got in again. And then to show the power of his engines, Mr. Stephenson attached all the cars, omnibuses, and diligences together, and directed the Elephant to take us back without assistance from the other two engines. So the Elephant took us all in tow, and away we went, at a very fair pace. It must have been a very beautiful sight to those who were looking on the whole train in one line, covered with red cloth and garlands of roses, with white canopies over head, and decorated with about three hundred Belgian flags, of yellow, red, and black. However, the huge animal who dragged this weight of eighty tons became thirsty at Ville Vorde, and cast us off—it took him half an hour to drink—that is to say, to take in water, and then he set off again, and we arrived safely at Brussels, much to the delight of those who were in the cars, and also of his majesty, and all his ministers, and all his authorities, and all the mercantile classes, who consider that the millennium is come, but very much to the disappointment of the lower classes, who have formed the idea that the *Chemin de Fer* will take away their bread, and who longed for a blow up. And Mr. Stephenson having succeeded in bringing back in safety his decorated cars, has been *decoré* himself, and is now a Chevalier de l'Ordre Leopold. Would not the *Iron* order of the Belgian patriots have been more appropriate—it was given to many whose only claims were *accelerated motion*, at the celebrated battle of Louvain.

It is impossible to contemplate any steam-engine, without feeling wonder and admiration at the ingenuity of man; but this feeling is raised to a degree of awe when you look at a steam-tug—there is such enormous power compressed into so small a space—I never can divest myself of the idea that it is possessed of *vitality*—that it is a living as well as a moving being—and that idea, joined with its immense power, conjures up in my mind that it is some spitting, fizzing, terrific demon, ready and happy to drag us by thousands to destruction.

And will this powerful invention prove to mankind a *blessing* or a *curse?*—like the fire which Prometheus stole from Heaven to vivify his statue, may it not be followed by the evils of Pandora's fatal casket?

The lower classes of Belgium have formed an idea that the introduction of steam is to take away their bread. Let us examine whether there is not in this idea a degree of instinctive and prophetic truth.

The axiom of our political economists is, that the grand object to be sought and obtained is to produce the greatest possible results by the smallest possible means. The axiom, as an axiom by itself, is good; but the axiom to be opposed to it is, that the well-being and happiness of any state depends upon obtaining full employment for the whole industry of the people.

The population of Belgium is enormous. In England we calculate about eighteen hundred souls to the square league. In Belgium it amounts to three thousand eight hundred souls to the square league. Now it would be impossible for Belgium to support this population, were it not, in the first place, for her extensive manufactories, (for upon the cotton manufactories alone, in which steam is as yet but partially introduced, two hundred and fifty thousand souls depend for their existence,) and in the second place, from the subdivision of the land in small portions, arising from the laws of inheritance, which bar the right of primogeniture; the consequence of which is, that the major part of Belgium is cultivated by spade husbandry, and is in the very highest state of fertility. Nevertheless the proportion of those who receive relief in Belgium from public institutions and private charities of all descriptions, amounts even at present, to *one in eight persons.* Now, allowing that the steam-engine should be generally introduced into this country, the consequence must be, that machinery will supply the place, and do the work of man. And what will be the result? that thousands will be thrown out of employment, and must be supported by the nation. When the population is so dense that there is not room for the labour of its present inhabitants, it is clear that the introduction of machinery can have but one effect —that of increasing pauperism. Are not, then, the Belgians right in thinking that it will deprive them of their bread?

That machinery has already had that effect to a certain degree in England cannot be denied; and not only our manufacturing, but our agricultural population, have been distressed from an adherence to the same principle, of obtaining the greatest possible results from the smallest possible means. The subdivision of land will do more to relieve the agricultural distress than any thing else. At present large farms are preferred both by landlord and tenant, because a large farm can be cultivated with a fewer number of men and horses; but how does this act? It throws a certain quantity of labourers out of employ, who are supported in idleness. Is the sum gained by farmers by employing fewer men on large farms, more than their proportion of the poor's rates paid for unproductive industry? That it may be more to the farmers is possible, as they shift a great part of the onus upon others; but to the nation it certainly is not—for the man who does not work

must still be fed. May we not then consider the following propositions as correct?

That, producing the greatest possible results from the least possible means, is an axiom which can only hold good when it does not interfere with the industry of the people. That, as long as the whole population are employed, such powers become a benefit, and a source of extra wealth. But that, in proportion as it throws the population out of employment, so much the more does it prove an injury, and must finally cause the ruin of that state. *Quod est demonstrandum*—which I hope it will not be in our time.

(To be continued.)

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Yes, she has left us. She, whose gifted lays
So nobly earned a nation's love and praise,
Entranced the high and lofty ones of earth,—
And shed a radiance o'er the peasant's hearth,
She from the world is taken. Her sweet lute
Hangs on the willow desolate and mute;
And while we half unconsciously repeat
Strains we have learned as household words to greet,
How mournful is the thought, that she can pour
Songs of such touching melody no more!

Oh! what a range of mind was hers, how bright
Her pages seemed with Inspiration's light;
And yet, though skilled to dazzle and o'erwhelm,
Queen of Imagination's fairy realm,
Her highest excellence appeared to be
In the calm region of reality.
In Nature's wondrous workings lay her art,
From that exhaustless mine, the human heart,
She brought her gems. 'Twas hers, with gentle skill
The slumbering feelings to arouse and thrill
With colours not more beautiful than true
The modest virtues of her sex she drew.
"Records of Woman." At that name arise
Fair shapes of truth and goodness to our eyes:
Not the gay phantoms seen in Fancy's trance,
Not the bright paragons of old romance,
Nor yet the wonders of a later age,
The heroines of Reason's formal page,
Full of cold, calculating, worldly sense,
And self-elate in moral excellence!

No—at Religion's pure and sacred flame
Her torch she kindled—'twas her wish and aim
That in her female portraits we should see
The blest effects of humble piety,
Proving that, in this world of sin and strife,
None could fulfil the charities of life,
Or bear its trials, save the path they trod
Were hallowed by the guiding grace of God.

And well her spirit in her life was shown,
No character more lovely than her own
Fell from her gifted pen—though numbers breathed
Her name, though laurel bands her brow enwreathed,
She sought not in the world's vain scenes to roam,
Her duties were her joys, her sphere was home:
And Memory still a pensive pleasure blends
With the affliction of her weeping friends,
When they recall the meek calm lowliness
With which she bore the blaze of her success:
But trials soon as well as triumphs came,
Sickness subdued her weak and languid frame,
Then was she patient, tranquil, and resigned,
Religion soothed and fortified her mind;
She knew that for the blessed Saviour's sake,
In whom she trusted, she should sleep to wake
In glory, and she yielded up her breath,
Feeling she won eternity by death.

Oh! may her holy principles impress
The soul of each surviving poetess;
No trivial charge is to her care consigned,
Who gives to public view her stores of mind:
Even though her sum of treasures may be small,
Good can be worked, if Heaven permit, by all:
She who a single talent holds in store,
By patient zeal may make that little more;
And though but few, alas! can boast the powers
Of her now lost, the gift may still be ours
Humbly to imitate her better part,
And strive to elevate each reader's heart
To themes of purer and of holier birth
Than the low pleasures and vain pomps of earth.
Never may Woman's lays their service lend
Vice to encourage, soften, or defend,
Nor may we in our own conceit be wise,
Weaving frail webs of mere moralities:
No, may we ever on His grace reflect,
To whom we owe our cherished intellect,
Deem that such powers in trust to us were given
To serve and glorify our Lord in heaven,
And place, amid the highest joys of fame,
Our best distinction in a Christian's name.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

" Learn to be wise from other's harm,
And you shall do full well."

OLD BALLAD.

I AM going to write an account of ten years of my life. When I say that these ten years were passed in the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square, and among what our modern novelists denominate the " middling ranks of society," I suppose my sentimental and fashionable readers will at once decide that I can have nothing to relate worth hearing; but there are many people in the world who are neither sentimental nor fashionable, and my ambition will be quite satisfied by their attention and sympathy. I do not yet know whether I shall relate my trials in a lively or melancholy style. I have, as a celebrated song-writer says, " my harp of sighs and my harp of smiles;" most probably memory will be very impartial, and wake the strings of each in turn.

It was my one-and-twentieth birth-day—I was an orphan, and I came to my fortune. Let me not, however, delude my readers into the belief that they are perusing the " Memoirs of an Heiress." My fortune, alas! was one of those portions very common in " middling life." I had a thousand pounds in the three per cents., I had a house at Brixton with a green verandah, Venetian blinds, and a small neat front garden, presenting at the various seasons a due gradation of crocusses, wall-flowers, stocks, and Michaelmas daisies; this house all the world considered to be very much underlet at seventy pounds a year. I had also an annual twenty pounds arising from an improved ground-rent, which I beg to tell the unlearned in those matters, who may be imposed upon by " the magic of a name," means the worst sort of ground-rent that you can possibly possess! This modicum of worldly goods, however, passed in the circles I frequented for a " pretty fortune," and then I had " great expectations!" Convenient form of speech; how many young ladies have " great expectations," and if they are never realized, the expectations of life, and life itself, are so proverbially uncertain, that it would be very hard to blame them for the non-fulfilment of the hopes held out by them. My great expectations, however, were really better founded than those of the generality of my female acquaintance. I had lived since the death of my parents, which took place three years before the time to which I now refer, with an uncle who had retired from business, and who was rich and childless; he was warmly attached to me, and his wife, who had no relations of her own, was still fonder of me than he was.

On the day I allude to, I had given them a little vexation, but they bore it very kindly and benevolently: I had entered into an engage-

ment to be married! My uncle told me that a very indiscreet act was the worst possible proof I could give of having attained the age of discretion; I was courteous enough to laugh at his joke, and as he was seldom guilty of making one, his unexpected success had the immediate effect of restoring his good temper. I was rather more "wordy" in the account I gave to my aunt of the good qualities of my beloved Edward Conway, and my hopes that our engagement would speedily terminate in a union. After I had talked for above a quarter of an hour, my aunt merely ejaculated the words, "Poor thing!" I thought at the time she could not have said any thing less to the purpose, I think now she could scarcely have said any thing more so.

The first year of my engagement passed pleasantly enough, every thing was *couleur de rose*. My lover had recently commenced business in the law, and was earning an income of about the same value as my own. He was tall, dark, pale, and interesting, had read a vast variety of elegant literature, wrote in the magazines, sung a very good second, and had a great deal to say on every subject that was started. It was the general opinion that he was a decidedly clever young man, and as such, quite sure to get on in his profession. This is a very plausible kind of reasoning, but from all I have since seen of the world, I am rather inclined to doubt that decidedly clever young men *do* get on in a profession. Genius allures ten out of the path of profit, where it guides one into it. I was then, however, certain that Conway's talent would speedily lead to fame and fortune, and my own property might increase, something might happen; the "something" of our maturer age rivals, in its convenient qualities, the "nobody" of our childhood! We were both, in short, satisfied with each other, with ourselves, and with our prospects. Love and prudence are generally thought to be at variance, but we had contrived to reconcile the rival factions. We were young, we had plenty of time before us, we should enjoy the delights of reciprocal and tender friendship for a certain period, and we should then exchange them for the still greater delights of connubial affection. How prettily and plausibly we talk when we wish to compliment our own sagacity, and to predict our own felicity. In society I found my consequence much increased by my known influence over a man so talented and popular as Conway. I had also a delightful sense of independence in being able to converse freely with other young men, without the dread of being suspected of matrimonial designs, and a pleasing feeling of superiority over the disengaged young ladies who had still "the world before them where to choose." At home, when Conway, as was his almost constant custom, passed the evenings with us, time fled still more rapidly and pleasantly. Lovers, it is said, ought to have some one pursuit in common; we had two, the love of music and the love of literature. Even indifferent persons, conversing together on such subjects, will have so much alternately to learn and to impart, that congeniality of taste must awaken in them a certain portion of interest towards each other. Judge the feelings with which we must have sung the sweetest melodies, and studied the most gifted poets, ever tracing up the song or poem to one source, that of our mutual and sincere affection.

Yes, a long engagement is like opium-eating, the raptures are all at the beginning, and are dearly purchased by the feverish excitement and startling tremors which assail us as we proceed. I have been told (although I can scarcely believe it) that the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" have induced many to tread in his steps, that they might taste the transports which he so vividly describes in the commencement of his career. I should be exceedingly sorry that my recital should tempt any one to tread in mine, and therefore I shall at once draw to a close the first year of my engagement.

Clouds began to make their appearance early in the second year. My uncle and aunt thought that Conway came too often to the house. Another offence, although it was not openly alleged "in the bond," was the style of his discourse. Lovers might be allowed, to a certain degree, to pay compliments and talk nonsense to each other; but to be always conversing about music and poetry, and never notice the carpet-work of the lady of the house, nor talk about the price of funds with the master of it, was an offence of the first magnitude. I felt very indignant when these complaints were hinted to me; few girls can bear to hear their lovers censured even for not talking well enough, and I thought it very hard that mine should involve himself in trouble by talking too well. I also remembered that my uncle had begged Conway to come to the house whenever he felt inclined, and surely none could judge so well of his inclination as himself. I made some very severe reflections on my uncle's hollowness and duplicity, although I had not felt the least shocked when I had seen him, after receiving a letter from a person who had begged some trifling service of him which he could very readily have granted, write an answer, refusing his request, and signing himself "your very obedient, humble servant." We are all wonderfully quick-sighted to inconsistency and insincerity when they happen to interfere with our own comforts and gratifications. I now also began most acutely to feel the loss of my parents; my uncle and aunt had hitherto well supplied their places to me, but now I thought, were my dear father and mother alive, *they* would not be so cold-hearted and selfish, *they* would be ready to make a few sacrifices of personal convenience for the sake of their daughter. Let me, in justice to my poor uncle and aunt, say, that I subsequently found, from further acquaintance with the world, that many engaged young women, with parents of their own, have received precisely the same hints about the frequent visits of their lovers, which irritated me so much, from them; but I was in a state of mind to imagine myself very ill-used, and felt peculiarly incensed that Conway, whose manners and talents might adorn the mansions of nobility, should be considered as an interloper in a dull parlour in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. Such, however, was the case; and I prepared myself to acquaint Conway of the fact with as much delicacy as possible. Happily, however, he saved me the trouble; he had so much quickness of tact, that he could "read at sight" an altered look or a clouded brow. His visits were shorter and less frequent, and the intervals of time appeared to me insufferably tedious. I no longer felt the same interest in the common employments of life. I was absent in company, and silent with my uncle and aunt. Love

is said to make fools of wise men, and wise men of fools; in the same way I think that it often cures selfishness where it exists, and causes it where it does not. I was not, I am sure, naturally selfish; but now all my thoughts, feelings, and hopes, were concentrated in Conway and myself. Our interviews were still a source of the greatest happiness to me; but that excitement passed, I returned to a state of dreamy lassitude, and my uncle and aunt both informed me that my engagement had not altered me for the better,—a polite form of speech which of course implied that it had altered me for the worse.

The third year was still more trying than the former. Several of our intimate friends now thought fit to obtrude their advice and sympathy. I found from them that when a young lady enters into an engagement to be married, it is concluded by her friends, that her marriage will take place in two, or at the most, three years; and that if, at the end of that time, it appears as far from any prospect of completion as at the beginning, it is wise to put an end to it. Who originally laid down these rules I do not know, but I both knew and felt that it was not at all incumbent on me to act up to them. My aunt, however, was made a complete convert to these prudential arguments; she sent for me into her dressing-room, and after recapitulating them to me, (a perfectly needless task, since I had heard them at least twenty times before,) informed me that she and my uncle were of opinion that I had much better break off the engagement. Much better break off the engagement! How easily are those words spoken by an indifferent person, and with what a cold, leaden weight do they fall upon the heart of the young and affectionate! I can only compare the sensation to that which an invalid would feel, who, when believing that he is progressing slowly and surely to a perfect recovery, is suddenly informed that it is deemed necessary for him to undergo a severe and painful operation. And yet such things are not only continually said, but are actually done and suffered. The operation is undergone, and the patient smiles in all the vigour of renewed health. The engagement is broken off, and the released parties speedily contract newer and more favourable ties; but each I believe will ever remember the pang of horror with which they first heard the trial proposed, and shrank from the certainty of present and immediate suffering, notwithstanding all the promises and inducements of ultimate good.

I mentioned these circumstances to Conway, he also had his kind advising friends, but like me, he was firm in constancy. Our attachment was warm and mutual, and could we have married at that time, I am persuaded no couple could have had a more favourable prospect of extreme happiness. Conway endeavoured to cheer my spirits under the melancholy prognostications of my friends and neighbours; he would redouble his exertions in his profession for my sake—he would work unremittingly for me, in the hope of possessing me. Work for me! vain, useless boast; the mechanic or the labourer may indeed work for the woman he loves, and gain a regular recompence for his hours of extra toil, but what can the man of talent, the man of feeling do, confined to the narrow circle of an up-hill profession? What but sit, and wait, and expect, and find all his hopes and expectations end

in disappointment! This year began so tragically, that I am happy to remember a comic episode at the conclusion, which enlivened it. An old maid, who had earnestly advised us to break off the engagement, was so convinced that her counsel ought to be accepted, that she at last persuaded herself that it *had* been, and spread abroad the report that we were both free. This rumour obtained me an offer of marriage from an elderly gentleman, and Conway a declaration of love (made through the medium of an humble companion) from a middle aged lady, and my aunt and uncle, and about half a dozen respectable families in Hunter Street, were overwhelmed with wonder at our folly in declining such unexceptionable overtures.

My suitor was a sleek, rubicund alderman, with a bald head, and a most apoplectic-looking neck, who took a quantity of snuff, and always slept after dinner. He touched occasionally upon literary subjects, thought that Haynes Bayley wrote the "Plays on the Passions," and that Anacreon Moore was the author of "Zeluco;" and he deemed all the glories and splendours of the Arabian Nights Entertainments a mere nothing compared to those of the Mansion House. Conway's enamoured dame was the plump buxom widow of a country 'squire; her person was large, but so was her jointure, and in respect to her feelings, no thread-paper beauty could be more tenderly sentimental. Like the alderman, she sometimes endeavoured to recommend herself by her literary conversation; she called the Waverley novels "sweet reading," decided that Pollok's "Course of Time" was "a pretty thing enough," and wondered that any body should engage a governess who did not undertake to teach her pupils to write verses. Miss Sheridan's sprightly little poem, "The Stout Lady," had not then made its appearance; but when I read it, my fancy instantly reverted to the ill success of the advances of the sensitive widow.

"What man of feeling can tell me he loves,
While my odious fat fingers are bursting my gloves?

* * * * * *

"Soft verses pathetic I often indite,
They say a fat woman can't love and can't write;
At music expressive my tears often steal,
They say a fat woman can't weep and can't feel!"

The affection of Conway and myself would have triumphed over far more dazzling temptations, and the widow and the alderman were both rejected. Several of my young friends mourned over my stupidity in refusing the prospective honours of shining as Lady Mayoress, and some young men of Conway's acquaintance remonstrated with him on his folly in declining the widow's advantageous offer, because, as they wisely observed, "marrying the woman need not oblige him to be much with her!" Divers highly sagacious persons in the meridian and decline of life, likewise lamented that we should each have lost so excellent an opportunity of "raising ourselves above the world." Strange expression! I cannot for my part comprehend how any people can be said to raise themselves above the world, by conduct which tends rather to degrade them below it. The desponding couple soon found consolation; the widow married a half pay Irish

ensign, and the alderman found a future lady mayoress in the person of a very pretty simpering young lady, our opposite neighbour in Hunter Street, who had been the only one of my acquaintance who had strenuously advised me to refuse him. The new-married couples, either out of a spirit of forgiveness or defiance, (extremes often meet,) sent wedding cake to Conway and myself. I put the mystical piece, drawn nine times through the ring, under my pillow at night—dreamed that I stood at the altar in a delicate white satin dress, and transparent bonnet adorned with orange flowers; the ring was placed upon my finger, but its pressure startled me, "and I awoke, and lo, it was a dream."

The fourth year opened despondingly. My property, as I have before mentioned, was small. I had hoped that something might occur to make it more, but if I had feared that something might occur to make it less, my anticipations would have been much nearer the truth. My "improved ground-rent," which had been improved till it nearly equalled the rent of the little tenement to which it appertained, had been paid to me for some time in very uncertain proportions. At last my uncle suggested to me that I had better send to take possession of the house, which was then tenantless. A very high wind, however, had just settled the matter of possession: the house, which was old and dilapidated, sank into ruins, and I was glad to dispose of the mass of rubbish for a very small sum.

Other mortifications awaited me in my prime property, the green verandahed house at Brixton. The tenant quitted without notice—a shameful breach of contract on his part, because it had been agreed on between us that there should be six months' notice on either side. I am inclined however to think that he was troubled with a bad memory, for he forgot to pay many of his debts in the neighbourhood, and forgot to leave his new address behind him! I was immediately obliged to paint and paper the house; the green verandah and blinds assumed a more vivid hue, and the wall-flowers bloomed with redoubled fragrance; but, alas! the poor house seemed fated to be a wall-flower itself, as little singled out and cared for by the public, as if it had been one of the elderly young ladies, who go by that name in an assembly-room. No one was disposed to take it "for better for worse," and my only consolation for the loss of my next half year's five and thirty pounds, was in my aunt's assurance that it would be a much worse thing for me if I were married to a man with nothing, and had half a dozen children! This year, which was so unpropitious to me, opened a bright prospect to Conway, not, however, in fortune, but in fame. The Annuals were just then making their appearance, not as now, in a brilliant *corps de ballet*, bewildering from its numbers, but in the shape of three or four graceful modest strangers, who were eagerly welcomed in all companies, and whose "coming out" formed the subject of general conversation. Conway had written an amusing tale and a pretty poem in one of them; they happened to please the taste of the public; one or two lionizing ladies of quality favoured him with a card of invitation, and when it was discovered that he was a remarkably pleasing and gentlemanly young man, his fame as an author increased in tenfold proportion. I do not believe that his ce-

lebrity procured him one additional will to make, or deed to draw; but he obtained a variety of invitations, and certainly became introduced and admired in a very different class of society from that in which he had been accustomed to move. It is natural for the young to be pleased with praise, and dazzled with pomp. I do not think Conway felt conscious that his manner towards me was altered, but certainly it was far from gratifying to me, instead of hearing of my own attractions and his attachment, to listen to recitals of splendid galas and titled company. I could not, however, reproach him with neglecting me, for he still came to the house quite as often as my uncle and aunt gave him any encouragement to do. I could not charge him with neglecting his profession, for he had so little to do that his hours of leisure were abundant. I could not blame him for publishing in the Annuals, for he had done so at my particular advice and solicitation—and I could not blame the world of fashion for inviting and admiring him, for I quite approved their taste. In short, I was in a most unfortunate predicament for a discontented person; I had nobody with whom I could reasonably find fault: in proportion, however, as I feared that Conway's mind would become alienated from me, my wish increased for an immediate union, by which I felt I should regain all, and more than all, of my former influence; and I longed unceasingly and ardently for an increase of income on either side, which might make such a union consistent with prudence.

At the beginning of the fifth year my aunt became seriously ill, and her complaint was pronounced to be one which is rarely cured, and seldom of very tedious duration. The medical man who attended her, told me his opinion in confidence, that she could not live above a few months. Unlike invalids in general, she seemed perfectly conscious without being told of it, that she had few hopes of recovery or prolonged life. "I fear I shall be a great trouble to you, dear Julia," she said; "but you may rely upon it that the kindness and attention which I feel assured you will show me, shall not go unrewarded." Not go unrewarded! How I wish my aunt had never uttered these words: had I not been engaged, or had I been in a situation to marry, I should immediately have concluded my reward to exist in the grateful thanks of my aunt, and in the pleasing reflection that it had been in my power to repay her for her general kindness to me. Now, however, my fancy immediately reverted to a circumstance which I had heard long ago, and heard then with great indifference, but at the present time, it appeared to me of the utmost importance. My aunt had five thousand pounds entirely at her own disposal, which it was in her power to bequeath just as she liked. My uncle was rich, his income far exceeded his expenses. I was his only near relation, and she had none of her own; was it then, I reflected, very unreasonable to expect that if I devoted myself to her with unwearied assiduity for the remaining few months of her life, she might leave to me the five thousand pounds, which she must know would be so valuable a gift to me? I blush while I write down this account of my mercenary feelings, but I deem it a fit penance for degrading myself by indulging them. How had I spurned the idea of marrying for money, and yet, for the sake of money, I was content to wheedle, flatter, resign most

of my comforts, and all my independence of feeling. My aunt's temper became more and more irritable and exacting, as she perceived my systematic submission to the most unreasonable of her caprices.

Let it not be supposed that I wish for a moment to discourage the young from bearing and forbearing with their aged relatives in sickness and infirmity. If their sacrifices be made with a pure motive, from feelings of kindness, of duty, or of gratitude, they will be blessed to them; and although they may not be appreciated by the persons to whom they may be offered, they will prove a constant source of gratifying reflection and remembrance to themselves. Mine, however, all proceeded from an unhallowed motive, the love of Mammon. Had I been affluent, I am persuaded that I should still have been kind and attentive to my aunt, but I should mildly and cheerfully have remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of requiring me to injure my health and spirits by constant confinement, to perform menial offices which she had servants able and willing to undertake; and, worst of all, to submit to taunting and wounding expressions, which I well knew she would not have ventured to bestow on the meanest of those servants. I should have done this in a quiet and gentle manner, and my aunt would have respected me more for it, and would have had her remaining days rendered more comfortable by the necessity of exerting a little control over her selfish feelings, than she could have enjoyed from the unlimited indulgence of them. Indeed, the more I gave up for her sake, the less she seemed to like me; she could not bear to have me long away from her room, because she said nothing did her so much good as a little rational conversation; but I am afraid my conversation must have been any thing but rational, for I rarely uttered a sentiment which was not contradicted—a peculiarly hard thing in my opinion—for I am sure I had altered my sentiments on things in general, at least half a dozen times to please her.

Once I remember, when I ventured to say I thought differently from her on the merits of Sir Charles Grandison, I was peremptorily ordered to "think back again;" rather an unreasonable requisition I considered—but while I was hesitating whether or not I should comply with it, she settled the point, by reminding me that all her property was at her own disposal, and that she had remembered my attentions to her in her will. Of course I "thought back again" immediately! I never felt so unhappy at any period of my life, first, because I thoroughly despised myself; and secondly, because I felt I was appearing to the world in a false character, and obtaining its applause, when I ought rather to have received its scorn. Our friends are never very eager to join in the praises of our beauty, or genius, or wisdom, but they are particularly ready to give us their due tribute of admiration, when we are only commended for homely useful good qualities, and half the drawing-rooms in the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square resounded with the praises of "that dear, kind-hearted girl, Julia Mansfield, who was so devoted to her peevish aunt, that she gave up society, air, and exercise, had lost almost all her fine colour, neglected to curl her hair, and wore her sleeves in the last year's fashion!" Often, too, was I held up as a model to some wilful high-spirited young lady. "See what poor Julia Mansfield bears

from her aunt, and never returns a hasty answer to her!" Conway, too, commended me with earnestness and sincerity for my unwearied patience and attention. "So affectionate a niece," he said, "must have been a dutiful daughter, and will, I am sure, prove an admirable wife."

O how I disdained myself, when I received these encomiums, with downcast eyes, and an embarrassed manner, which added the charm of humility to my other apparent virtues. None of our acquaintance, not even Conway, were aware of the existence of the five thousand pounds; my aunt had no portion at the time of her marriage, her money was the after bequest of a distant relation, and it was of course supposed that she had nothing to leave. How often actions are praised, when, could we trace them up to their motives, they would be despised! A little anecdote of this description occurs to my memory; it is but a trifle, but trifles elucidate the character. I was once staying at a watering-place in the same house with a young man nothing remarkable in manners or disposition. One morning at breakfast a letter was delivered to him, which had been directed to him at the post-office, and sent on from thence to his address. He opened it, read aloud the beginning, "My beloved Henry," and immediately refolded it, saying that his name was not Henry, that it could not be for him, and that it ought to be returned to the post-office, for its proper owner to claim. Every one agreed to this, but a few young people were present, and they suggested that as he had got the letter, it could do no harm to its real owner to read it for the amusement of the company. He steadily refused, however, and to put an end to all solicitations, rang for a candle, and resealed the letter. I was much delighted with his honourable conduct—freedom from curiosity, and firmness in withstanding idle persuasions—it seemed to me conduct worthy of a hero of Miss Edgeworth's. After breakfast he said that he should walk to the post-office, and return the letter, and looking round on the company, added, "Mind, you must be all ready to bear witness, if required, that I have not read the letter—I should not be able to get back the eight-pence for postage, if I had read it." What a change took place in my opinion of him!

A celebrated novelist says, "there is a six-and-eight-penny feeling at the bottom of most of the concerns of life;" but here was a man who had a tender concern even for the odd eight-pence, and who was rather proud than ashamed of his eight-penny feeling! Had he kept his own counsel, I should have believed him to be as delicate-minded and exemplary as the misjudging world believed me. We may deceive others, but we cannot deceive ourselves; and least of all can we deceive that eye which penetrates into our most hidden motives and feelings.

The sixth year began—my aunt's illness had already lasted ten months, and did not seem more likely to approach to a conclusion. My uncle, although sincerely attached to her, was not in any respect fitted for a sick chamber. "Nobody," he said, "can read and talk to her like dear Julia, and nobody can bear her little ways and humours with such equanimity." The servants unanimously agreed in this, and "dear Julia" was gradually permitted to sacrifice half her night's

rest, in addition to all the comfort of her day. Conway now began to complain that I was carrying my devotion to my aunt too far, and that for his sake as well as my own, I ought to be allowed more leisure and liberty. My interviews with him were short, constrained, and unsatisfactory, and I felt conscious that I could not make myself so agreeable as I had formerly done. I had unavoidably neglected my dress, my reading, and my music in a great degree; but it cannot last long, I thought, and when I have the pleasure of presenting Conway with five thousand pounds, he will own that all has happened for the best, and I can easily repair my present trivial deficiencies. I will not trouble my readers with the tedious and painful details of this year, the last few months of which presented a trial beyond any I had previously undergone. My aunt had always since her first attack been captious and irritable towards me, but she had some intervals of right feeling and affection, and I was persuaded that she felt real regard for me. Now, however, there was something in her manner beyond peevishness, it expressed *contempt* for me—no other word can be so appropriate. I tasked my memory for any inadvertent offence, or hasty answer; no! I had become so accomplished a dissembler, that I had schooled every look and word into the most perfect subjection. All at once the truth flashed upon my mind. My aunt had found me out! she had seen through my motives, and well did I feel that, in that case, her bitterest contempt was no more than my due. How she found me out, I cannot profess to say, but it does not appear to me a mystery very difficult of solution: the powers of discrimination and observation of the sick, (in illnesses, which do not weaken the intellect,) are certainly wonderfully quickened and improved, because their attention is not divided among a multitude of objects: when an idea is presented to them, they weigh it, they dissect it, they examine each particle with scrupulous attention, and they have nothing to do but to think over and analyze the result of their examination. I remember once, when I was slowly recovering from a violent fever, I read with clear comprehension and exceeding interest, a work on metaphysics, which I had thrown aside a few weeks before, when in high health, as being above my understanding. Several observations too, made by the friends who called on me, seemed to give me a deeper insight into their characters than I had ever obtained before—and why was this? because my attention was confined to a few points, and I considered and reconsidered them, till I had become mistress of them in all their bearings. By this simple moral machinery, I doubt not my aunt, who was naturally an acute woman, and whose intellect had not, like her temper, felt the effects of her long illness, had been enabled to discover the secret of my exceeding meekness and humility. To the world I was the devoted affectionate niece, but to her I was merely the scheming legacy-hunter, whose gentleness of temper might stand on a par with the temperance of the gamester, the virtues of each being a part of the stock-in-trade necessary for the exercise of their vocation! I felt more mortified and grieved than I can describe, at the conviction that I was discovered, but still I knew my aunt to be a woman of integrity and veracity, and she repeated, at least three times a-day, "I have

remembered you in my will!" Towards the close of the year her decease took place, like many a long expected event, at a time when nobody was thinking of it; her funeral was handsome, her virtues were duly talked over by her friends, and, "last not least," her will was found and opened.

The five thousand pounds were left, without reservation, to my uncle! She bequeathed to "her dear niece, Julia Mansfield, in return for her unremitting attentions towards her," (so that I was not even to have the satisfaction of thinking that she had died in my debt,) "her wardrobe, plate, books, and jewels!"

I must not allow my readers to deceive themselves as to the value of my legacy. The wardrobe was of so very homely a description, my aunt never having excelled in the science of dress, that its possession would but poorly have repaid me for the evil looks and longing sighs of Mrs. Bridget Jenkins, my aunt's own maid, to whom accordingly I made it over without the formality of a deed of conveyance. The plate consisted of a silver coffee-pot and tea-pot, which my aunt's father had given to her on her marriage, and which being handsomer and more fashionable than those possessed by my uncle, were carefully locked up, (to be only produced on state occasions,) in a neat deal box, on the top of which was written in large characters, "Mrs. Mansfield's own plate!" The books were comprised in the Spectator and Tatler, Richardson's novels, Fordyce's Sermons, and the works of Mesdames Barbauld, Talbot, and Chapone. The jewels consisted of half a dozen hoop rings of garnet, turquoise, and similar stones of the "middling class," a purple enamelled watch, with works worn out, a large amber necklace, a steel buckle for the waist, a Scotch pebble brooch, a cornelian heart, and a smelling bottle in a clumsy silver case! When the actual amount of my legacy and that to my uncle was made known, all Hunter-street was full of the wrongs of poor Julia Mansfield. But Julia could not pity herself. I felt that I had my reward, and my full reward, and all the praise I could now lay claim to, was that I immediately silenced any one who blamed my aunt, by assuring them that she was the best judge of what was fit to be done, and that I was perfectly satisfied with her conduct towards me. And so I was, and so I am persuaded would the world be satisfied with the bequest of many a capricious invalid, could the real circumstances of their situation be made known. Much has been written about the folly and injustice of wills. Hazlitt humorously says, "It is the latest opportunity we have of indulging the natural perversity of the disposition, and we take care to make a good use of it; all that we seem to think of is to do as little good, and to plague and disappoint as many people as possible." How naturally do we agree in this observation, when we hear of a will in which the attentive relatives who have sacrificed their time, their health, and their spirits to the testator, are remembered by a ring or a bequest of nineteen guineas, while others are enriched with thousands, who had shown frequent instances of carelessness or contradiction towards them; yet this can well be accounted for, by supposing that such a testator had, like my aunt, penetrated the falseness of their unwearied flatterers, and preferred the plain honesty of those indepen-

dent spirits, who scorned to feign an affection that they did not feel. I am glad to conclude the account of this year, and I am more glad still to be able to add with sincerity, that I fully acquiesce in the justice of the mortifications and disappointments which it was the means of inflicting on me; and to legacy hunters in general, I beg to give this valuable piece of advice: it is at all times contemptible to assume feelings foreign to our own, but if you *must* act a part, take care you do not *over*-act it!

The seventh year was of a more cheerful description. My uncle's sensibility was so much blunted by age, and by my aunt's long illness, that he speedily recovered her death. To any one who condoled with him on it, he replied that it was "a great release," a phrase in constant use on these occasions, but a very ambiguous one in my opinion. Whenever I hear the death of an individual spoken of as a great release, I always feel tempted to ask the question, "To whom is the release, to the deceased or to the survivors?" No one, however, of course, presumed to ask such a question of my uncle, but all went away asserting that he bore his loss "wonderfully well," another very hackneyed and silly expression. A thing to be wonderful must be uncommon, and such scores of people even among my own acquaintance have borne the loss of friends "wonderfully well," that the wonder by this time, I think, must be pretty well worn out. My uncle spoke to me very kindly respecting my attentions to my aunt, and told me that her small and insufficient legacy to me was the source of much grief to him. I rather doubted the sincerity of his grief, for he had the immediate alleviation of it within his power, by making over to me as much of her property as he deemed fit, but I nevertheless thanked him for his condolence, and told him that I thought my aunt had left me quite as much as I deserved, which was perfectly true. All things now went on well; exercise and society invigorated my shattered nerves and spirits; the house at Brixton was let on lease at eighty pounds a-year, to a maiden lady who lived much within her income; and Conway communicated to me the cheering fact, that his last year's receipts had amounted to nearly two hundred pounds. Another "cheering fact" also I heard, both from himself and others; he had for some months been gradually detaching himself from the fashionable parties, which he had been so fond of frequenting: nothing, he said, afforded such calm and rational gratification as a quiet domestic circle, and I took the whole compliment to myself, imagining that the only quiet domestic circle in London was to be found in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. I also added much to my comfort by the acquisition of an intimate female friend. I took especial care not to incur the risk of a rival. Miss Jemima Blandford was several years older than myself; she was much poorer, being entirely dependent on some distant relations, with whom she had lately come to reside in our neighbourhood, and she was, moreover, freckled and red-haired. Her manners were particularly winning; she had a sweet-toned voice, a caressing softness of address, and a habit of assentation which had in it nothing servile or insipid, but seemed rather the out-pouring of a spirit desirous of living in harmony with all the world. I felt that I appeared to advantage in her presence. When we were in com-

pany she drew me out, extolled my observations, and turned every thing I said to account; and in a *tête-à-tête*, she was still more delightful, she entered so warmly into my feelings and difficulties, and constantly concluded the conversation by predicting a speedy and happy union between Conway and myself, and assuring me that her predictions always came true. She soon passed much more time in our house than in that of her relations, my uncle designated her as "a civil-spoken nice young lady, who gave no trouble in a house, and always seemed pleased with every thing;" and Conway commended her as being "a good-natured unaffected girl, although terribly plain!"

Giving such universal satisfaction, the increased frequency of her visits can excite no surprise. I was particularly pleased with her delicacy of tact when Conway spent the evenings with us. After tea, she always removed her seat to a table at the other end of the room covered with books and prints, and on some pretext or other soon attracted my uncle to join her, and engaged him either in a close conversation, or in a game of chess, till Conway took his departure. I did not quite approve of one part of her conduct. On the evenings when we were alone with my uncle, she devoted a great deal more attention to him than I thought necessary, and would read the newspaper to him, and converse about the city article, when I wanted her to be making wax flowers, or singing duets with me. I noticed this to her; but she immediately reminded me of a fact that I had formerly mentioned to her, that my uncle had grown tired of Conway's visits on account of the little attention he paid to him, and that she thought it wise to sacrifice part of the evening to him, that she might secure uninterrupted communication with me during the mornings. I told her that I was quite convinced by her reasoning; she smiled, and pressed my hand, when all at once one of those sudden mental impressions, which I am certain occurred to my poor aunt in her illness, came over my mind. "Can it be," thought I, "that Miss Blandford has designs on my uncle?" It was the last week of the year, and the anniversary of my aunt's death had just passed. I knew that such matches had been, and might be again. I prepared to oppose the enemy's tactics, and resolved to begin the new year by cutting my dear friend either gradually or pointedly, as might seem most easy of execution.

On the second day of the eighth year, my uncle called me after breakfast into his own room, and told me he had some good news to relate to me. I put myself into a listening attitude, and smiled most bewitchingly, for I felt assured that good news could only relate to Conway and marriage. He told me that I must find the house very dull, that I had had a long and wearying attendance on my aunt, and that he wished to make me some recompence for it. I bowed my head in a meek, self-deprecating manner, and said nothing. I felt assured that he was going to offer me a marriage portion. My uncle's colour now rose, he stammered, looked down, and played with his watch-chain! "This is real delicacy of mind," I thought; "it is more embarrassing to some natures to confer a favour than to receive one, and my uncle has all the disadvantages of a new beginner, for he never conferred any favour on me yet beyond the occasional present of a work-box,

or a pair of bracelets!" At last the good news was disclosed—considering that a young companion would much enliven my residence in his house, he had (principally for my sake) offered his hand to Miss Jemima Blandford, my valued and favourite friend, who had graciously accepted his overtures.

My "first and only appearance" in the character of a dissembler had been such a complete failure, that I was determined not to lower myself by a second trial of the part. I received the intelligence just as ungraciously, and looked just as cross as it was natural I should do, though my uncle repeatedly assured me that all the difference his marriage could make to me must be for the better!

Conway shared in my aggrieved and mortified feelings; but he counselled me to avoid any open testimony of them to the bridegroom or bride elect. Now or never was the time for a marriage portion; it was possible the young wife might dislike an inmate in her house, and might herself suggest that a present should be given to me, which might enable me to marry. The wedding took place at the end of January, and I had the mortification of officiating as bridesmaid, and seeing the wreath of orange flowers adorning the bonnet of Miss Blandford, instead of my own. When we came home from church, my uncle, after a long and kind speech to me, begged that I would accept a little token of his regard, and put an oblong packet into my hand. "Perhaps," I thought, "it is a deed of settlement!" I could hardly find words to thank him, and hastily ran into my own room to examine my treasure: it was a very delicate and nicely-wrought gold chain. Alas! it seemed to be the only chain that I was ever likely to wear, at least if I waited for a gold one. My uncle appeared as happy and well pleased with his choice, as an old man of sixty-five usually is when united to a very artful, shrewd young woman, who has policy enough to see that she can best ensure her own will by affected fondness and gentleness of demeanour. Her manner to me became greatly changed, and yet so crafty was she, that to persons in general that alteration would be quite imperceptible, which to me was painfully evident. She still called me her dear Julia whenever she addressed me, and asked me twenty times a day how I felt, if I was indisposed with a cold or head-ache; but the talent which she formerly displayed for making me appear to advantage, was now devoted to the task of making me appear to disadvantage. When I spoke of books, she immediately related some sarcastic anecdote of blue stockings; when I sang, she asked me if I had a cold, for I sang very much out of tune; and if I showed myself annoyed by her observations, she told me that it was a pity a girl who had the best heart in the world should have such an irritable temper, and that persons of right feelings always considered those who told them of their faults as their best friends. Her manner towards Conway displayed more open war; she constantly misunderstood, contradicted, and confuted him; and at last Mrs. Bridget Jenkins assured me in confidence, that she had heard her tell my uncle, that she "often passed half the night in tears, at the idea of dear Julia throwing herself away on such a vain impertinent coxcomb!" I bore with her conduct for several months; she was never absolutely rude or unkind to me,

but the concentration of little slights, annoyances, and vexations, made me so uncomfortable, that I did not consider it my duty, and certainly did not feel it my inclination, to bear with the trial any longer. Since I first came to reside in my uncle's family I had, with the spirit of independence, which never but on one occasion forsook me, insisted on paying a yearly stipend for my accommodation. This offer was at first feebly refused, but at length accepted, and I had paid it regularly up to the present time. A widow lady of my acquaintance residing in the neighbourhood was willing, and indeed anxious, to receive me on the same terms, and I left my uncle's house in the autumn of the year.

My departure excited, on his part, an expression of wonder that I could give up the society of such a companion as his dear Jemima; and on the part of his lady, a declaration that she thought me "very ungrateful," although what I had to be grateful for would, I think, have puzzled wiser heads than hers to point out. I enjoyed comparative comfort under the roof of Mrs. Parkins, who was a kind-hearted and well-meaning woman; but I was disappointed in one circumstance of great importance: I had felt assured that, when I was settled in a home where I could always have the privilege of receiving Conway's visits, those visits would become much more frequent, but I grieve to say that such was not the case; and although I had almost lost my habit of quotation, I had reason feelingly to recall the lines of Shakspeare:—

> "Oh! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,
> To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
> To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

November appeared a particularly dark and dismal month to me this year; and to complete its unpleasant characteristics, a son and heir was born to my uncle, and I found, in answer to my inquiries, that the mother and son were both doing "remarkably well;" (the usual form of words "as well as can be expected" being altered, I presume, for my especial benefit;) and ascertained, when I paid my personal respects, that the aforesaid son and heir was a particularly fine child, and that his father seemed not to have an idea in the world independent of worked robes, laced cockades, and congratulatory visits!

The ninth year was opened by a vexatious communication from Mrs. Parkins. She was a good-natured woman, but had a marvellous faculty of finding out disagreeable rumours, and conveying them to the persons whom they concerned. She asked me if I had heard Conway mention the family of Sir James and Lady Lindsey as one in which he visited on terms of intimacy. I replied in the affirmative, and that he had told me that their family consisted of a son and daughter, with the former of whom he had contracted a warm friendship. She then, after placing her vinaigrette on the table, and asking me if I should like the window open, informed me that Alicia Lindsey, the daughter, was a beauty and an heiress, very accomplished, and just two-and-twenty; that Conway evidently regarded her with the highest admiration, and that all who knew them decided, that

were he not betrothed to another, a union between them would be sure to take place. She wound up her communication, however, by assuring me that Mr. Conway was a man of strict honour, and would doubtless, some day or other, fulfil his engagement to me, however much he might repent of it. Now, then, a thousand little circumstances occurred to my mind, which convinced me that I had lost the first place in Conway's affections; he only quoted poetry now in praise of dark eyes, while formerly he had specified blue ones as an indispensable requisite in a wife; the songs he used once to admire seemed tasteless to him, he preferred music of a more scientific description; when conversing with me on general subjects, he had the air of "talking down to me," instead of treating me as an equal; and I had long entertained the feeling, although till now I had never arranged it in a definite form, that he was in the habit of mixing with females superior to myself. My curiosity was now excited in a painful degree respecting Alicia Lindsey, and Mrs. Parkins was only too happy to obtain information for me. I became possessed of the colour of her eyes and hair, her favourite authors and favourite composers; her riches also were mentioned as a great addition to her attractions. I consoled myself with the idea that her fortune like mine might fade in air, that her father might bequeath all to her brother, or that her mother might die, and a second marriage dethrone her from her "high estate." But, alas! for my good-natured prognostications; Alicia Lindsey's fortune was a solid, tangible good; a rich and childless godmother had bequeathed to her thirty thousand pounds in the funds, of which she had taken possession in the preceding year.

I began seriously to reflect on my blighted prospects and blighted beauty. I have never said any thing of my person; but I will now devote a few lines to it. When Conway first paid his addresses to me, I was certainly very pretty. I was below the middle height, and rather plump. I had sparkling blue eyes, which were what the physiognomists call "well opened," a profusion of luxuriant light hair, and a bright pink colour in my cheeks; my beauty was not of the highest order, for it was too much the beauty of a wax-doll, but I was generally admired. I was now thirty, my style of beauty was not one calculated, under any circumstances, to wear well; and trouble, suspense, and irritation, had done their full work on me. My eyes had lost their lustre, had a drawn look round them, and the constant appearance of having been recently crying, an appearance, which, I grieve to say, was too often founded on reality; my fine hair had grown so extremely thin, that I was obliged, by way of keeping up any thing of a tolerable show, to coax it into the stiff frizzled curls which had long ago been banished from drawing-rooms, and only patronised by the young ladies officiating behind the counters of shops; my colour was not totally gone, but its freshness had departed, which was by far the worse misfortune of the two. Every body knows the effect of a faded pink bonnet, a faded pink cheek is not, in my opinion, very dissimilar. I had grown very thin, and my shrunk figure and anxious-looking face, gave me a thoroughly old-fashioned appearance, and seemed to add several years to my age. Now, for the first time, I began to think that even were all the gifts of fortune mine,

Conway could never be happy with me; the nine years that had altered me so much in person, manner, and spirits, had greatly improved him. His fine figure had acquired more manliness, and his fine countenance more expression; he had mixed much with the circles of the aristocracy, part of his time had been passed in the saloons of fashion, part in the domestic retreats of quiet elegance, and such associations had polished his manners, as much as literary pursuits and companions had expanded his intellect. In the midst of my humbling reflections on myself, I was startled and shocked by an unexpected occurrence; my uncle suddenly expired in an apoplectic fit, while sitting at table in apparent health. I mourned his death, and should have felt deep repentance for my departure from his house, if he had in the slightest degree opposed it, or seemed to feel his comforts lessened by the loss of my society. I called upon his widow; she was as disconsolate in appearance as tears and crape could make her; she said she should never recover her loss, but should bury her sorrows in retirement: Brighton had been suggested to her as a residence, but she could not bear the thought of so public a place, her inclination led her to Cheltenham. She wound up her information, by assuring me that my uncle had "remembered me in his will," a piece of news which, coming from such a quarter, gave me sincere concern; for I felt certain that if he had remembered me to any purpose, she would not have been so ready to tell me of it. Alas! the remembrance was even more trifling than my fears had foreboded. Fifty pounds and a ring were given to his "dear niece, Julia Mansfield;" and after a few more very inconsiderable legacies, his large property was divided between his wife and infant son, and in the event of the death of the latter, the whole was to be at the entire disposal of the former. I had not even a "right of survivorship!" Thus ended my "great expectations," the "something" had happened, which is, in the minds of all engaged couples, although they do not particularise it in definite words, the death of a rich relation, and it had happened to the advantage of nobody but that of the *ci-devant* Miss Jemima Blandford. I had plenty of condolence, pity, and sympathy, from my friends; but I will not inflict the sum total of it on my readers, merely mentioning for general edification the observation of a punster of my acquaintance, that "we are never so little likely to obtain our own will, as when it is at all dependent on the wills of other people!"

The tenth year found me in deep mourning and low spirits; let me, however, do justice to Conway, his attentions to me had decidedly increased since the death of my uncle. This circumstance, however, did not add to my happiness; kind sympathy and honourable feeling are but poor substitutes for admiration and affection. I had once, under the influence of irritability, taxed him with the report of his attentions to Alicia Lindsey; he earnestly assured me that he had never breathed a word to her beyond the expressions of common courtesy, that he visited at the house as the friend of her brother, and that the family were aware of his engagement, and would despise him if he could appear for an instant forgetful of it. I was imprudent enough to inquire of him whether, if he were released from his engagement, Alicia Lindsey would be the woman of

his choice, and he seemed so hurt and embarrassed at the question, that I felt assured I had touched a tender chord. Had he been able to have answered my inquiry in the negative, I was well aware that he would have been glad to have relieved my mind by doing so. The months wore on, September arrived, that dreary month in London, my uncle's widow was ruralizing in the Well-Walks at Cheltenham, and most of my neighbours were inhaling the sea breezes of Brighton or Ramsgate; but I was confined to pace round the treadmill of Brunswick Square, gaze on the brown grass and dusty trees, and feel that they were emblematic of my own withered hopes and freshness! About this time I received a visit from an elderly widow lady of the name of Walters, who had been intimate with my parents, but whom I had not seen for many years: she was a resident in a country town about seventy miles from London, and ten years ago had earnestly pressed me to come and pay her a long visit; but my acquaintance with Conway had just then reached so interesting a point, that I declined her kindness, and the "long engagement" caused the "long visit" to be postponed *sine die.*

She was now in London on legal business, which, like most legal business, did not promise a speedy termination; she seemed delighted to renew her acquaintance with me, courteously refrained from all observations on the change in my personal appearance in the course of thirteen years, and concluded her visit by warmly urging me to stay with her in the house that she had engaged during her abode in London. Change of air and scene was a delightful prospect to me, even although it was only from the vicinity of Brunswick Square to that of the Regent's Park, and I gladly complied with her wish. I soon got intimate with her; what an indefinite phrase is "getting intimate" with a person: some whom we have known from infancy seem constantly to repel our confidence and affections, and with others, a few days, or even hours, will place us entirely at our ease. Mrs. Walters was soon in possession of my "simple story," not forgetting the distressing episode of my unknown rival, the all-conquering Alicia Lindsey. She gave me kind sympathy, and good advice, as she called it, although it was not very original: her good advice principally consisted in telling me "not to let myself be cast down"—excellent counsel certainly, in all the troubles of life, if we could only manage to follow it. She had, however, something more scarce to bestow upon me, an important piece of information. She had known the Lindseys many years ago, had just renewed her acquaintance with them, had seen Alicia, had even received an invitation to pass a week with the family at their country house at Richmond. I looked upon her with as much awe and wonder as if she had professed to "call up spirits from the vasty deep;" it appeared to me so incomprehensible, that any one of my acquaintance should be on speaking terms with Alicia Lindsey. "I cannot deceive you, Julia," she said, "she is a charming creature; but you shall judge for yourself. I will write to Lady Lindsey, saying that I will accept their invitation, if it is convenient to them to receive a young friend with me."

At first I started with consternation at the plan, but I speedily became reconciled to it, and indeed desirous to put it into execution. I

had ascertained from Conway that the Lindseys were not acquainted with the name of the lady to whom he was engaged. Conway himself, also, was at this time absent from London on legal business, therefore I had no fear of encountering him at their house. Mrs. Walters wrote her letter with promptness, a polite invitation arrived for her young friend, and the next day but one saw me domesticated under the roof of the Lindseys. Strange event! Few women, I observed to Mrs. Walters, would have taken such a step. She kindly observed, that few women had my strength of mind and decision of character—and I thought her observation remarkably judicious. Well however as I might be disposed to think of myself, my vanity was completely humbled when I attempted to draw a comparison between my own powers and attractions, and those of Alicia Lindsey. She was not very beautiful, but essentially quiet, lady-like, and graceful; the tone of her voice, the wave of her hand, the inclination of her head, all spoke the manners of one accustomed to move in that which is, in the truest sense, the best society, not the insipid, exclusive circle usually honoured by that denomination. Her father was kind-hearted and hospitable, her mother gentle and pleasing, her brother frank and spirited; they presented an admirable model of a polished and domestic English family in the upper walks of life. The talented Alicia received every advantage from surrounding associations. I have called Alicia Lindsey "talented;" why is that phrase so much objected to? some people say it is not good English, but I am sure it is good sense. No other word so well expresses my meaning: an "accomplished" woman conveys the idea of a fashionable automaton just emancipated from a finishing school; an "intellectual" woman, sounds too commanding to be agreeable; she would inspire you with a nervous anxiety to be thought very intellectual by her in return, and you would be afraid to touch on any subjects of conversation less profound than scientific lectures, and treatises on political economy. A "clever" woman is an epithet that I have so often heard applied to shrews, to cunning schemers, and to notable domestic managers, that I have rather a horror of it—a "sensible" woman is some degrees worse. Miss Jackey Douglas in "Marriage" is a complete specimen of a sensible woman; and if any of my readers have not yet been introduced to that inimitable spinster, I hope they will lose no time in making her acquaintance, and judging of her character for themselves. A "fascinating" woman speaks of show-off and display, and manners perhaps not "quite correct." A "well-informed woman" has a very pedantic chilling sound; you immediately think of your first schoolmistress, whom you undoubtedly at one time considered the best-informed woman in the world, and whom you consequently venerated and disliked in exactly equal proportions. "Talented," however, seems to me to express precisely that union of natural genius and acquired information, which it is delightful to possess ourselves if we can, and almost equally delightful to be able to appreciate in others; for

> "Next to genius is the power
> Of knowing where true genius lies."

Alicia Lindsey behaved to me with much good breeding and kindness, but she did not show any disposition to take particular notice of me. I could not wonder at this. I was not qualified to converse with her on equal terms. Ten years ago I considered myself, and was considered by my friends, as very literary, and very musical; but during the last few years, from troubles of mind, and perpetual uncertainty and vexation, I had sadly gone back, or rather, I had not gone on, which is much the same thing. Modern London circles feel a continual craving for novelty; if you cannot sing the last new air, and converse on the last new publication, they are disposed to rate your acquirements as mere old-fashioned lumber. It requires a great deal of money, and a great deal of leisure, to keep up a reputation for music and literature. The house was full of staying company, most of them brilliant, and highly-educated people; their conversation had all the gloss and freshness of novelty, and I became fully convinced of what I had before suspected, that I had been for some time living on the capital of my information—a most unwise thing for any body to do: we should not only constantly draw dividends from it, but we should make a point of buying the greater part of our dividends in again, as an addition to our original capital.

I do not know whether I express myself clearly, but I know that I perfectly comprehend my own meaning, which is no small thing for a writer to be able to say! Among this refined circle, I found that Conway was in very high repute; they frequently mentioned his name, quoted his opinions, and spoke in warm terms of his talents. I sat silent and unnoticed. "What would they think," I said in my own mind, "if they knew that I was the contracted bride of Conway?" And a feverish blush arose on my cheek at the very idea—not the blush of modesty or of satisfaction, but of shame. "Yet what occasion have I to feel shame?" I continued; "it is my misfortune to have lost, in a great measure, my beauty and my talents—it will only be my fault, if I bind Conway to fulfil his engagement." I stayed a week with the Lindseys, and completely made up my mind as to the course of conduct I should pursue; and I must venture to say, that I think I did it in a right spirit, without any bitterness or evil feeling. The day after my arrival, I had certainly taken down the "Chapters on Churchyards," began to read the "Grave of the Broken Heart," and tried to fancy myself, my lover, and my rival, into the three principal characters—but it would not do: I was as unlike the dignified and superior Millicent, as Alicia Lindsey was to the heartless, flirting, frivolous Lady Octavia, and Conway to the veering and easily duped Horace.

Every body had behaved honourably and well, and I determined that I would behave honourably and well also, and told Mrs. Walters of my resolution as soon as we were on the road homewards. "And are you then quite determined to break off the engagement?" she said, after a pause. Break off the engagement! how those words had thrilled to my very heart when pronounced by my aunt seven years ago, but now the circumstances had altered, I did not believe that the fulfilment of the engagement, even if compatible with prudence, would bring happiness to Conway or myself. I employed myself the

day after my return in writing a long letter to Conway, explanatory of the change in my opinions, and relating the particulars of my visit to Richmond. I will not tell the reader how many tears I shed over it, but it was at last completed, sealed, and sent off, and I received information in return, that Conway was not expected home for several days. Three days elapsed, Mrs. Walters was very kind, she let me alone, permitted me to be silent when I pleased, laid books in my way, and never made an observation on my want of spirits; the officious sympathy of Mrs. Parkins would have irritated my nerves almost beyond endurance. The fourth day came; I was told a gentleman desired to see me alone, on particular business. I hastened down stairs: alas! my visitor was not Conway, but a grave, sallow man of business, with green spectacles, and bearing under his arm several packets tied with red tape. He quickly opened his communication—ill news is proverbially soon told.

My father, it appeared, had purchased the land on which he built the house at Brixton a great bargain, and several of his friends had bought parcels of land in the vicinity from the same person, and actually felt tempted to build houses, because they got the land on which to build them, for next to nothing. Truly does poor Richard say, "At a great pennyworth pause awhile!" Old deeds and papers had lately come to light, by which it appeared that this man had never a right to sell the land; the parties who had purchased it stoutly maintained that he had, and it was agreed to throw the matter into Chancery for an adjustment, the rents being paid into the Court of Chancery till the decision. Delightful prospect!—a chancery suit may certainly be placed on an equality in comfort with a long engagement! Again did my tears flow fast, and again did I require the kind consolation of Mrs. Walters: do not let the romantic and refined blame me for weeping over such a homely trial as the loss of a house, when I had already made up my mind to the loss of a lover; but let them recollect, that this eighty pounds a year was my great source of independence. I had recently been lamenting that I had lived on the capital of my intellect, but I now found it would be still more unpleasant to be compelled to live on the capital of my three per cents. Conway soon visited me: had he received my letter without hearing any previous information respecting me, I am of opinion that he would not have deemed it otherwise than an acceptable release; but immediately on his return, he was informed, by a friend, who knew the circumstances, of my loss of income; and so honourable was his spirit, so kind his feelings, that he could not bear the idea of deserting in her poverty the woman whom he had sought when she was in comparative prosperity. A long and painful interview succeeded; he blamed himself, he blamed the society that had occasioned him even to seem indifferent to me; he denied that I was altered, he pressed me to consent to a speedy marriage. I felt sure that he believed himself sincere, but he spoke under the influence of excited feeling, not of sober reason. We cannot easily detach our hearts from those whom we have once fervently loved; although the tree may be levelled with the ground, many spreading fibres remain, which it is difficult and tedious to up-root. How I felt I need not describe, but I acted calmly

and firmly; I acted as one who values the happiness of him whom she loves, more than her own. I had given him back his liberty, and I insisted on his receiving the gift. Several letters passed between us, and Mrs. Walters was a kind and confidential friend, in bringing about not a reconciliation, but a separation. We parted; he thanking, (yes, it came to thanks at last!) and commending me for my exemplary and admirable conduct, and I feeling more resigned than I could have expected, and a little triumphant, for I had achieved the greatest of victories, a victory over myself. The year was nearly at a close before the dissolution of my engagement was made known to the world. Ten years ago how different were my hopes and feelings! —where now were my redundant locks, my dazzling complexion, my "pretty fortune," my "great expectations," and my enthusiastic spirit? All gone, never to return; but I still had an active mind, a cheerful disposition, and a reliance on the directing hand of Providence. I did not remain in London to receive the kind condolences of my Hunter Street friends, and their assurances that they "had guessed all along how my engagement would turn out!" Mrs. Walters kindly and urgently pressed me to accompany her to her home; my independent spirit at first revolted, but she so earnestly assured me that the recent marriage of a niece who resided with her had made her dependent upon the kindness of her friends for society, that I could not refuse her request. I quitted the scene of my youthful joys and mature sorrows—I quitted it with tears; the ten years of my engagement had withered many brilliant hopes, and crushed many sweet feelings in my heart, but amidst all my causes of complaint, I was not unhappy, for the termination of my engagement gave me one delightful feeling, the consciousness that I had been obeying the call of duty.

Two years have elapsed since the conclusion of my "long engagement," and, as I hope my readers feel some interest in my fate, I will briefly satisfy their curiosity as to the occurrences that took place during that time. I found myself much happier with Mrs. Walters than I ever expected to be again; a country town was exactly the proper place for me. London would have been full of distressing associations, and a secluded situation would have afforded me too much encouragement and opportunity to brood over the past. The inhabitants of the town in question were cheerful, kind, and social, and not too refined and fastidious to welcome as an acquisition a new comer like myself. There were no elegant highly-gifted Alicia Lindseys to outshine and over-awe me. My beauty and talents, although a little the worse for wear, still made a very respectable show in a circle where the generality of the ladies had never boasted either the one or the other. I was requested to play and sing the Irish Melodies; and asked whether I preferred Sir Walter Scott's poetry or his prose, and I soon found the refreshing and beneficial effects of being able to live creditably and handsomely within my intellectual funds. When conversing with Conway of late years, my faculties had been kept on a continual stretch. I was anxious to read and to talk up to him, and had a constant nervous horror of failure, which gave, I am convinced, an unpleasant air of effort and labour to my manner.

Now I was at my ease, secure that I pleased, and quite indifferent whether or not I dazzled and delighted, and I was called very clever, and very agreeable; and Mrs. Walters was repeatedly complimented and thanked for having introduced such a pleasant acquisition to their society. Another person, whose will was almost a law in the town, and who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Walters, distinguished me by his notice and approbation. Dr. Herbert was the leading medical man in the place, about five-and-forty years of age, had a good professional income, and genteel private fortune. He was a widower and childless; fifteen years had elapsed since the loss of his wife, and many and various had been the schemes practised to console him by the gift of another, but he refused to have consolation forced upon him; medicine, as he justly observed, being the only thing that people ought to be obliged to take against their inclinations. He was a sensible and pleasant man, moderately well read, and of a particularly shrewd and discerning character; he was also a man of firm and sound religious principles: he contrived that the claims of an extensive practice should scarcely ever interfere with his regular attendance on divine worship, and his cheerful conversation was continually mingled with instructive and profitable remarks. He seldom devoted much of his attention to single ladies, having contracted rather a distaste to their society during the first years of his widowhood: he soon, however, made me an exception to his rule; but so decidedly was his character established, as not being a marrying man, that no jealousies were excited by his distinction of me, and it merely furnished additional confirmation of my exceeding cleverness and superiority.

"So Dr. Herbert has at last lost his heart," said Mrs. Walters to me one morning, as we sat together in her pleasant little drawing-room.

I suppose she expected me to start, and blot the music I was copying; but my starting and blotting days were over. I thought there was nothing very surprising in her intelligence, knowing the world to be often mistaken in their conjectures as to marrying men, and quietly asked, "Does she live in this town?"

"She does, Julia," said Mrs. Walters, eyeing me with scrutinizing attention, "and I think she will be a happy woman."

"She will, indeed," said I, my unromantic fancy immediately reverting to my own vexations; "there will be no necessity for a long engagement!"

"Very right," said Mrs. Walters, smiling; "you ought to beware, Julia, of entering into such a labyrinth of perplexity a second time."

"Most probably, however," I rejoined, "the lady of Dr. Herbert's choice has never been concerned in a long engagement, and therefore does not know the troubles she escapes." I was mending a pen as I spoke, and began to copy the words of "Come dwell with me," so composedly, that it was quite evident I never expected them to be addressed to myself. And I was sincere in my humility: if I had ever possessed much vanity, it had been completely quelled by circumstances. I had no hope or idea of making another conquest, and

my ambition was quite satisfied in being acknowledged as the very agreeable intelligent young lady of a country coterie!

"I never thought you guilty of affectation before," said Mrs. Walters, with surprise; "but surely, Julia, you cannot be ignorant of Dr. Herbert's preference for yourself."

Now I was, indeed, becomingly and appropriately agitated, the pen fell from my hand, my cheeks flushed with astonishment, and visions of future comfort, honour, and independence, swam before my fancy; but a change soon came over my feelings. "When he knows the particulars of my long engagement," said I, sorrowfully, "he will never think of uniting himself with a woman whose spirits have been wasted, and hopes blighted, by such a succession of mortifications."

"I have spared you the pain of disclosure, my love," said Mrs. Walters; "I knew you would think it honourable, that Dr. Herbert should be made acquainted with every circumstance connected with you, and I have done it myself."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I; "you could never have recollected the whole chain of events, they were only fully detailed in the paper I once read to you, drawn up by myself, and giving a regular account of the ten years of my engagement."

"I took that very paper from your portfolio last week," said she, "and lent it to Dr. Herbert to read!"

I crimsoned with indignation; no authoress ever felt so vehemently angry at the violation of her private stores. "Then all is over," said I; "he knows, by my own confession, what I was, and what I am, altered in person, in mind, in ——"

"Stop! Julia," interrupted Mrs. Walters, "it is never permitted to authors to review their own works. I will tell you what Dr. Herbert said after he had finished your manuscript. 'The woman who could write this of herself,' he observed, 'must have many valuable qualities, she has naïveté, good sense, good principle, and a sprightliness of spirit, which no vexation and trouble have been able entirely to subdue. She has also moral courage, she is not afraid (if I may use the expression) of 'looking her own character in the face,' and noting down the defects of it; she is not a heroine of romance, but she is worthy of being the rational companion for life of a sensible man.'"

"Dear Mrs. Walters," I replied, "I forgive you for having plundered my portfolio!"

Just then Dr. Herbert was announced, and Mrs. Walters suddenly recollected that a near neighbour was expecting a morning visit from her.

The courtship of a man of forty-five and a woman turned of thirty-one, cannot be very interesting to the generality of readers. I had been acquainted with Dr. Herbert for six months, our engagement occupied two more. At the end of that time, I exchanged my romantic delusions and "single blessedness," for an amiable and affectionate husband, a comfortable establishment, a neat olive-green chariot, and a settlement of ten thousand pounds. It is rather an extraordinary coincidence, that the week before our union took place, the

papers announced the marriage of Edward Conway, Esq., to Alicia, only daughter of Sir James Lindsey. They preceded us in matrimony, and they precede us of course in station in the world, in riches, distinction and popularity, but I do not think they can exceed us in quiet happiness and respectability. One reflection sometimes dispirits me. I have mentioned that just before I came of age, Mrs. Walters was anxious that I should pass some time with her. Dr. Herbert had at that period been five years a widower; had I then been introduced to him, the same events would doubtless have taken place which followed our subsequent introduction; I should have been saved from the succession of trials, which I cannot help thinking has, in a great degree, injured my mind, and impaired my constitution, and I could have presented to my husband the first bloom of my beauty, the first freshness of my talents, and, more than all, the first developement of my affections. As he seems perfectly satisfied, however, I should be in the wrong to feel much otherwise; in fact, I ought not to allow a single repining sentiment to mingle with my gratitude to the Almighty disposer of events for the gracious manner in which he has been pleased to guide my footsteps through an entangled maze of trouble, and to place me in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing. I have now been married sixteen months, and the last three months have given me an additional source of felicity in the appearance of a sweet little girl, who is pronounced by universal consent to be the prettiest baby ever seen in the town! She will probably grow up prettier than I ever was in my best days, and I shall earnestly endeavour to make her wiser and better. One resolution, concerning her, I am determined to adhere to—I shall never suffer her to enter into a "Long Engagement!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

A LEGEND OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! spare the Rose. Dost thou ask me, why?
'Tis a sacred flower to a holy heart;
For a hallow'd spell on its name doth lie,
And a wondrous tale, above human art,
Was writ on its leaves by a hand of might,
Whose pen was dipp'd in a sunbeam's light.

'Twas in Zion's land, in the age of grace,
That Zillah, a beauteous maiden, dwelt;
And the Eden bloom of her eastern face,
And the sunny light of her eye, did melt
The youth of her tribe to seek her love;
But her spirit was wedded to things above.

And the sweetest spot that on earth she trod,
To her maidenly mind, was the house of prayer;
And her delicate feet to the temple of God
Seemed to move, as if wings had carried them there;
While the gaze of bold men, as she pass'd them by,
Never lifted the fringe from her pure young eye.

But there was one, whose offended pride
Was stung by the maiden's cold disdain:
And Hamel vow'd, as he watched her glide
With her holy feet to the blessed fane,
He would sully with evil report her name,
That so young was betrothed to a golden fame.

And he spread the *tale*, as the spider weaves
Its dusky threads o'er the crystal pane;
And the world, too ready to sin, believes
That Zillah's life is a life profane;
That her deeds are writ in a sinful book,
Though pure as the angel's her outward look.

And they brought her forth: and the virgin robe,
That covered her dainty limbs, was wet
With the tears that Hamel's conscience probe:
And she raised her eyes, and their glances met;
But he shrank from those innocent eyes away
As the foul bat shrinks from the light of day.

And they grasped her arms of the whitest snow,
And bound her fast to a cedar pyre;
And Hamel beheld the work of woe:
But his eye was lit with a demon's fire;
While the maiden, calm as the cradled child,
Looked up to her own blue skies, and smiled.

Oh! death is a fearful thing to meet
In the flush of life, and the bloom of mind;—
To tell the young heart it must cease to beat,
And leave all it loves in this world behind:
But Zillah had trod in so holy a way,
That her soul was not wedded to things of clay.

And her mother stood by, with those eyes of love
That none but a mother's face can show;
And the sighs and sobs of her kindred move
The hearts of the stern; and their eyes o'erflow
As they look on the victim, so young and fair,
As she lay, like a lamb on the altar, there.

And they set the torch to the cedar pyre;
And it blazed aloft, and the shrinking crowd
Watched fearful to see the maid expire,
As meekly her head to the flames she bow'd:
But the God of her fathers forsook her not,
And his *miracle* spoke on the impious spot.

Like the prophets' rod, the dry wood was seen
To burst into life, as in joyous spring,
With buds as gay, and with leaves as green,
As might tempt the young bulbul's tenant wing;
And *Roses*, the *first* since the fall of man,
That blossomed on earth, to bloom began:

And she lay unhurt 'neath the flaming pyre,
With Roses embowered; and the people cried,
"Give glory to God! that from out the fire
Hath snatched the maid, that had guiltless died."
And they haste to unbind her; when, mark! behold!
The justice of Heaven is still to be told.

From the cedar pyre, where the maid was bound,
Came a forked flash, like the lightning's dart,
And Hamel, the traitor, was struck to the ground:
The blue flame had withered his guilty heart,
And he lay in the dust, (where he lately trod
In the pride of his strength,) the denounced of God.

And they placed a garland on Zillah's head,
And bore her in triumph the streets along;
And the wondrous tale through the city spread,
And, with joyous sound of the harp and song,
They welcomed the innocent maid once more
To the crowded porch of her mother's door.

Ye daughters of earth! in this age of ours,
When lips polite may not speak of Heaven,
As ye look on the *Rose* in your summer bowers,
Oh! think of the power to that maiden given,
Whose innocence shrinks from the world's control,
To walk in the light of her own bright soul.

MORBID MORAL TENDENCIES.

In the present stormy times of this country, and observing the rapid course of events, deep and loud, passing before us, it is our duty to point out their mediate, as well as their immediate causes, and, instead of confining ourselves to a narrow circle, to mark the source whence they have emanated: it is true, this is not the age of philosophy, nor will philosophy cure our complaints; neither is it easy or very important to separate causes and effects when both come crowding thus together; but though passions blind, and hurry us on; though the "madness of many, for the gain of a few," still distorts our better feelings, yet we can all retire now and then to more lofty and lonely seats, and, in looking around, can see before us. The vision of posterity will become purified in turning back to other days, and we, in turning to our own, may see more clearly also; not that time has marched more quickly, but that events have become more redundant. These events crowd our new chapter, we turn our new pages, and if we only read from our own experience, our lessons will benefit all—the "knowledge of a disease is half its cure;" the other half, perhaps, is easier, but this must be left to time also. Political reform is a proud promise; it seems a fountain of Hygeia, and by its waters we may recover; but we must look to our social diseases—they are part and parcel of the others—for these we have the remedies more in our own hands; the press has a vast duty to perform, but the press must partake of those diseases. Periodicals may lash them with their rods, whether of reason or ridicule; they may cleanse the great Augean mass by well-timed applications, but it is only by avoiding party extremes, that they leave a clear ground for their action, and thus become true conservatives, by being true correctors.

In order to exhibit our modern condition of society, we may commence with the century; it is only by such periods we can mark off changes—it is only by comparison we observe contrasts. The great chart of time, like the great chain of history, shows its breaks here and there, but still we may bind up all, and gather prospects from retrospects. In this vast space the political, moral, and social world rolls on—the same code and creed, uniting all more or less—the same laws that regulate one class of changes regulating another. It is true, the events near our own time we naturally consider the most important, and in looking out on the horizon of history, like the horizon of the sea, we see but those waves that come close, the rest retiring into calm: thirty or forty years is a period quite enough to change the face of things in a country like England; but situated as we have been, its furrows are wide and deep, and if epochs are to be marked by events, all others are barren by its side: it is only, therefore, by comparing such epochs with each other, we can assign their character—it is only by intermediate periods of the same epoch we can judge of the whole: this is not enough, we must look at the age; we must not only compare England with herself at different times, but with neighbouring nations at the same time; and though they afford different lessons in one way, are no less instructive in another.

Permit me, therefore, to dilate on this point, and on the general circle in which it is included. A late residence of twelve years in the French provinces has enabled me to do so, and although the constitution of French and English society differs much, because its classification so differs, yet this will enable us better to compare them. If we said that the moral diseases of aristocracy were the chief class in our modern nosology, we should merely state a stale truism easily explained; but if we observe what

has been going on with our neighbour at the same time, we shall see the picture in a very different light. We all know the fate which aristocracy has met with in France as a political principle, but we do not all know its effect on the social machine: to observe the working of such requires time—time and truth flow on together like a clear running stream, where neither mud nor weeds can impede; but we have been short and hurried observers on France—we have flung around her the fragments of an attention too scattered to resist first impressions, and instead of regular or progressive elements, have dashed on to advanced and discordant compounds. It is needless to say what this has arisen from, or to what it has given rise; long separated from our neighbours, the chasm between us deepened and widened; our changes were nearly alike on both sides, for we seemed playing the game of "Balance bascule," behind backs. This balance now adjusts itself, a new principle of union brings us together, and if we can afford mutual benefit by mutual lessons, we need not regret that the narrow path of patriotism is enlarging into the broadway of philanthropy.

This game commenced with the century; previous to this it was a simple race between us—we had our sympathies from relationship, our antipathies from rivalry; but like the war steed, we eyed each other askant, and lay down only to gain short and hurried breathings. These periods of repose increased—things went on quietly between us—we attended to our affairs, they to theirs, and we cared or thought but little of each other. But the spirit of change was at work, the elements had long threatened, and scarcely had the old frame of the departing prejudices showed decline, when the bursts of a new progeny came forth in new paroxysms, and the storm was soon to flash, the volcano to vomit, and the nations to reek from the gore-stained lava.

We need not recur to those times, or go back to what preceded them; the wheels of this old world seem worn by jerks, but every jerk increases their velocity. Ages formerly gave less wear and tear than *lustra* latterly—nations had their routine—society was almost stationary. There were scarcely but two classes, conquerors and conquered, despots and slaves, and force or corruption was the order of the day. At length a new spirit arose. Mind, like a giant refreshed with sleep, started up, and man became a new agent. What came next? A new series of events, partly the cause, partly the consequence. Printing and Protestantism, the compass and Columbia—the nations had a new chain—the new lights were their new links—the portals of long-benighted ages were unclosed, and the aspect of the world was changed.

Since the middle ages what do we trace but this march and mingling of nations, and of mind, the great agent by which this process was effected. No longer isolated in feudal clans, no longer scattered by tyrant chiefs, society has grouped itself in other combinations, and thus the great impulse has been extended to all. New collisions producing new lights—new lights producing new liberties—new liberties producing new bonds of union, but these again producing new strifes and jealousies; thus, though old Europe has so far advanced, all looks hoary and worn; thus, though we are in the van, strife still hovers near, and it is only with her distant and solitary sisters, that matters stand still, and man seems quiet as of old.

What has done all this? A new process—a new process in civilization. *What is civilization?* Terms and definitions, say our philosophers, are half the battle, and if we commence with analysis, we should not have half our battles or books; but we all know its meaning—it has received its generic acceptation, and we are satisfied. Civilization has its species, its modes, its types, its epochs; it develops man the individual, as well as man in the mass. Go to the savage and learn his art—seek the distant

nations, and mark their ages by the tablets of civilization. It has its classes, these classes have their conflicts with each other, and these conflicts are sometimes as strange as between refinement and barbarism. We call antiquity barbarous, because our claims to civilization are so different—posterity may call us the same, for we shall be antiquity to them. Civilization moves on; it has its monuments, but it has also its milestones, and like the great orb that enlightens us, its risings and settings. When the North and West were dark, the South and East were in glory; the Chaldeans flourished, and Babylon fell. Egypt hands her arts to Greece, the pilgrim looks to her pyramids, the isles show their temples and tombs. Rome, the young barbarian, running her course, called all others barbarous, till Attila came with his Huns; then came Christianity with all its agents and instruments, then chivalry with all its modes, and the Arabs with their arts; then the monks, the monarchs, and the church, and at length comes mind; here a new process appears, here a new progress is marked; nations hurry on in its march, and civilization takes its round to the west.

Let us come, then, nearer home and to our times. History is not yet the "old almanack," fitted for our shelves; it is the letter of introduction handed down by the ancients to the moderns, but a letter without notes or comment; these latter have so filled it with one, that we forget the other; and we, in passing it to those after us, shall lose, perhaps, text, commentary, and all. We need not, however, predict—we need not pretend to look forward—the old doctrine of the wheel of nations, their rise, reign, and fall, may amuse like that of the metempsychosis. We may think there is a Promethean, or Procrustean essence in them, by which they may start up with new vital principles, or stretch themselves to new events; but in times of extraordinary movement we may fairly admit that extraordinary causes are at work, and in observing the transitions which society is now undergoing, we easily see their origin, but who can see their end? New lights and liberties flashing and flickering about; new doctrines producing new doubts, new impulses giving new movements. Moralists, spiritualists, and materialists, all at combat. Christianity consoles with its sublime creations—civilization shocks with its fresh crimes. Such is our crowded chapter, we hurry over its modern pages, the ancient have lost their authority, but still it is the same volume.

The events leading to all this might have moved more slowly towards us, the lights were often scattered and feeble—there required a focus, and they found it in France: occupying nearly the centre of the old circle, she brought all together, struck out fresh lights of her own, but yet her other elements showed, as it were, their resistance, and age seemed but adding to her ease, had not the brilliant vices of rulers shed their sad lustre around—had not the madness of despotism dropped the mask in intoxication—had not demoralization, debt, and distress come together, instead of one at a time. These disasters might have been obviated, or at least postponed, but it was too late—the die was cast—the spell was broken—fresh impulses arose, palliatives were useless, props were vain; and thus the proud dome of ages fell in a crash, that resounded, and resounds through the world.

But enough, and more than enough, has been said of all this. The philosophy of revolutions, unlike their politics, is but the common philosophy of things around us. The physical, like the moral world, has its tablets to date from, and nature, like nations, its chapter and chronology. We distinguish natural from national revolutions, by saying that the one works in a chain, the other in a circle, in like manner as we distinguish history itself; but even here their philosophy is united, for the chain may roll out into the circle, and the circle be bound up in the chain. This is of no importance. Circles and chains bind up all things—nothing stops

short, nothing stands still. The death of the animal gives life to the vegetable, that of the vegetable to the animal; the mineral stands apart, but the mountain wears down. With the sun's last beam comes the first star's brightness—when the last star has faded the dawn begins to break. There is a great law abroad, and above, in earth, and the skies, in man and the worm: we all know it—action and reaction, motion and change; but we forget it, our passions blind us—we exaggerate our own little circle within the great one, and like the fly on the chariot wheel, cry "What a dust we make!" Instead of marking the great mandate here assigned, instead of mounting the height, and looking out on the main, we stand on the shore; the foam dashes around; we listen to the roar, but are deaf to the warning it conveys. Now, without philosophizing, moralizing, or metaphorizing too far, we can easily apply all this, and see its operation. Look at it in events now going on—look at it in the modern nations—go to the ancients—use tending to abuse, abuse tending to resistance, resistance to reform, and reform often going back to begin the circle. Pagan fiction holds us in its spell, till Christianity, with its white wand, breaks it. Feudal story has its bright points, because darkness fills up the masses: in both, the lights and shades are dashed broadly, and the stars of devotion and chivalry shine brighter through the deep dark sky; but a new light comes, that of liberty—a new machinery, that of mind. Revolutions hurry us on in the new arena, and nations submit to shocks in order to find their level at last.

It is glorious to think of this march of mind, but sad to reflect on that which it has cost. When revolutions are mere reforms, we see their proud lights shining on, and the pure realms where they lead to; but when the passions fling in their brands, and brute force is summoned forth, we shrink from their blaze, we turn away in despair; and prefer despotism, with its laws, to liberty with its terrors. If the Reformation was the insurrection, the French Revolution was the explosion, of mind. We call it the great land-mark of our age, but it will be the land-mark of ages to come.

England escaped the convulsion, but not the contagion; the sparks that rose so near, fell in the waves that guard our isle; but the air was heated, and the glow breaks out; every where the proud spires of our sacred edifices rose up as "Paratonnères," but though they averted the flash, they could scarcely diverge the commotion. With the new century, therefore, a new scene opened on us—it found us deep in the struggle—the cause was sacred, our altars and homes. A monarch led to the scaffold, laws a mockery—liberty trampled on—were enough to excite us; these were the days for patriots and heroes, these were the calls for our country's pride. When other nations were worn with their woe, England ever watched at the trembling helm, her greatness grew with the madness of the gale, her banner hung on the wings of the storm; it was a glorious sight, all looked to her confidingly, many loved her sincerely, her features were strongly marked, her barriers staunch and stern.

What produced this paroxysm of public spirit? our union of all classes. What gave us the victory? our credit and resources. What was each founded on? the nature of our constitution: it was not alone our brave hearts and hands that bore us through the fight, but it was that glorious political principle by which those hearts and hands could pull together. How did this principle differ from that of the other states? by having that intermediate power working through all parts, by which none could be displaced without displacing that next it. What was this power and principle? our *aristocracy!*

A strange day came at last—a day of peace—how did it find us? During our struggles all seemed prosperous, all seemed employed, and money circulated in every channel; commerce found new colonies, agriculture

new products, manufactures a new impulse; in short, our resources seemed growing from our exigencies, and the greater the pressure, the higher we seemed to rise, but it was a straining, a stress, an unnatural state of things; like a wheel loaded with weights, or one of our own steam machines, we whirled on by our mere momentum, but without safety valve or regulator. Peace came—the wheel stopped, our energies were dislocated; we looked about us—we saw the game we had been playing. We saw the inequalities of condition it had given rise to; the rich made richer, the poor poorer; hundreds having gained, thousands having lost.

Thus, to mark one great change, we need only commence here. What have been those changes? We gained the race amidst the nations, we then turned to race amidst ourselves. Bacon tells us that foreign war is sometimes healthy circulation, but civil war always a gangrene; in a country like England, man's energies must ever be in full tide—when public spirit ebbs, party spirit rushes in, and when party spirit gains certain heights, what does it not deluge? This is not all. When the chain of wealth alters, that of society alters along with it, and when extremes meet, the supremacy of one class shows off the subordinacy of another. This was the case in old France; there were but the treaders and the trodden on; the shock came, and there was nothing to resist it. With us, the middle class had been as prominent as it was solid, it stood out like the broad pillar of our constitution; but where do we see it now? We have our laws, our liberties, our enormous wealth, but mark its extremes—mark what these extremes have given rise to.

We need not say that our national character is destroyed. National character is founded on natural elements; it is substantial not circumstantial; and whilst we have our climate, soil, and position, it must stand. But still, though the substratum remains, the other parts alter, and different modes and mixtures give it a new appearance and colour. When the great mass of society becomes changed, by changes in wealth and knowledge, new ranks and classes start up, new habits and feelings supervene. This, of course, we must expect in the age. The nations are mingling The new machinery of civilization, like the old catapultæ of the Romans, is breaking down the barriers, and we are all assimilating and adulterating, more or less; but it is not this that has so affected us—it is not our mixture with our neighbours, but it is our own doings. We may pack up our feelings like our trunks, when we visit foreign states. We may shift and unshift our principles like our prejudices. We may try and keep up that floating system of adaptation to the things around us, which necessity or convenience may suggest; but what is all this? We must return home. We must hem ourselves in its circle, and out of its limits where can we find our proper station and repose; it is by changes here we mark new feelings, habits, &c.; it is by comparing different periods with each other, that these changes strike us. Of old, John Bull was of that rich racy stock, that, like his old oak, he threw out excrescences on all sides;—this is no more: we must be polished and cold; we must suppress hearty impulses, or if they will come out, we must consider the genteelest modes of introducing them. Has this been given to us by our neighbours? Have we borrowed our exclusiveness from them? On the contrary, are we not at complete variance with them here? We march with them in mind—we march with them in opinion, but a new aristocracy starts up, and tells us, we must not be united.

To the social influence, therefore, of this new virus, with which we have been so inoculated, let me now turn. But what is aristocracy? Here terms and definitions again hamper us, and language, like a great libertine, tempts us astray. Here, however, we have our derivations, derivations assist distinctions, and by going back to the old Greek, we

find its meaning—this, however, is only its political meaning; what is its essence, its abstract, its innate quality? The principle of aristocracy is the principle of ambition, it is that feeling by which man seeks to rise. One savage flings the tomahawk, handles the bow, builds his canoe, better than another, he raises himself in estimation, he seeks distinction, he is the aristocrat; take him in his higher condition, mark his aspirations; deprive him of these, and what do you reduce him to? Equality is a chimera, society must have its summits.

Here, from national character alone, England and France cannot strictly be compared; in England life is a more difficult lot; her climate, &c. create wants that must be satisfied; her condition leads to wishes that must be gratified; there is a stir and a storm around us; we are out amidst the winds and waves, we must buffet and depend on ourselves, and therefore be independent of others. France is differently situated, her central position geographical, has given her a central position social; climate, soil, boundaries, indicate more ease and equality: where nature is more bountiful, art is less tempting, and when the catalogue of our wants is curtailed, that of our wishes goes along with it. Here, therefore, the principle of ambition is weakened.

Let us not deal, however, with abstractions, but applications; it is not for its intrinsics, but its extrinsics, that aristocracy is accountable. We must look at it as a political principle between us.

To do this, let us glance at our earlier history on both sides. In France, all inclined to pure monarchy, from the end of the thirteenth century; and the efforts of the feudal chiefs to seize royal power, were few and feeble. From the beginning of monarchy up to this period, all had been isolated in government, and their chiefs, instead of leaning to the people, or country, tore up all with their strifes, and fought with monarchs or with the clergy. Aristocracy, therefore, could never entrench itself as a pillar of the constitution, nor could parliamentary strength, even in after reigns, show itself. Up to Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., however, it still lingered on, and the "Fronde" was its last campaign. Parasites, under a Richelieu and Mazarine, debauched under the regency, and bigots under Louis XV., these sycophantic barons looked solely to themselves, and the people were more oppressed than ever. The Revolution, in cutting up both their possessions and privileges, cut up the feudal system root and branch, and the nation, seeing what it had done for it, called aristocracy by the name of despotism.

Now mark the course it has taken on our side. The barons got our Magna Charta; they protected us from tyrannies—they promoted our resources—they fought for all classes; instead of tearing the country by their feuds, they lay between crown and people, where both could look to them for support. Here the throne of the monarch was no throne in the clouds, where passive obedience was demanded; here no royal decree could condemn to dungeons, by its "divine right;" on the contrary, all was graduated, all were shown the inclined plane, by which they could mount, a healthy principle of ambition was promoted, and of our nobles we were justly proud.

Thus it is that the principle of aristocracy has had such an opposite fate with us, and taken such an opposite direction—on our side an innate sentiment, as it were; on the side of France an accidental assemblage; with us a natural feeling made national, bound up in all our elements; our climate, government, and religion, (which does not take things for granted, but searches and inquires,) all enrolling and entrenching it amidst our great popular characteristics; with them weak, languid, capricious, combated in all ways and never able to surmount a certain height. Let us revert to its social influence of late—let us see how it has affected us since the Revolution.

The great modern trial between England and France, has been depth *versus* diffusion, or *vice versâ*, in the one all accumulating, in the other all spreading out. France is purely agricultural: the division of her soil, by the Revolution, gave each man an interest in it, and, therefore, the wealth was no more in holes and corners. This new division produced of course new industry, and with new industry came new ambition; but how did this operate? The great *moral* principle of the Revolution was to equalize society, as its *material* principle was to equalize the land; and thus the sentiment of diffusion became the sentiment of democracy. The old Frenchman's ease and equality, therefore, were now disturbed; he saw that he must look more about him—he saw that he could better himself, but still he saw that he could only be a small proprietor, and that, therefore, his ambition need not mount to aristocracy; on the contrary, this was more destroyed than ever, by the cutters and carvers in the convention. Buonaparte tried to revive it by his majorats, &c., the Bourbons by their peers; but the principles of the first Revolution were on the watch, and the second destroys it more than ever.

Now what has been going on with us at the same time? With the first of the storm we thought that the elements of all government were mob-menaced, and we therefore attacked their democracy, in the mere cause of good order; but when their king, nobles, and all fell, our spirit rose higher, and we clung around that class which had supported us. Against this class, in France, revolutionary vengeance was hurled—it was not against the monarch, but as the monarch was the head of the aristocracy. Thirty thousand privileged families had absorbed the land—forty millions of acres had lain bare; the mere cultivation of such was a rush of new wealth, and commerce and agriculture united, and had new products. England had nothing of all this; she looked abroad more than at home, but yet she mingled all; ships, colonies, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, all united their interests: this was the principle of diffusion, but not that of democracy. This created public spirit—a distinction has been sometimes made between public spirit and patriotism, according to the resources of a country; the former belonging more to commerce and protection, the latter more to land and possession. We had both—our nobles supported us, they infused themselves into all our interests, and society was one great field of aristocracy.

Here, however, comes the new source of all our changes. Sudden wealth produces sudden ambition, but sudden ambition is not satisfied with mere wealth. In a race-ground, where the prizes are so plain, who can stop at a point, unless checked by some such instincts as belong to the Frenchman? The merchant, farmer, or manufacturer, having gained a fortune, looks to family or education; and having gained either, is as ready to look up to higher alliance, as to look down on the vulgarity of his vocation. To acquire such alliances was easy, when embarrassments had pressed; and though grades of rank were disturbed, grades of fortune compensated. With the high genuine chiefs, matters of course were quiet, their rank was too lofty, their possessions too vast, and, though still aggrandizing in wealth, in station remained in *statu quo*. With the class beneath, it was not so: they saw themselves intruded on by those below them, and though they admitted that commerce was England's glory, still they did not like such rude approaches. These merchants, however, and manufacturers, had now become petty princes; war had enriched them every way. They offered loans to the country, sought titles from the crown, purchased up the land, and swallowed up the yeomanry. Again the class beneath these last looked up in its turn—again the one beneath this; and thus, though war seemed tightening us all together, yet the chain was loosening and lengthening.

Peace soon showed this; ranks and classes multiplied and extended; and the whole wheel coming to a full stop, showed us plainly what was be-

fore us. This would have been of less importance, if we could have lived and laid by, like old Holland, on her savings; but we had new struggles to contend with, England was no longer the great bazaar of the nations, her monopoly was over, and we had to meet them in their own markets; fortunately, new resources came to us; we had laid aside the arts of war, new impulses gave rise to other arts, and steam and machinery rose up as protecting genii. But what did this exhibit? it lengthened the monied chain, it lessened hands when population was pressing; it showed depth, but not diffusion. Commerce tends to spread, manufactures to accumulate.

But a new field for aristocracy now lay open. We had gained the fight—the fumes of Waterloo mounted up—we were visited by kings and nobles, and could not resist the intoxication. Chivalry and commerce seem sworn enemies, and we now began to think of the "nation of shopkeepers." Professional life, therefore, was now the great object; the army, navy, church, law, medicine, &c., all offered their feathers and their titles; the same banker or merchant who had amassed, could no longer wait—the counting-house was vulgar—education was creating fresh aspirations.

The first efforts of an upstart aristocracy are to smile on those above, the second, to spurn at those beneath them. Old family rank is quiet—its claims are sanctioned by what sanctions most things, time, and its movements easy; new wealth is in a hurry, and knowing its fickle course, warns intruders away, and is ticklish in its titles. Thus, merchants and manufacturers of the first class, allied themselves to rank and land—the class beneath in a similar ratio—money makes money—rank seeks rank. A similar course with this was attempted nearly at the same time with our neighbours. We inoculated them with our new virus, we showed them what commerce could do, and their aristocracy were some of the sturdiest subjects of the Anglomanie; but how, or where did this operate? solely in the capital—the Lafittes, Ternaux, and Delesserts, like our Peels and Barings, gave a new tone to society; De Villele patronized stockbrokers, but the Revolution cried aloud, "Live and let live." Had our struggles and ambition been merely in one direction, all would have looked well, and our increased wealth seemed a regular result; but when accumulation marks one side, and destitution the other, elevation seems like oppression, and industry like ostentation. In such a chain, therefore, the only quiet links are the extreme top and bottom; but in a country like ours, nothing stands still long. Hitherto the dukes, marquisses, and magnates were quiet, they stood on lofty ground, but being now forced upwards, looked to associate with the loftiest of all—this the crown invited—it was but the apex of the great pyramid; not like that of Louis XIV., or even Louis XVI., shooting up above all with their stars and satellites around, but the mere tapering up of the constitutional column. There was every thing, therefore, to increase the aristocratic feeling—all strained to mount—we never thought of measures, but men.

This has ceased—a change comes over us, kings and nobles descend. Burke tells us that we have always hated equality as much as we loved liberty; and how could it be otherwise? Equality is a chimera in all countries, but we have made it an ultra chimera, and now it is coming down to a plausible theory. With the French it is a *passion*, much more so than liberty; and Louis Philippe seems quite aware of this. Such is the great law of action and re-action we have alluded to—such the clash of extremes, which time alone can cure. The pendulum, when arrived at its last limit, turns back, and licentiousness, when at the utmost, must revert to simple liberty; but if the pendulum be strained, the return is a rush. Why is democracy now so talked of? because we have gone beyond all those sound and legitimate sources which render aristocracy a healthy

principle—because we have been hemming and puffing ourselves up in its vicious circle; and, not content with laughing at the chimera of equality, have tormented ourselves with inequalities and distinctions. It is true, we must look at the age, and the march of popular opinion; but does this explain the decline of our nobles? By no means. England is differently situated from her neighbours: there are certain marks and limits in nations that they cannot pass—they are engraved, as it were, on the soil, and, like the rocks and mountains, must stand as imperishable tablets. *We are essentially aristocratic*—we cannot help it—it is an innate principle with us. England may, and must, obey the great laws of change around her, but she must obey still more what her elements have forced on her—she must see that they are as hostile to a democratic as to a despotic form of government—she must see that her old form of constitution is best suited for her, though improvements are necessary. There are certain morbid states and conditions of the body politic, as of the human body, from which they must relieve themselves, or be relieved by others. Reform, whether in state or church, should come from *within*, not *without*. We may be regulated by the age on the broad principle of improvement, we may enter the same circle with other nations, and march with them side by side, but both minor and more important changes depend on ourselves.

Are we to blame, then, our new bill for our present agitation? Are we to say that our new diseases are but of three years' growth? Have they not grown on us from the period and the causes already mentioned? What is our new reform but a rush and re-action, hurrying us on, as it were, to make up for lost time, and placing us in a career we could never have expected? This may be revolution, or it may not—names are of little consequence. In France the wheel was upset from its first great jerk, got strained, and went back, because it went forward too far. In England the impulse was different, and therefore we must look at it differently.

If we admit that the pressure of the commercial and manufacturing on the agricultural districts, has changed the old face of society, by changing our wealth, &c., and is the first great source of our political agitation, we may admit that the morbid extension of the aristocratic principle in changing our habits and manners, &c., is the second. Manners have more influence on the fate of nations than what we commonly imagine; they are the expression of those sentiments which our genius and character impress on us. When a regular series of attraction or repulsion is established between classes—when each is courting and caressing the one above it, in proportion as it spurns away that beneath it, it follows, that the nearer they approach, the more exclusiveness becomes necessary. A lord may be affable to a tradesman, but not to a merchant—the merchant to the retail, but not to the wholesale dealer, and thus the "noli me tangere" must regularly descend. On the other hand, the talent for mounting higher depending on opposite tactics, we have of course an alternate series of attraction and repulsion along the whole chain. Where, then, is unity to be sought for, but within these classes and circles themselves? How shall this social mass be tranquillized, when the extremes alone are at rest? How can we pull together—freemen as to rights and laws, but slaves as to social prejudices, we have forgotten our feelings of brotherhood—and to what are we indebted for it?

Here again, however, we cannot compare ourselves with France, because we cannot import that ease in which brotherhood becomes so cheap, but yet we can compare our old and new times, because we were then so much alike. In England, the claims of all classes previous to this century seemed settled and secure; the middle lay quietly beneath the upper, partly from inability to cope with them, partly from the affability which the upper could afford towards them; the lower orders were comfortable,

satisfied with mere comfort, treated kindly by those above, and therefore were kind to those below. Thus, each class had its bonds and ligatures, as well around as inside; and thus, all could be comprised in three or four ranks or orders.

In old France, circles and classes were never marked by *manners*. The real distinction was immense, and therefore the apparent sought to hide, or at least, soften it—social feeling being the national feeling. This alone promoted ease, and where there is ease there is no vulgarity. To circulate all this it was necessary to introduce the small coin of complaisance, and this soon became the current coin of the realm. From constant friction, it is true, it could seldom show its value, but still ceremony printed certain letters on it, and the whole passed for politeness; this arose from the school of Louis XIV.; under Louis XV. commercial wealth rushed in for a time with its rudeness, but in the last half century all was subverted. The nobles now descended, the people ascended, both met midway, and the cottage no more copied the court. The social feeling, therefore, was a little disturbed, ambition and wealth gradually crept in, but still, the only real distinctions were those of proprietorship; these proprietors never could be great, and the love of equality was still in the nation. In so short an interval, therefore, between the death of one kind of aristocracy, and the birth of another, there was no time for a new system of manners, no occasion for vulgarity to start forth. Vulgarity only arises when opposite classes mount together; it is the production of that movement by which a mushroom race look down on a certain combination of qualities, which themselves having hitherto possessed, they now affect to despise. Vulgarity is unknown in France as a distinct sentiment, because all have the sentiment of ease and equality. Society is the Frenchman's great school, he looks to the mass, not the individual; he has certain duties in this school to perform, which by means of certain machinery he can easily do, and therefore any thing awkward or glossy would only put him out of the way, which he hates. Vulgarity was the levelling feeling of the revolution, by giving the lower orders brevet rank; but vulgarity could never show itself when all became vulgar together.

In England vulgarity is a modern monster, full grown, full fed, and dressed, and therefore more hideous from its native deformity: it is a miasma, a plague, a pestilence: it has its colours, classes, and odours, like our aristocracies, and our nice sense of difference and distinctions in the one, correspond pretty nearly with those of the other. Of old, our strainings for gentility were few—we gave it up to our neighbours, battled and brawled about our liberties, and called them courtiers and slaves. This would do no longer when we met them after peace—they had got our liberties and laws, and we thought we must get their manners. This, however, was not so much an affair of rivalry with them as self-defence with ourselves. New glories and wealth had been showering down upon us—the wheel of fortune had taken such jerks, that dirt was flinging up as dignity was flinging down, and therefore a new school of manners became necessary. Here gentility and vulgarity got their distinct tickets and labels, and in calling our friend a "gentlemanly man," we summed up his entire character. This, however, had nothing to do with Chesterfield. Politeness is of two kinds, moral and mechanical: the one mere friction externally, the other an internal sentiment. True politeness partakes of both, and seeks to make others as easy as itself. How could this be when circles were all clashing, when each sought its own exclusiveness, and when the art of ingeniously "cutting" was the art of ingeniously tormenting? Under such circumstances, vulgarity was of course scented and hunted out, and with such accuracy, that every class caught the odour and tried to stifle it. Unfortunately, like a hydra, the heads of this monster could never be cut off. Butchers, bakers, and

tailors, were every day spattering ranks and classes, till at length ease could only be found in the highest of all. Here the court settled every thing, foreigners buzzed about it, George IV. was the "most gentlemanly man in his realm," and even the "air distingué" gave way to the "air diplomatique."

What has produced our social diseases, then, but all these struggles and divisions? What has our exclusiveness arisen from but the morbid extension of our aristocracy? It is no affair of Whigs or Tories—it is no party question—it is the question of all—all must be *personal*, all must be display. Not content with rearing high the flags of our feelings, and showing them off in all their colours, not content with turning ourselves inside out, and identifying those feelings with the things around us, we must turn all outside in, and sacrifice all to ourselves. For this our age has its tone and colouring, for this a Byron throws back on us his blaze; and even when we try to revel and soar in the pure light of poetry, we find thy insect stings of exclusiveness in the beam that surrounds us. Look at the painful intensity of self every where, and our passion for display. Read it in our circles, our Almacks, our novels, our journals—sect, system, school, party, class, clique, coterie—what is it all but the same exclusiveness? Where are our bonds of union, where are our ties of old?

We blame the feudal system—nothing simpler: we hurl our bombs of execration against it—the age supplies the battery. Look at La Vendée—was this the scene of tyranny—were these chiefs solitary monsters preying on the people? Look at our old mansions in our old times!—protection was every where, allegiance was mutual, loyalty and good faith marked those times,—where are they now? Where is the social cement when landlord and labourer are severed? We have our liberties and laws, their mantle hangs round the poor; what other mantle do they possess? Does not their condition show the stains of feudality without its brightness? Crouching too often in the trammels of the serf, or flinging themselves into the reckless whirl of the incendiary.

Look at our absenteeism! who pretends to say that our new aristocracies have not chiefly caused it? It is not from mere economy that the list is so full, for England is becoming cheaper whilst France is becoming dearer—it is not for climate, for they are chiefly in the north—it is not for education, for ours is often better. What is it then, too often, but to retire from that race-ground of rivalry and display to which all has been reduced with us?

What are our passports into society? Fortune, family, or—fashion, which includes all? When either knocks, the doors are open—without either, the wretch may hie to his solitude. The chariot, the crest, the bearing, must be around; all must be dangling with their distinctions. If there is no fortune, perhaps there is family—if no family, there is fortune—if neither, there is fame, or its lieutenant, a name—it is of little consequence how this has been gained. Fame and infamy often lie closely together. The person is noted for something—he is a *somebody*—we have a terror at being *nobody*—he has figured in the newspapers, leaped over a bridge, shot his friend, or invented a corkscrew. These tickets all pass—we must all strive and strain for them—we must make up our circles accordingly, and woe be to the intruder without them.

If the continent had no other advantage than its lesson of moderation, a visit is valuable for us to learn it. We all know the system—it is light and easy—affability supersedes respectability, and each, in pleasing others, pleases himself. This we cannot introduce—we must have our heavy pieces—pure gold, pure brass, or pure counterfeits. Crosses and orders, it is true, dangle on French button-holes, but what are they? The simple indications of a simple chivalry, supporting a cause that can

neither offend or overbear. There society throws wide open its doors, and good conduct is a sure passport—there the chain between opulence and poverty is as short as is that between fashion and vulgarity here—there economy is no stigma, and contentment no crime.

Before England strutted out in the new drawing-room of nations, our love of ranks and titles was slight. Our neighbours looked to us in their strifes for liberty, and thought us a nation of philosophers. What was their surprise, then, at the peace to see us so dressed up! It is true, they knew the old commercial aristocracies were proud and pompous, like Venice or Genoa; but how hard-working bustlers, and men of business like us, could all at once become "rentiers," "lawyers," "chevaliers," and "gentilhommes," this was a true mystery—but they *pocketed* the affront.

It is fortunate that two rival nations, in laying down their arms, should take up other rivalries; and still more fortunate that, in these rivalries, the weapons should be nearly alike. Ridicule only suits polished combatants, because so polished itself. The thrust of reason, or even raillery, fails whilst the foil of the other passes through. England and France have been playing strange games, and if now to be united, must play others very different. Contempt, like conceit, is a short cut to many things; and like a short cut on the cards, a safe game whilst we hold trumps; but when vanity is the victor on both sides, contempt becomes ridiculous from its reciprocity. When we become better acquainted, we shall see the folly of these games. England has no right to her new aristocracies, France no right to her new democracy. Society must have its hierarchy, but it must be legitimate and not puffed up? A monarch's smile, or a monarch's frown, must still be effective; but what are the true sources of aristocracy? Virtue, talent, character, &c. England has her constitutional nobles, and let us support them; but let us not mingle our modern gewgaws with them. Madame de Stael called us the aristocracy of Europe, let us continue to merit the title; but let these nobles look to themselves—let them add to the pride of birth and fortune the other aspirations of this lofty title. If patriotism has no longer claims on some of them, if party spirit has been the pretence of their expatriation, let them look to their own interests; let them look to the age around us. The mere term aristocracy is now becoming ill-favoured. Pride must have its fall; and, like the punishment of the Roman general at Carthage, the rapidity of its descent only increases the torture. In France it has undergone its fate; but we are differently circumstanced. The Revolution destroyed it—the Restoration revived it—the Barricades of 1830 brought in a new power, and our Reform threatens to do the same.

We are now hurrying on in a new line—we are thrown into a new position, but let us not despair. When the Portuguese navigator first made the Cape it was shrouded in storm—the storm wore away, and its spirit descended in *Good Hope*. We are not merely doubling the Cape of Reform, for the storm is on all sides; but we seem at that narrow pass, which, like a straight, separates oceans or hemispheres. The great moral tumult on which we have been tossed, like a great mountain wave on the sea of time, has neither thrown us back nor forward to the level that is good for us; nor will it allow us to remain in our position. We hurry along this narrow way—it *seems* the passage of truth. Before us shines its temple, crowned with new lights; behind us lingers darkness, which may again overtake us. In this way there is a current constantly dividing us—*opinion;* but there is a great flood-stream in the centre leading on—*mind*. Old error has had as boundless a space to traverse as truth has a small one, and formerly there were none to watch over it; for the few solitary lights that lay around, like the lamps of the monks, made darkness more visible; but we have been nearing the narrow pass. The

winds and waves rush in—the old beacons are quenched—and the new point out to us the stream where the channel widens.

Let us go forward then with hope, for we cannot go back. We have entered the vast circle of a new change, and already better signs appear. The word revolution is appalling from its mere associations; let *reform* moderate it and be its synonym. We have begun it politically, let us go on with it morally—we have got a new Bill of Rights, let us do the rest ourselves. The social body is still diseased—the foul pestilence of a morbid feeling of parvenue aristocracy hangs about it. Let us shake it off, but still let us feel that our true aristocracy has ennobled us. If some high-descended lords have left the proud seat of their ancestors, we must remember that all has been in movement with us. Time brings all to a level—time will again show us what our constitution can do; and though time itself is so great an innovator, let us beware of hands too rash in profaning what it has cemented—let social accompany political reform—let us pull down that wretched spirit of division, and join where once we used to meet. Then will Old England be herself again—then will the nations look up to her once more. The storm may rage, but her star will burn, and its last light shine out on the last shores of the world.

T. C. S.

MY MOTHER.

BY L. M. J. M. MONTAGU.

Whose was that eye, whose loving beam
First fell upon my infant face?
Whose light comes back, in many a dream
Of days, that time can ne'er efface?
It was thine own: I know no other,
Could match thy loving eye, my Mother.

Whose was that tender voice, that spoke
Sweet words of gracious love to me?
That round my pillow nightly broke
The silence with soft minstrelsy?
It was thine own: I know no other,
Could match thy tender voice, my Mother.

Whose was that hand, that wiped the tear
From off my cheek, and round me still,
In pain and sorrow, hovered near,
Some soothing office to fulfil?
It was thine own: I know no other,
Could match thy gentle hand, my Mother.

But now those *loving eyes* are closed;
That *tender voice* has lost its tone;
Those *gentle hands* have long reposed
In dust; and I in sadness own,
That though I've many friends, *no other*
Can be the friend thou wert, my Mother.

"THE EISENHAMMER,"

FOUNDED ON A GERMAN FACT.

It would have been difficult, and perhaps utterly impossible, throughout all Germany, to have found a nobleman more beloved and idolized by his tenantry and vassals, than Wilhelm, Count of Savern. A warrior in the field, and a profound statesman in the cabinet, his subjects and retainers rewarded the exertions he had made to increase their prosperity and happiness with the most devoted affection and unshaken fidelity. The territory of Savern under his dominion became the most flourishing tract of land in all Germany, and a perfect paradise in comparison with the desolate and uncultivated provinces by which it was surrounded, and it was ever with an erect mien, a proud air, and a swelling chest, that an inhabitant of this part of the world declared himself a follower of the noble house of Savern.

The happy and prosperous condition of his vassals, the high cultivation of his lands, and the devoted attachment of all around to his person, plainly declared him to be a wise and sagacious ruler. There seldom was crime committed in his dominions, but when such did occur, the criminal found the avenging sword of justice speedily and invariably overtake him, and it was remarked that no crime committed in the boundaries of Savern, had ever yet escaped unpunished or unrevenged. His love of peace was great, but in those turbulent times war often became absolutely necessary, and it was not the wont of the house of Savern to allow their privileges to be encroached on, or to suffer indignity or insult from the proudest prince in Christendom.

Some three years previous to the period in which our tale commences, Wilhelm was compelled to proceed to Vienna on business intimately connected with the interests of his province. George, Count of Räuberschloss, claimed a town belonging to Wilhelm of Savern, and by mutual agreement the two candidates placed the decision of their respective claims in the hands of Maximilian II. Emperor of Austria.

This dispute called Wilhelm to Vienna, and he had already passed some days in this capital, when one evening, whilst engaged in preparing some papers relative to the discussion, a horseman galloped into the court-yard of his hotel, if hotel it could be called, threw himself from his foaming steed, and, without an instant's delay, hurried up the narrow and winding stairs, and burst into the chamber of the Lord of Savern.

"Sigismund, by heaven!" cried the astonished nobleman.

Sigismund threw himself on a bench exhausted from fatigue.

"What tidings, good Sigismund, what tidings?"

"Ill tidings, my lord, from your good town of Treustadt."

"Speak, Sigismund—out with them, man."

"Treustadt is in the possession of George of Räusberschloss."

The count leaped from his seat as if shot through the heart, he drew his hand across his brow, and then, with one mighty effort, mastering his feelings, he calmly requested Sigismund to proceed.

The Count of Savern heard him to the end of his tale, which was a melancholy one. Four days after that nobleman's departure, George of Räuberschloss assembled his vassals and retainers, and sallied out against Treustadt determined to take advantage of Wilhelm's absence, and seize upon that town by force, to which his claims and pretensions in equity would never have entitled him; he succeeded in surprising the town and the citadel, but the inhabitants, with the chief magistrate at their head,

a fat but honest and gallant man, ran to arms and attacked the intruders with such desperation and fury, that it required the whole force of the trained and warlike bands, and the powerful arm and assistance of George of Räuberschloss himself to compel these civic assailants to retire, and the many lifeless corses which covered the hauptstrasse plainly told that the steel of the men of Treustadt, unaccustomed as they were to wield the sword and the spear, could bite deep through helm and corslet when fighting for their country and their homes. The citizens were overpowered, and Gerard Dickbauch, the magistrate, was forced, with the remnant of his command, which had suffered severely in the bloody fray, to retire towards Savern, where preparations for war were already begun; and Sigismund concluded his narrative by informing him that his return was looked forward to with the greatest anxiety.

"Cold tidings, indeed," cried the count. "I trust, good Sigismund, there is nought more to relate?"

"There is more ill yet, my lord—George of Räuberschloss, has taken the castle of Edelstein."

"And the Lady Adelheid?" faltered out the count.

"Carried to Räuberschloss, by the directions of its daring and reckless lord."

Wilhelm stood for a few moments immoveable, this last news appeared quite to overpower him—he stood fixed as a statue, then suddenly shouting to his attendants for horses, himself and Sigismund five minutes after were galloping along the streets of Vienna, at a pace which placed the lives of the emperor's subjects in most imminent danger.

The people of Savern were in a state of the greatest excitement, their rage and indignation knew no bounds, and it was with boiling blood and ready hearts that they waited for the arrival of their beloved chief, who might now be hourly expected. The warder even now had blown a blast upon his horn, announcing the approach of some stranger, and every eye was strained, every look directed to the road which led to Vienna, along which two horsemen were seen urging their steeds with the velocity of the wind, and a loud and ringing shout rent the air as the gazers recognised in one of the cavaliers, Wilhelm of Savern. A few seconds brought the chief into the midst of his people; he bowed low to the renewed burst of triumph which broke from the lips of his adherents, and calling for fresh horses for himself and Sigismund, he ordered his banner to be unfurled, put himself at the head of his retainers, and instantly began his march on Treustadt. Gerard Dickbauch gave a lamentable account of the destruction of property, the loss of life, and the strength of the invaders, but the firm decided mien of their chief, his known abilities and approved valour, sustained the hearts of the less courageous, and increased the ardour and anxiety of the more valiant to come to an engagement, when they might show their lawless foes with what rigour and interest an insult, offered to the house of Savern, was repaid.

It is not my wish to lead thee, gentle reader, through the scenes of blood and slaughter, which now followed each other in quick succession; suffice it to say, that after a sanguinary engagement at Treustadt between the two bands, George was compelled to retreat to his hitherto considered impregnable castle of Räuberschloss, which had endured siege after siege, leaguer after leaguer, and still remained proud and towering, laughing at the impotent exertions of its besiegers. But on this occasion it was otherwise. Whether Wilhelm possessed a greater share of military talent than fell to the lot of its former assailants, or whether the castle had been weakened by previous assaults, or whether the thought of the Lady Adelheid, a prisoner in the fortress, drove the Savern chief to deeds of greater daring, I will not pretend to say, but this much I know, that *three days after* his appearance before it, the Castle of Räu-

berschloss became his own, its lord having perished by the hand of him of Savern; *three weeks after*, the town of Treustadt did not show a vestige of the bloody warfare, which had desolated her streets; *three months after*, Adelheid of Edelstein became the beloved wife of Wilhelm of Savern; and *three years after* brings us to the period to which, gentle reader, I am about to introduce thee.

These three years had been a period to the Count and Countess of Savern of the most unchequered happiness; their marriage had already been blessed with a son and daughter: adored by their own domestic circle, and idolized by their vassals, it seemed as if Heaven were showering down blessing on blessing, benefit on benefit, to repay them for former trials and former dangers. Fortune smiled on them, and they were happy.

Amongst all her household there was not one who had received such marked favour and distinguished honour from the Lady Adelheid as a youth, named Fridolin, who was ardently and devotedly attached to her service. The kindness he experienced from his generous mistress only tended to increase his excessive devotion, and Fridolin always considered a smile and a kind word from the Lady Adelheid, as more than an equivalent reward for hours of labour and days of toil. From the lowest description of menial service, he had successively mounted the ladder of promotion, and was now placed at the head of the household of his adored lady. Conquered and disarmed of envy, by his gentle manners and unassuming deportment, the other less favoured servants, with one exception, had seen him rise to his present comparatively high station with feelings of pleasure rather than of jealousy. This solitary exception was Robert, chief huntsman to Wilhelm, who saw Fridolin's good fortune with eyes of envy, malice, and all those malignant feelings which can animate a vicious man, on seeing another honoured and preferred beyond himself. He had often sought a quarrel with his more fortunate fellow-servant, but in this he was always repulsed by the other's natural affability and peaceable disposition. Fridolin's ready wit was always sufficient to make the bitter and invidious sarcasms of Robert glide from his shoulders and fall harmless to the ground, and the huntsman soon found that all the malicious speeches which he launched at his hated rival, not only missed their mark, but recoiled with a sharper and keener edge against himself. On one occasion, and that quite recently, he had managed to rouse the gentle spirit of Fridolin into all the fury of a Numidian lion. One day the laugh of his companions being decidedly against him in a wordy war with the steward, and not being able to put him out of temper, his fierce passions so far mastered him, that he said aloud—"You dare, sir steward, to say any thing, conscious and certain as you are of protection from Lady Adelheid, your paramour."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the usually passive Fridolin sprang to his feet with the leap of a tiger, and one well-directed blow, from the hand of the stripling, felled the slandering giant to the earth. Robert rose, his countenance black as night, his eyes glaring wildly, his teeth clenched, his right hand grasping a large *couteau de chasse*, and looking the very demon that he was. Fridolin, on the other hand, stood collected, a small dagger in his hand, carried more for ornament than use, watching, with a quick eye, the movements of his antagonist, and ready with confidence to oppose his slight and tender frame to the towering gigantic bulk of the other, who fiercely panted for revenge. Robert stood for a moment, as if determining where to strike, and then sprang on the gallant youth. Each seized the armed hand of the other, and the struggle became dreadful between brute force and inconceivable agility. For a long time the contest was doubtful; at length Robert made a slip, and his antagonist, aiding it with his whole force, the huntsman again measured his length upon the pavement, and the recreant only

saved his dastard life by declaring the speech he had made was a diabolical, black, and slanderous lie.

Even while this confession passed his lips, he made an inward vow, and sealed it by a solemn oath, that he would work out Fridolin's destruction, and he retired to brood over some plan of revenge, determined that nothing less than the heart's blood of his foe should atone for his late defeat and mortification. On his way to his apartment he picked up a scrap of paper, and seeing on it the hand-writing of Fridolin, he made bold to read its contents, and found a few verses, not ill-written, wherein the youthful author expressed his devotion and attachment to his noble mistress, and his gratitude for the high honours and favour she had continually bestowed upon him. On reading this a smile, quite demoniac, played upon his dark and swarthy features, and carefully introducing the scrap into his pocket, he exclaimed—"You'll find it a difficult task, my young master, to escape me now—and if I'm not out in my reckoning, you'll not live to see to-morrow's sun;" and with another sardonic grin, gleaming on his ill-omened countenance, the huntsman prepared to follow his lord to the chace.

The hunt was unsuccessful, and during their return home, Robert determined to commence his plans of revenge by instilling into the count's breast doubts of his good and virtuous wife. After some conversation, in which he had been showing the count how happy all the blessings he enjoyed should render him, he continued,

"There is beside one more blessing, my lord, which I have not enumerated."

"Indeed; and what is that?"

"It is the Lady Adelheid Countess of Savern, high-born, noble, generous, and amiable."

"You are eloquent in her praise, good Robert."

"Not eloquence, my lord, but justice. You, my lord, are never troubled by that arch-fiend jealousy?"

"No, indeed; I know Adelheid too well, far too well; but how come you with the question?"

Robert hesitated.

"How come you with the question?"

"You can lie down, my lord, upon your pillow, fully trusting in your noble lady's honour and discretion?"

"What mean you, Robert, with these demands? The Lady Adelheid——"

"Is chaste, I'll swear; trust me, my lord, he never can seduce her."

The blood rushed from Wilhelm's heart, his eye flashed; scarcely able to contain himself, the count commanded him to speak.

"I do not say, my lord, that he has dared."

"Dared! I think not. Seducer in Savern there may be, but one who, in his wildest dreams, could raise his thoughts to Adelheid of Savern, lives not."

"Right, my lord,"—forget him—forget the slave who dares——"

"And does he live? name him."

"A slave, my lord, a low born slave."

"In mercy name him."

"Merits contempt and scorn, disdain——"

"Name him—or you die."

"Fridolin, the steward."

It was with difficulty the count kept himself in his saddle. Robert felt he had the fate of his enemy in his hands, he continued,

"The boy owns a pretty face, and is much famed for great success among the fair sex. How strange, my lord, you never marked him—his eyes ne'er leave her, and when at table, he forgets his lord is present, and stands as if enchained at his lady's side."

The count in silence drank in this poisonous discourse; he was fast losing all command of his impetuous passion.

"More proof," he gasped, "more proof, before I slay the traitor."

Robert triumphantly produced the verses. The count perused them rapidly, uttered a cry of despair, dashed his spurs deep in his horses' flanks, and galloped off in the direction of the adjacent forest.

The good steed carried him on at a gallant pace, and few minutes had elapsed before he reached the Eisenhammer, situated in the thickest and closest part of the whole forest. This place completely beggars description; no words can give the reader an adequate idea of its horrors.

There was a large and open space, surrounded by ancient trees, which reared high their lofty heads, and seemed to kiss the clouds, their thick foliage guarding the spot from every ray of light. Day was banished, and darkness held her reign. It was the principal seat of the iron-works, which are carried on to a great extent in that country. The ore is melted in large furnaces; night and day they are fed with fuel; ever watched, ever nourished, the fire is never suffered to decay. A strong and powerful stream rushes impetuous through the area, and in its course, with power irresistible, puts in motion mighty wheels attached to mightier mills. The roaring of the stream, the continued ringing of the ponderous hammers, the sparks of fire emitted from the heated iron on each successive blow, all contributed to render the appearance of the place infernal, drear, and devilish.

Such the place—now for the inhabitants; and I err much, if the reader can trace great resemblance to man in my short description; for the honour of the human race, I hope little, if any, will be found. Virgil's idea of Cyclops, may with great propriety be applied to them of the Eisenhammer.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum, which is perfectly correct, with the exception of *cui lumen ademptum,* for each of the gentlemen now in question possessed two red and bloodshot orbs, which claimed the denomination of eyes.

Reader, imagine, if thy imagination will permit thee, a creature utterly devoid of symmetry and proportion, above six feet high, raw-boned, bleareyed, shaggy brows, long red hair, matted and entangled, streaming down the back, the face begrimed with smoke and filth, bull-necked, of herculean build, powerful and unwieldy as the elephant, and say if this be aught human—this a man.

The minds of these beings corresponded with their outward appearance; shut out from all converse with mankind, they had not imbibed a feeling of that kindness which generally animates the breast of man. Their hearts were hard as the metal which they worked, and the pleasure which they took in cruelty and crime, showed the natural depravity of their minds.

Wilhelm rode into the midst of these rude inhabitants of the forest, and was saluted by each with a growl of recognition, which remained unanswered by their lord, who appeared utterly regardless of the scene. The works went busily on, the noise of the rushing stream as it dashed impetuously along its course, and the ringing of the hammers, continued, but Wilhelm sat his horse as if he were incapable of motion—suddenly he raised his eyes, and some short time elapsed before he could collect his thoughts and ideas—he seemed surprised to find himself at the Eisenhammer; he gazed around with amazement at the vast furnaces, and wondered how he could have strayed eight miles from the hunt—he saw his favourite steed covered with foam, and his memory began to return; he found a paper crushed up in his right hand, he looked at it, with the speed of lightning all flashed upon his mind.

"Audacious vassal, ingrate Fridolin!" he cried, "thy doom is death,

but death were far too merciful." His eyes suddenly fell upon a furnace, which two of the giants were replenishing with fuel; a savage joy sparkled in his eyes, and he beckoned the two to approach.

"Missgestalt your services are needed."

Missgestalt put himself in a posture of attention.

"You, Krebs, will aid him."

Krebs attempted to bow.

"A man will come here from Savern—he dies."

The hands of the monsters instinctively grasped their knives.

"Not so, Missgestalt, not so, good Krebs; he must suffer—suffer much."

The eyes of the two beamed with delight.

"Throw him in yon heated furnace."

The giants testified their readiness, and Missgestadt inquired—"How know we the victim?"

The count bethought himself. "The first man who comes from Savern, and asks if my commands be executed; him cast ye in, and remember that prayers or entreaties avail him not."

The monsters retired to their furnaces with savage glee, again fed the fire; the count was satisfied, and galloped homewards.

Arrived at Savern, Fridolin was summoned to his presence, and the count charged him to proceed immediately to the Eisenhammer, and inquire of Missgestalt, if his orders had been executed. The unsuspecting youth charged himself with the commission and retired, but before mounting his horse, thinking the Lady Adelheid in the interim might stand in need of his services, he proceeded to her apartments, and informed her of his destination.

"My boy is ill," said the countess, "or I should, this morning, have gone to mass; but do thou, Fridolin, before thy ride to the Eisenhammer, enter the chapel of the Heilige Trau, and say a short prayer for thy mistress, and her sick boy."

Fridolin bowed low, kissed her fair hand, and was soon on his road to the chapel, which lay full two miles out of the direct path to the Eisenhammer, "but what matter?" said the steward, "'tis for the Lady Adelheid."

Wishing to assure himself of the fate of his victim, the count informed Robert of his orders to Missgestalt and Krebs to throw the devoted Fridolin into the furnace, and the triumph which shone in the countenance of the huntsman would inevitably have betrayed him, had not the count been too much blinded and occupied by his own thirst for revenge, to heed the looks of the other.

"A few short minutes," thought the count, "and he, who would touch mine honour, is no more."

"A few short minutes," thought the huntsman, "and my hated rival is undergoing such torment, that even I can wish him no worse."

"Missgestalt can never fail," said Robert.

"Impossible," replied the count, "my directions were clear, decided, peremptory; no mistake can possibly occur. By this time, indeed, is Fridolin no more."

"Suppose, my lord, I ride and learn from Missgestalt."

"Do so, Robert—yet 'tis useless; still ask him if my commands have punctually been executed."

"I will, my lord."

Fridolin arrived at the chapel, and uttered a long and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of his mistress and her son—he rose from his knees, mounted his horse, and endeavoured, in some degree, to regain by speed, at least some part of the time he had exhausted in his pious mission. But misfortune seemed to follow him—his horse stumbled and

broke his knee. Fridolin dismounted, and was compelled to walk ten minutes before he could procure another steed. He repressed the curse which arose on his lips at this unfortunate delay, and consoling himself with "every thing that happens is for the best," rode on. He soon had reached the Eisenhammer and called aloud to Missgestalt—"Have Count Wilhelm's orders been obeyed?"

Missgestalt and his companion pointed to the glowing furnace, and replied—"Tell your lord, the man is cared for, and his slaves await reward."

Fridolin, astonished, and comprehending the answer as little as he did the question, turned his horse's head, and left the Eisenhammer.

The count walked up and down his apartment, his quick unequal step served to show the uneven state of his mind—he was waiting the arrival of Robert, who, ere now, might easily have returned. Steps were heard in the corridor, the door opened, and Fridolin calmly entered.

The count could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. Recovering his speech, he cried,

"Whence come you, Fridolin?"

"From the Eisenhammer, my lord."

"Impossible—hast tarried by the way?"

"I visited, my lord, the Chapel of the Heilige Trau on a mission from the Lady Adelheid."

"Hast been to the Eisenhammer?"

"I have, my lord."

"What answer dost thou bring?"

"The answer's dark, my lord, I understand it not."

"Quick! the answer?"

"The man is cared for; and your slaves await reward."

"And Robert—hast met him by the way?"

"I have not, my lord."

The count remained for some moments with his eyes raised to heaven, and then exclaimed—"The guilty one has perished, and the innocent is saved." And so it was. Robert impelled by his own bad passions and anxiety to hear his enemy was destroyed, soon reached the Eisenhammer, and on asking Missgestalt, if the orders of the Lord of Savern had been obeyed, was instantly seized by that monster and his relentless confederate, and, in spite of his resistance, prayers, and entreaties, was hurled into the furnace where he soon must have been reduced to a cinder. The commission Fridolin had received from his lady, together with the accident that occurred to his horse had been the means of occasioning the steward to arrive only *second* at the scene of death, in time to hear that the punishment, destined for him, had fallen where it was so justly due; and the high honours with which he was immediately loaded, showed that his noble, but misled, lord, was making ample reparation for his former unjust suspicions, and never yet did master own so true a servant as Fridolin, the steward, nor servant so generous a master as Wilhelm of Savern.

Y. H. G.

ECHO.

A MESSENGER of Air am I,
The spirit of a deathless strain,
My chariot is the summer sigh,
That murmurs o'er the plain:—
When spring-attir'd fair Earth is young,
And flowers beneath the day have sprung,
When joyful hopes go forth to meet
Maternal Nature's kisses sweet,
By the rill, and the river,
The hill, and the vale,
I whisper for ever
My tale!

When Music walks in lonely night,
As fearful of some ambush'd wrong,
I bend me with a fond delight
To the softness of her song!
Should then Religion wake the string,
With Faith's sublime imagining,
To distance do I bear the word,
Till Nature in her sleep is stirr'd,
And to the liquid sky,
Rising above,
Floats the clear melody
Of Love!

But, oh! those notes are fleet and few,
Or I would ever linger there,
Steep'd in the pure celestial dew,
Of melodies so rare!
The Night departs, the stars grow dim,
My lips may not repeat the hymn;—
Then fare-thee-well, thou gentle strain!
That fall'st on drooping hopes like rain.
Faint, and more faint it goes,
To the far dell
Of its own sweet repose:—
Farewell!

In summer's garb, when Earth grows vain
In all her pageantry of pride,
I still attend the thoughtless train
That wantons by her side!
Then by some ivy-mantled tow'r,
Where ruin mocks the shade of pow'r,
A long-forgotten note I raise,
To thaw the human heart to praise!
Or where the waterfall
Kisses the lea,
I mock the lover's call
On me!

But spirits may not learn to be
In love with things whose days are brief,
And fades my fleeting sympathy
When fades the floweret or the leaf!

Away! away! from things so gay,
I bear me to the realms of day;
Nor ever pause, nor fold my wing,
Till far from every earthly thing,
In the bright haven home
Of some pure star,
Like fabled bird I roam
Afar!

Thus summer lives till autumn-time,
The matronage of plenteous Earth,
On every blossom in its prime
Hath set the stamp of worth!
Oh! 'tis a joyful season then
For grateful hearts of labouring men,
Whilst youths and maidens dance along
Blythely to the harvest song,
Then all, yea, all around,
Mirthful and proud,
Give Joy's its votive sound
Aloud!

Ah! shift the scene, a day departs
The sunshine of a little space,
And sadness steals upon the hearts
Of man's too changeful race!
That mirthful song, that youthful strain,
I never may recall again,
The theme hath died ere it was given,
The strings of Love's sweet lyre are riven;
Hollow unto the ear,
Waning, and pale,
Of Autumn's death I bear
The wail!

It comes from forests, stript and bleak,
Of mortal hopes a mournful dirge!
And by the shore 'tis heard to speak,
Amid the roaring surge!
With the sad voice of one who weeps
Above the grave where beauty sleeps!
Nature, beneath a wintry pall,
Is borne unto her funeral!
And of her numerous train
No one, save I,
Gives to each sob of pain
Reply!

Now must I pause—for winter's chill
My late lov'd haunts hath frozen o'er—
And by the river or the rill
I may not linger more,
The sweetest lay that from the wood
Came forth in Nature's melting mood!
The softest note, the faintest fall
Of music's dainty festival!
Are bound in silence dread,
Therefore my wing
Must droop, my voice be dead
Till spring!

W. G. T.

GLIMPSES OF OTHER WORLDS.

" One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine."
YOUNG.

ONE fine starry night I was taking a solitary stroll, "*nescio quid meditans nugarum*," when feeling somewhat fatigued, I leaned against a grassy bank, and gazing upwards, gradually fell into a reverie. How long it lasted I cannot tell, but it seemed to be gradually sliding into a slumber, when methought it was interrupted by the appearance of a venerable old man of strange aspect, standing before me. His few scattered hairs, and his beard, were of a silvery whiteness, and Time had ploughed many a deep furrow in his brow. But independently of baldness and wrinkles, (for these I knew were the attributes of most Octogenarians,) there was a peculiar stamp of Antiquity in his physiognomy; he seemed the very prosopopœia of Old Age; nor should I have been surprised to have heard that he had numbered more centuries than one. His form nevertheless was tall, and tolerably erect, and his features contemplative and regular—save that his nose seemed, by some unaccountable accident, to have been curtailed of its original fair proportions.

"What are you staring at?" he somewhat unceremoniously asked.

A little startled by the abruptness of the interrogatory, I replied that I delighted to indulge in a survey of the nocturnal sky, and to admire

> " Those bright millions of the heavens
> Of which the least full Godhead had proclaimed
> And thrown the gazer on his knee.
> All on wing,
> In motion all, yet what profound repose!
> What fervid action—yet no noise—as awed
> To silence by the presence of their Lord!"

"Twaddledum-dee," replied he with a contemptuous drawl; "and pray how much do you know about 'those bright millions?' how much——"

"Perhaps," retorted I, waxing indignant, "perhaps all that I do know, and all that you do not know, would make together a very thick book."

Hereupon a sort of chuckling sound, like a hysterical giggle, proceeded from his lips, (or rather, his throat,) and fell with so demoniacal an insolence upon my ear, that the tips of my fingers tingled with a longing to give his epitomized nose a hearty tweak. "Boy!" said he, "you know not what you say, nor whom you address. Before your great grandfather was christened, I had unravelled more of the celestial arcana than Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, or Newton. They sat ensconced in their closets and observatories to watch through their telescopes the motions of distant worlds. I took a nearer station, and required but my naked eye. Nature herself intended me to be the phœnix of travellers and discoverers. At my birth the bumps of inquisitiveness and locomotiveness were so fully developed in my phrenological conformation, that I narrowly escaped being exhibited as a *lusus naturæ* with two heads. What are all the wanderings of your travellers and navigators compared with my peregrinations? Your travels in Bokhara, forsooth—your tours of Spain and Italy—your wanderings in New South Wales—your overland journeys to India—or your overice journeys to the North Pole? Why

before I was out of my teens, I had explored every nook of our little globe, and then—as Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer—I wept because there were no more to visit."

"Quite a toss up which of you was the greater baby," said I, nettled at his conceit.

"The Fates had decreed, however," he continued, "that my travelling mania should not be balked. My guardian genius appeared to me, and presented me with this cap, ycleped a GOLGOTHA, videlicet, the place of a skull." (Here he pulled from his head a very odd-shaped concern, apparently made of Indian rubber, with a poke or leaf behind and before.) "This was to be a preservative against all sudden and extreme changes of temperature, according as this leaf—or that—was worn in front; the leaves being, as you see, marked 'hot' and 'cold,' like the spouts of a bath."

"Well!" said I, "I have seen many varieties of travelling-caps, but never aught like this. Your guardy should have taken out a patent for his invention, and advertised its wonderful properties in the "Times" or the "Morning Herald."

"I forgot to add," he continued, "that my genius, in promising to gratify my taste for travelling, furnished me with a time-glass, warning me that the running out of its sands should mark the period of my sojourn in each world. We happened just then to be standing on the shores of the Lake of Geneva; a boat crowded with people was just pushing off. 'Jump into that boat,' said my genius, 'and when you are half way over—fear not—and upset it.'"

("O! the savage!" said I aside.)

"I followed my instructions to the letter, and presently some score of poor devils were struggling for their lives in the blue waters of the Leman Lake. For my own part I felt myself sinking rapidly through the eddying abyss—deeper and more deep——"

"*Facilis descensus Averni!*" I exclaimed; "you must have thought yourself in a fair way indeed of visiting another world!"

"For myself," he replied, "I had little apprehension; but I much fear my ill-fated fellow-passengers very soon found themselves in a world, which amid all my various pilgrimages I have not yet visited. Ere long, I reached my destination—even the interior of our own earth, a world undreamt of by the most fanciful of our theorists—unsuspected by the profoundest of our philosophers;—though we have carried it in our bosom since first our orb was sent whirling through space. And yet—is its existence any thing to be marvelled at? Shall each drop of water teem throughout with life and motion, while the globe itself is animated but at its external shell?"

"Pshaw!" said I somewhat impatiently, "a truce to philosophizing. Tell me what you saw? what were the inhabitants like? 'Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.'"

"Not at all," he replied; "they very much resemble ourselves—perhaps a better-looking race of men. The complexions, especially of the subterranean ladies, are brilliantly fair. There is no sun to scorch by day, nor moon to smite by night!"

"Faith," said I, "notwithstanding the resulting improvement to the complexions of the natives, I can scarcely conceive the absence of those luminaries a mighty blessing."

"Your remark only shows your ignorance, my friend," observed the old gentleman coolly. "What should they want with a great flaring sun, I should like to know? Their world is a snug amphitheatre, not more than a hundred miles broad—you may see across on a fine day—so that it may be imagined the crust which envelopes them is of no slight thickness, and as good as an extra blanket. Besides, it would do your

heart good to see the fires they keep up in their national stoves—of a magnitude undreamt of in your philosophy. You may have seen indeed the tops of their chimney funnels, called by learned men in these upper regions Ætna, Vesuvius, and Hecla. When that mighty eruption buried in ruins the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the innocent subterranean natives had only piled on a few additional sticks to commemorate the birth of an heir apparent to the throne."

"By Jupiter! then," exclaimed I, "it is to be hoped you gave them a hint to make no more such bonfires. What may be sport to them is death to us! But tell me—how do they manage to illumine your lower world?"

"It illuminates itself," he replied, "without the aid of sunbeams or gaspipes—oil lamps or tallow candles. The whole arched ceiling of the internal empire is studded with diamonds, carbuncles, and the rarest gems; while in the midst is suspended a colossal chandelier 'of one entire and perfect chrysolite,' which emits and reflects a splendour, that would dim the glories of our meridian sun."

"Still," said I, "this artificial glare must be very inferior to our glorious sunshine."

"All moonshine!" returned he contemptuously. "Verily in this fair and happy world my time sped on rapid wings; but——do not laugh at me—shall I confess my weakness?——I fell in love! Ere I was on my guard the bright form of a subterranean houri captivated my too, too susceptible heart! Ah! she was in truth passing lovely—such as your gross senses can never picture—her soft eyes of cerulean blue—her skin whiter than drifted snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster—her lips——"

"As red as a peony, and her hair as dark and glossy as Warren's blacking," I chimed in, cutting short the matter; for the old beau was getting intolerably common-place and sentimental. "There are similes for your paragon of loveliness. I hav'n't a doubt she was excessively pretty; but pray spare me the detail of her charms."

"So be it, then," said he, sighing most heart-breakingly, from the very depths of his stomach. "It is very certain I was an egregious ass thus to plunge head over ears in love. Full well I knew that the years of my brief sojourn were numbered from the beginning. The sands of my glass had already well nigh run out, and my genius appeared to prepare me for my departure. Mine was indeed a cruel, but inevitable lot! I beheld my lady-love for the last time—our interview was heart-rending—we bade each other a long—an agonizing farewell, and exchanged vows of eternal love, and locks of hair. My genius reconducted me to these upper regions, through a well-concealed trap-door, which opens among the newly-discovered caves near Mitchelstown, County of Cork, Ireland."

"I dare say" (was my most unfeeling remark) "you were extremely glad to return, and quickly forgot your vows and your lady-love."

"You do me grievous wrong," he replied with earnestness. "Those scenes—that face (though full more than a century has since elapsed) still live vividly in my recollection.

> "'The hallowed form is ne'er forgot
> Which first love traced,
> Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
> On memory's waste!'

If I thought, by upsetting another bark—ay, were it on the deepest of lakes—that I should be enabled to revisit those lovely regions, upset it I would, though it were freighted with all England!"

"By the powers!" said I, "then, thank you for the hint. I shall take

especial care, my friend, how you and I are ever fellow-voyagers in the same wherry!"

"To drive away my melancholy," resumed the traveller, "I projected a trip to the moon. The diversion was very *à propos;* for such was my despondency, I fear I might otherwise have become a *lunatic.* My indefatigable genius speedily provided me with a mode of conveyance in the shape of an oxyhydro-safety-high-pressure-steam-balloon, of one-thousand-and-one-elephant-power. Accordingly, on a fine evening in the merry month of May, I set out on my aërial voyage, with a fair breeze, high spirits, and three days' prog. At day-break on the third morning the pale cliffs of the Moon hove in sight on my weatherbow. I can see them now," he continued, looking upward at the bright orb; "do you not see the corner of that island-like spot near the centre? Before noon I was safely moored at the foot of Mons Pentakusiakron, in north latitude 53° 47′, and in longitude 25′ west of Munchausenopolis, the Lunar capital. I proceeded to the city, and having delivered my letters of introduction, I was soon most comfortably established in the forty-second story of one of the grandest mansions which the metropolis could boast."

"Pardon the interruption," said I; "pray where did you obtain your letters of introduction?"

"Forged by my genius," said my narrator, coolly. "My first care was to take a survey of the Lunar Lions. I was immeasurably astonished at the inconceivable richness and fertility of the soil. Half an acre of land abundantly sufficed to support half a dozen families in affluence. Ten crops per annum were esteemed but a moderate number. Every where might be seen towering trees, producing fruits, daintier far than the pine or the pomegranate; every where there sprung up spontaneously the rarest exotics of most varied hue, and richest perfume. Nor was the amazing fecundity confined to any isolated spot; formerly the whole moon was an Arabia Felix. But, alas! for the uncertainty of all lunary (as well as all sublunary) things; after ages had rolled peacefully by, of a sudden, convulsing earthquakes and vomiting volcanoes, till then smouldering and unsuspected, burst forth in almost every part with dire effect: like the outburst of some hereditary disease, which has lain for years slumbering in the constitution. Nearly the whole surface of the devoted orb was desolated and destroyed, and not more than one in a hundred of her inhabitants escaped the wholesale destruction, and lived to tell the dreadful tale. And now that surface, once so bright and beauteous, and which to us still looks so mild, so calm, and happy, is in reality blotched, and furrowed, and desolated by floods of lava—like some fair soft face, seamed and scarred by the ravages of relentless small-pox."

"Pity it is," said I, feelingly, "they cannot discover some mode of vaccination."

"But there is still," he continued, "there is still one bright redeeming spot—an oasis, which seems the more beautiful in contrast with the surrounding wreck. Here it was that I sojourned, here still stood the capital, and here lived that little remnant which the volcano and the earthquake had spared. But their existence was one of uncertainty and dread. Alas! even now, my kind friends may be numbered with those who have been." Here he thrust his little finger into his eye, and attempted, but in vain, to manufacture a tear. "On our earth we have one instance of large cities similarly destroyed, and their fate excites abundant sympathy and curiosity among the learned of every age and country. In the moon a Herculaneum is annually added to the hecatombs which have already fallen. A feeble barrier is indeed opposed to the inroads of the resistless lava, by raising vast embankments ——"

"Just as the Hollanders build their mud walls to keep the sea out," suggested I, aptly.

"But the unequal warfare," he continued, "cannot last long. The molten flood is but a type of our own deluge. Ere this, doubtless, the last page of lunar history has been recorded; perchance the actual destiny of some lunar inhabitant is even now realizing the imaginary doom of Lionel Verney, the last man!"

"If so," said I, struck with the happy coincidence which occurred to me, "we may speak with great appropriateness of the man in the moon. But perhaps some Noah, with his family, may have been found worthy of an ark?"

"All of my acquaintance," he replied, "I can testify were persons of the most amiable disposition and noble character. By-the-bye," continued he, in a livelier strain, "their humour and hospitality reminded me not a little of the inhabitants of our neighbouring isle,

"'The emerald gem of the western world.'

"A popular rumour, moreover, was prevalent, that 'once in the flight of ages past,' the moon was uninhabited, and that a balloon from earth, freighted with aërial voyagers, had, by some unknown fatality, escaped the sphere of terrestrial attraction, and approached within the range of the lunar gravitation. From this tradition, and from other circumstances, especially from meeting with a curious collection of lunar melodies, I was led to the theory that the moon had been colonized by a balloonful of Milesian progenitors."

"Doubtless," said I, "quite sufficient *data* to furnish so interesting a conclusion."

"I was anxious," he resumed, "to project a tour of discovery; with this view I notified my plans to the principal lunar *literati*, and suggested that we should form a caravan among ourselves, for the purpose of exploring distant regions, and perhaps on our return recording the result of our travels, for the edification of all whom it might concern, in three volumes post octavo."

"I should think it a very doubtful question," said I, "whether you ever *would* return. The boiling mountains spitting around you, like so many roasting apples, must have been rather unfavourable to your picnic party."

"In truth, we were not blind to the probable dangers of the attempt. Nevertheless, in the glorious cause of science, a small band of enthusiasts were found, willing to undertake the arduous duty, and steel their souls to the perils of the way. Government had guaranteed in the event of our not returning within a prescribed period, to send out a party, headed by one Captain Forward, to search for our bodies, and provide us with a decent burial. Cheered by this assurance we set forth boldly. I will not attempt a detail of the perilous, soul-stirring adventures we met with; suffice it to say, one-fifteenth of our number returned in safety, highly gratified by the wonderful discoveries which had rewarded our toils. I regret I cannot even satisfy your curiosity in particular, and mankind's in general, regarding the statistical phenomena of the moon, as my period of stay had elapsed before the first edition of our Travels came from the press, otherwise I should certainly have provided myself with a copy."

"Mankind have indeed sustained a loss," said I.

"I was very much struck with the extraordinary number and elevation of the lunar mountains. The earth has nothing like their lowest. Compared to the moon, it is a dead flat. Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, are as flat as pancakes."

"You surely forget Mont Blanc?" said I.

"A molehill!" said he.

"Chimborazo?" said I.

"An anthill!" said he.

"Cotopaxi?" said I.

"A dunghill!" said he. "On the side turned away from us I observed one very lofty and peculiarly-shaped mountain, exactly like a nose, with a sarcastic turn upward. On closer observation, I discovered a remarkable fact. The rising and falling of the surface are there so alternated and proportioned, that when thrown in relief against the sky, it exhibits an exact counterpart of the profile of the ex-chancellor!"

"Indeed!" said I, "then that very probably is the reason why the moon is ashamed to show us that side of her physiognomy. Philosophers have ever wondered why she always takes such especial care to keep the same position of her face eternally grinning upon us, by twirling on her axis in exactly the same period of time as she revolves in her orbit."

"I did not trouble myself," replied the traveller, "with speculating upon the cause of the odd coincidence. But now my visit was drawing to a close, and, to tell you the truth, this did not cause me unalloyed regret; for highly as I was delighted with the kindness, and charmed by the affability of my little circle of friends, I could not but feel the insecurity of my position; and my philanthropy did not go quite so far as to reconcile me to the idea of being boiled alive in their company.

"Accordingly I prepared to visit the grand centre of our system—the sun. I must say, my anticipations were raised high indeed. When I considered how gigantic in size, and how unrivalled in splendour the solar orb appears even at the great distance at which we are placed, when I considered that it was the almost immoveable centre of light, and life, and motion, around which numerous and vast planets were borne unerringly in their concentric orbits, I expected to behold a spectacle of magnificence, such as no dream, no imagination had shadowed forth, and which the boldest eye and the stoutest heart could not regard without quailing."

"Of course," said I, "you took care to adjust your cap accordingly; or else the heat might chance to prove a damper to your delight?"

"I very naturally thought as you do," he replied. "I was fully prepared for a degree of heat which would put the virtues of my talismanic head-gear to the severest test. But, alas! 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day.'"

"What in the name of fortune happened to you," interrupted I; "were you trussed and spitted like a Christmas turkey?"

"Pray," asked he, abruptly, "do you perceive any thing peculiar in my face—in my features?"

"Why—ahem!" said I, wishing to shirk the delicate query; "really—ahem—perhaps if I were asked my opinion—ahem."

"I beg you won't mince the matter," said he.

"Why then, I should—ahem—very delicately hint that—the end of your nasal organ was absent without leave."

"And how do you suppose I lost it?" he asked.

"Can't guess," said I.

"Mortified by frost in the sun," he replied.

"Haw! haw! haw!" affecting to humour the joke, "A very novel idea—frost in the sun! you are pleased to wax facetious, he! he! he!"

"I speak in sober sadness," returned the old gent, gravely; "no giggling matter, I assure you. So sudden, and so intense was the change of temperature, that before I could twirl round my cap on my head, the tip of my nose turned the colour of a blue-bottle fly, and falling at my feet, with one snivel gave up the ghost. Conceive my feelings when I witnessed the irremediable catastrophe. You may grin, if you choose; but let me tell you, before the loss of the much lamented tip, I was the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form.'"

"Nay, my friend, I haven't the slightest doubt of the fact," said I,

looking as serious as possible, and thrusting my tongue into the cheek, turned away from him. "But you have not yet explained the riddle."

"There is no riddle to explain," he replied. "The sun, indeed, emits heat, but retains none. His rays are icy until they have been rubbed hot by passing through our air. Do you not observe that the top of a mountain, though nearer the sun, is colder than the valley below? Do not always trust to mere appearances. Look at the moon and stars. They seem bright enough from here; if you could take a closer view, you would find them duller than the eye of a boiled salmon. Then consider the case of *gravitation*. Philosophers say all bodies tend to the centre; would not that point seem to contain the accumulated aggregate of all attraction and weight? Yet they tell us again, a body *at* the centre would have no weight at all. I tell you, the little warmth which the sun can boast at home, is squeezed from his own rays, when reflected back by the earth and the moon."

"That's passing odd!" said I, utterly bewildered by the subtle web of reasoning, and the erudite illustrations of my travelled friend. "One would have thought, in sooth, that sending rays to warm the sun, would be sending coals to Newcastle with a vengeance."

"Such is the fact, nevertheless," he replied, "as I learned to my cost. *Experto crede!* You can form but a meagre idea of the intensity of cold, unless you can conceive five thousand degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; unless you can imagine a lump of solid mercury or frozen alcohol feeling in your hand hotter than a live coal; unless you can fancy the North Pole blazing like a kitchen fire—unless ——"

"Grammercy!" I exclaimed, "I give it up in despair; the stretch of imagination is beyond me. On this view of the matter I wonder no longer that one end of your nose fell off, but that the other end stayed on."

"And when at last," he continued, "I was domiciled in the solar world, what was there to repay me for the catastrophe of my first *debût*? The best lodging which gold or grumbling could procure, was such that any pig would have rejected with an indignant grunt. And then the natives! I thought, at first, I had been transplanted among a nation of baboons; but in verity, to a genuine, gentlemanly, well-behaved baboon the comparison is most unfair. In intellect and person they appeared to me a remove below the ugliest and stupidest of monkey-race. During one half of the year all were in a state of the most besotted drunkenness, and during the other half, all lay torpid like so many moles or bats. Yet here was I doomed to drag out the full period of my appointed sojourn. Miserable as it was, I could not abridge, by a single hour, the fixed duration of this hated imprisonment."

"You have no reason to complain," interrupted I, "this was the tax you were destined to pay for your privileges. The course of your travels, like that of true love, was not to run smooth."

"If you had been in my place, my friend," he replied, "I calculate you would not have practised the philosophy you preach. In vain did I shake my glass, and curse my genius, for making its neck so infernally narrow. Each obstinate grain of sand dropped deliberately and methodically through—much more slowly, I am very sure, than usual. No Siberian exile ever exulted half so much at the dawning of the day which was to restore him to his long-lost home, as did I, when the last grain had run out, and released me from my odious thraldom. 'With curses not loud but deep,' I departed, and as I went, I shook the dust from off my feet!——

"To wind up my tour of our own system, I next resolved to pay a visit to one of those strange bodies called comets. It was about the middle of the last century, and a huge fellow was then bowling away towards the sun, but as yet some couple of billions of miles distant. I

found all the inhabitants of the Nucleus busily preparing for the gaieties of the approaching carnival—that is their passage of the perihelion, which, occurring in the comet I speak of only once in seventy years, was of course made a season of the most boisterous hilarity."

"I should think so, indeed," said I, "seventy Christmas-days rolled into one! Our ballad says, Christmas comes but once a-year, &c. what should we say, if it came only once in seventy years?"

"We should say it was rather long in coming," said the old gentleman, with *naïveté*. "I should mention, moreover, that this was the only holiday kept at all, nor was it less ardently longed for, than chimney-sweeps anticipate May-day.

"During this long period," continued he, "they had had abundance of time to spin a new tail; the old one having paid toll in the former passage; for, you must know, the sun, as lord of the manor, levies this his tribute in proportion as the comets trespass upon his domain. On we came with the glorious appendage, 'streaming like a meteor in the troubled *space!*' I will not shock your credulity, by attempting to give an accurate estimate of its computed magnitude. The cometists were justly proud of it, as they had spared neither labour nor expense in its creation, and certainly they had exceeded their most sanguine expectations. All other rivals, including the Safety-Opposition Comet, which appeared at the end of last year may hide their diminished tails. I speak within bounds, when I say the tail was many hundred times as large as itself!"

"I don't doubt it at all," said I. "Why, we have a comet attached to our own earth, ay, even to our own little corner of it, a very queer and very mischievous comet too, whose *tail* is computed to be *forty* times the size of itself! But what, after all, is the use of your mighty tails?"

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale," said my traveller. "Of what use is the rudder to a ship? Such unsubstantial aërial things are comets, that had it not been for this providential appendage, and for the consummate skill of the cometists themselves, every stray star in the heavens would have jostled us, by his attraction, from our course, and sent us floundering Heaven knows whither! I laughed when I thought of your conceited astronomers peeping through their puny telescopes, and calculating the laws of our motion, and the elements of our orbit! With the aid of a phial or two of concentrated essence of gravitation, we could accelerate or retard our speed, and with the help of our redoubted tail we regulated our course almost at pleasure."

"And in what direction *did* you please to regulate it?"

"At first we steered right for the sun's eye, but apprehending the danger of too close a contact, we suddenly put the helm hard-a-lee, and passed our perihelion at about two comets' length. For my own part, I found nothing so very delightful in these vaunted halcyon-days. It was fiery hot, as you may well imagine, and the sun's atmosphere, being composed of extract of comets' tails, was so close and suffocating, that I fancied, all the time, my head was dipped in a tureen of pea-soup. A London fog in November is *vacuum* compared to it."

"It only proves," I sagely observed, "that the *comical* natives have the same failings as we earthites. They prize things, valueless in themselves, in proportion to their rarity. I suppose that what they deemed Paradise, because it happened once in seventy years, they would have thought purgatory had it happened once a week!"

"I suppose so. Well, the infatuated people revelled in their fancied happiness, little recking of the catastrophe in store for them. All this time, you may be sure, the sun's absorbing powers were not idle. No sooner had we emerged from the *soupy* atmosphere, whose amazing density

had put in requisition our whole stock of quintessence of gravity, to work our way onward, than we found ourselves in a lamentable plight indeed, sweeping 'through the horizontal misty air, shorn of our *tail.*' So immoderately had the foolish people been intoxicated with their imaginary joy during the continuance of these *Saturnalia,* that the depression which usually succeeds uncommon excitement would have been sufficient alone to impart a very woe-begone expression to the phizzes of every one. Away then we slunk with our tail between our legs, like——"

"How now, old gentleman!" said I tartly, "'twas but a minute ago you said, that like Bopeep's sheep, you had left your tail behind you; and now you tell me——"

"Don't be snappish, my friend," said the veteran, gravely. "I spoke but figuratively, to express our consummate discomfiture. And besides we still had a remnant—a small apology for a tail."

"Enough to swear by, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, but not enough to steer by, as the sequel will show. A cabinet council had been convened in our emergency, and a venerable elder, whose thin hairs, twelve passages of the perihelion had silvered, was impressively haranguing his listening brethren. I found that the whole upshot of his eloquent discourse was to beseech them not to lose an hour in spinning a new tail. In the midst of his address an interruption occurred —'Planet a-head!' shouted the astronomer on the look-out, at the mizen-top of the observatory. 'Planet a-head!' echoed the first-lieutenant. Forthwith all was confusion and dismay, scampering hither and thither; every one speaking, no one listening! I was cool as a cucumber, but joined in the row through sympathy. During the confusion I took an opportunity of peering through the gigantic national telescope, whose powerful optics had detected the dreaded object, and sure enough I saw, apparently not very far distant, a huge Leviathan of space, accompanied by four smaller fry, dancing as if they were mad through the regions of vacuity. I was presently informed that this was the planet Jupiter, with his four attendant moons, and that the astronomer royal had just announced, as the result of his calculations, that according to our respective courses, we bade fair, in the space of a few hours, to come with a deuce of a *bump* against the very heart of the planet."

"In truth," said I, "a most interesting and consolatory fact for the edification of your luckless inhabitants of the lesser body."

"I confess, it seemed to me a very embarrassing situation," replied the traveller, "to say the least of it. Nevertheless the energies of the cometists, instead of being paralysed, seemed even invigorated by the dangers that threatened. By the dint of working our fragment of a tail so vigorously and unintermittingly that I thought we should have worked it fairly off, and diminishing our specific gravity, by throwing over a quantity of ballast and heavy material, principally some ponderous quartos of metaphysical treatises, we escaped the more formidable evil, and only ran foul of the rearmost moon. This had been provided for; so giving three hearty cheers, we soon pushed off again, with the help of several long wooden poles, and without any serious accident, except that the astronomer royal, who happened to be picking his teeth at the time with a pair of compasses, nearly broke his principal grinder by the suddenness of the shock. However the collision had the effect of materially altering our course, for the orbit, which before was a very elongated ellipse, suddenly became a hyperbola, and the astronomers informed us we were on the high road to some other system. This reminded me that it was high time I too should extend my peregrinations beyond the narrow limits of our own system. Accordingly——"

But at this point of my traveller's narration, I felt myself smartly hit on various parts of the face. I fancied the old fellow was peppering me

for his amusement with a *peaspitter*, and in incipient wrath, I was taking off my shoe to hurl at his fragment of a nose, but a blow, sharper than any, struck my right eyelid; when lo! on a sudden, the stars had disappeared, and with them my venerable friend! I looked up—the heavens were overcast and threatening, and the big hailstones fell thick upon me. I rushed homeward, musing on what I had heard, and wondering what adventures might have befallen our traveller in his tour to other systems.

T. C. M.

THE LADY BRIDE* PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE Lady Bride Plantagenet
Her vesper hymn has sung,
And knight and bard in hall are met,
And harps are gaily strung:
But where is he, whom beauty's eye
Has watched for all the day,—
The brightest star of chivalry,
The gallant knight, De Grey?

The Lady Bride Plantagenet
Has clasp'd her jewell'd zone,
And prison'd in a golden net
Her lovely locks of brown;
The bugle sounds, the portal rings,
The pages throng the way;
"Now what so late to wassail brings
The gallant knight, De Grey?"

His helm is off: his lofty brow
Is gory all, and pale;
An arrow from his rival's bow
Had pierced his glittering mail;
He looked upon his weeping bride,
But word he could not say;
He sank within her arms and died,
The gallant knight, De Grey.

* Bride was a name much given to females in the olden times.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

I DO not get on with this life at all. The vast Atlantic, with its tranquil and tempestuous wonders, the new world, venerable in its natural antiquities, and the Mediterranean, in all the extent of its classic shores, are before me; and I have not yet reached the cove of Cork. Clap on more sail. It is bitterly cold, however, and here we are now safely moored in one of the petals of the "first flower of the sea." In making this short passage Captain Reud was very affable and communicative. He could talk of nothing but the beautiful coast of Leghorn, the superb Bay of Naples; pleasant trips to Rome, visits to Tripoli, and other interesting spots on the African coast; and on the voluptuous city of Palermo, with its amiable ladies and incessant festivities, he was quite as eloquent as could reasonably be expected from a smart post-captain of six-and-twenty. We were all in a fool's paradise. For myself, I was enraptured. I was continually making extracts from Horace, Virgil, and other school-books, that I still carried with me, that referred in the least to those places that we were at all likely to see. But visions of this land of promise, of this sea flowing with gentle waves and rich prizes, were soon dispersed before a sad reality, that, without the aid of the biting weather, now made most of the officers and men look blue, as soon as our anchors had nipped the ground of the Green Island. We found ourselves in the middle of a convoy of more than two hundred vessels of all descriptions, that the experienced immediately knew to be West Indiamen.

The sarcastic glee with which Captain Reud rubbed his skinny, yellow hands, when he ordered additional sentries, and a boat to row guard round the ship from sunset to sunrise, weather permitting, to prevent desertion, gave me the first impression of the malignity of his disposition. Certainly the officers, from the first lieutenant downwards, looked, when under the influence of the first surprise, about as sage as we may conceive did those seven wise men of Gotham, who put to sea in a bowl. Some of them had even exchanged into the ship, for certain unlawful considerations, because she was so fine a frigate, and the captain possessed so much interest, being a very near and dear relation of the then treasurer of the navy. With this interest they thought, of course, that he would have the selection of his own station. And so he had. They either did not know, or had forgotten, that Captain Reud was a West Indian creole, and that he had large patrimonial estates in Antigua.

"Not loud but deep" were the curses in the gun-room, but both "loud and deep" were those in the midshipmen's berth, for the denizens thereof were never proverbial for the niceties of their expressions, when the appalling certainty broke on the comminators of three

[1] Continued from p. 212.

years' roasting in the West Indies, with accompaniments of misgivings about Yellow Jack, and the palisades, merely because the captain wished to go and see why the niggers did not make quite so much sugar and rum as they used to do. But, after all, we had a sage ship's company, officers included, for there was scarcely a man in the ship, who, after our destination was ascertained, did not say, "Well, I thought as much;" and they derived much consolation from the consciousness of their foresight.

The knowledge of our station had a most decided effect upon two of our officers, the master and the surgeon; the former of whom, a weather-beaten, old, north-countryman, who had been all his life knocking about the north sea, and our channels at home, immediately gave himself up for lost. He made his will, took a decidedly serious turn, and came into the midshipmen's berth with a case bottle of rum under one arm, and a Bible under the other, in order to see if he could not establish a sort of periodical prayer-meeting. He was made heartily welcome; but as we occupied so much time in properly discussing the preliminaries, we did not even open the principal subject, which he perceiving, came next day with the Bible only; and then, never was there a set of young gentlemen more assiduous in their duties. Those whose watch it was on deck, though we were safely moored, could not think of being off their posts, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather; and those who had the middle and first watches, were anxious to turn in, that they might relieve punctually, and in an officer-like manner, when it should be their turn to be on deck. One very devout young gentleman told Mr. Shields, for that was the master's name, that he thought it very impious for any one to read the Bible, excepting either in church or on Sundays, without such reader were a parson. This second attempt of the good man closed the subject. Whether his fit of devotion wore off, or his attachment to the bottle increased, I cannot say; but it is certain that his nose grew daily more red, and we heard nothing more of prayer-meetings, after Mr. Shields had got over the first quizzing upon the matter. I must do him also the justice to state, that the very evening after his devotional failure, when his piety was, by the marine officer, very illiberally ascribed to his fears, Mr. Shields, over his fourth glass of half-and-half, asserted, with an imprecation, that might well have split a deal board, that he was moved to his sanctimonious undertaking, solely by his care for the welfare of the puir souls of the benighted and scripture-denying young never-do-wells, and swearing blackguards; meaning, of course, my very respectable self, and my much-to-be-respected messmates. Now, I would not have it thought that there was any thing approaching to pusillanimity in the conduct and deportment of this hard-a-weather sailor, for a braver man never carried a ship into action; but he had a great predilection for Northumbrian worms; and, as he believed all his ancestors had been, from time immemorial, decently devoured by them, he thought it something indecent, shocking, and profane, that he, the last of the Shields, should be macerated by the unholy-looking mandibles of land-crabs, a species of animal that he could nowhere find mentioned in the Bible. Moreover, he knew that all flesh was grass;

and, as he had been credibly informed, that persons dying in the West Indies were always buried in the sands, he thought it, in some way, flying in the face of Providence; for he asserted that, however fructifying his body might be, there, at least, it would never again turn to grass. He had no great objection to dying, in a general way, for he had a vile shrew of a wife, who, it was plain, had no intention of dying herself; but he objected strongly, for the above-mentioned reasons, to dying at Port Royal, and at having his obsequies performed within the palisades.

But there was another person, who viewed the West India station not religiously like our master, or joyously like our captain, or grumblingly like the marine officer, or despitefully like all the lieutenants, or detestably like my messmates, or indifferently like myself. He took the matter into consideration discreetly, and so, in order to enjoy a long life, he incontinently fell sick unto death. Of course he knew, more than any man on board, how ill he was, for he was the doctor himself. He was not merely a naval surgeon, but a regular M.D., and with an English diploma. He could appreciate as much as any man, the value of life, and hard indeed did he struggle to preserve the means of prolonging it. He was a short, round, and very corpulent person, with a monstrously large and pleasantly-looking face, with a very high colour—a colour, not the flush of intemperance, but the glow of genuine health. This vast physiognomy was dug all over with holes; not merely pock-marks, but pock-pits. Indeed, his countenance put you in mind of a vast tract of gravelly soil on a sunny day, dug over with holes, it was so red, so cavernous, and withal, so bright. I need not mention that he was a *bon vivant*, a most joyous, yet a most discreet one. Even on board of ship he contrived to make his breakfasts dinners, his dinners feasts, and his suppers, though light, delicacies. He was no mean proficient in the culinary art, and as refined a gourmand as the dear departed Dr. Kitchener—a man, to whose honour I have a great mind to devote an episode, and would do so, were not my poor shipmate, Dr. Thompson, just now waiting for me to relieve him from his illness.

No sooner did our clever medical attendant understand his destination, than he sent away his plate untouched at dinner—refused his wine—talked movingly of broken constitutions, a predisposition to anasarca, and the deceitful and dangerous appearances of florid health. At supper, he pronounced himself a lost man, held out his brawny fist to whomsoever would choose to feel his pulse, and sent for the first assistant surgeon to make him up a tremendous quantity of prescriptions, to be exhibited the ensuing night—to whatever fish might be so unfortunate as to be swimming alongside. After this display, and whilst he was languidly sipping a tumbler of barley-water, the Hon. Mr. B., our junior luff, was loud in his complaints of being, what he called, fairly entrapped, when Dr. Thompson, in a feeble and tremulous voice, read him a long lecture on patriotism, obedience to the dictates of duty and self-devotion, finishing thus:—"By heaven, show me the man that flinches from his duty, and I'll show you, whatever may be his outward bearing, a craven at heart! I am very ill—I feel that I am fast sinking into a premature grave—but what of that? I should

be but too happy if I could make my dying struggles subservient to my country. My body, Mr. Farmer—Mr. Wade, this poor temple of mine contains an insidious enemy—a strange, a dreadful, and a wasting disease. It is necessary, for the sake of medical science, for my country's good, for the health of the world at large, that my death, which will speedily happen, should take place in England, in order that, after dissolution I may be dissected by the first operators, viewed by the most intelligent of the faculty, and thus another light be placed on the present dark paths of curative knowledge. My symptoms are momentarily growing worse. Gentlemen, messmates, friends, I must leave you for the night, and too soon, I fear, for ever; but never shirk your duty. If they be the last words that I shall utter to you—humble though I be—I may venture to hold myself up to you as a pattern of self-devotion. God bless you all—good night—and never shirk your duty."

Of course, the company, to whom this was addressed, were infinitely amused at the display, and the third lieutenant observed mournfully, "Now there's no chance for me. The fat rogue is going to invalid himself. I suppose that I need not trouble my liver to be diseased just now, for the hypocrite won't allow another man in the ship to be sick but himself."

The gentleman guessed rightly. All the next day Dr. Thompson kept his cot, and was duly reported to the captain as dangerously ill. Now, our first lieutenant was a noble, frank, yet sensible and shrewd fellow, and the captain was as mischief-loving, wicked little devil, as ever grinned over a spiteful frolic. They held a consultation upon the case, and soon came to a more decided opinion on it, than the gentlemen of the faculty generally do on such occasions. Now, whilst the doctor is plotting to prove himself desperately and almost hopelessly sick, and the captain and Mr. Farmer, to make him suddenly well, in spite of himself, I shall take the opportunity of displaying my own heroic deeds, when placed in the first independent command ever conferred upon me. Jason, with his Argonauts, went to bear away the Golden Fleece; Columbus, and his heroes, to give a world to the sovereign of Spain; and I, with two little boys, pushed out of the cove, perilously, to procure some sand in the dingy. Nothing elevates a biography like appropriate comparisons. But I doubt whether either Jason or Columbus felt a more enthusiastic glow pervade their frames when each saw himself fairly under sail for unknown seas than did I, when I seized the tiller of the dingy, which was, by-the-bye, a bit of stick not at all bigger than that which I had, not many months before, used in trundling my hoop.

But this little boat, as it so often bore Cæsar and his fortunes, and our surgeon and his fat, deserves, and shall have, a more than passing notice. It was perhaps one of the smallest craft that ever braved the seas. Such a floating miniature you may have conceived Gulliver to be placed in, when he was sighed across the tub of water by his Brobdignag princess. Wofully and timorously, many's the time and oft, did the obese doctor eye it from the gangway; when, asking for a boat, the first lieutenant, smiling benignantly, would reply, "Doctor, take the dingy." It was all that the dingy could do to take the doctor.

I cannot help, in this place, making the reflection, of the singular events that the erratic life of a sailor produces. Here were evidently three lives saved, among which was that of the future paragon of sub-editors, and neither the saved nor the saviours knew even the names, or saw distinctly the faces, of each other. How many good and brave actions we sailors do, and the careless world know nothing about them. The seaman's life is a series of common-place heroisms.

Well, here we were, landed on the coast of Ireland, but in what part we knew not, and with every prospect of passing the night under the grandest, but, in winter, the most uncomfortable roof in the world. The two lads begged for leave to go up and look for a house; but, as I had made up my mind, that if a loss took place, we should be all lost together, I would not run the risk of *losing* my boat's crew, and *finding* myself—alone. I refused my consent, telling them that it was my duty to stay by my boat, and theirs to stay by me. Now this was tolerably firm, considering the ducking that I had enjoyed, and the hunger, cold, and weariness that I was then enjoying—enjoying! yes, enjoying. Surely I have as much right to enjoy them, if I like, as the ladies and gentlemen of this metropolis have to enjoy bad health.

But this epicene state of enjoyment was not long to last. A fresh-coloured native, with a prodigious breadth of face, only to be surpassed by his prodigious breadth of shoulders, approached, and addressed us in a brogue so strong, that it would, like the boatswain's grog, have floated a marling-spike, and in a stuttering so thick, that a horn spoon would have stood upright in it. The consequence was, that though fellow subjects, we could not understand each other. So he went, and brought down with him a brawny brother, who spoke "Inglis iligantly any how." Well, the proverbial hospitality of the Irish suffered no injury in the persons of my Irish friends. A pressing invitation to their dwelling, and to their hospitality, was urged upon us in terms, and with looks, that I felt were the genuine offspring of kindness and generosity of soul. But I still demurred to leave my boat. When they understood the full force of my objection, my frieze-coated friend, who spoke the "iligant Inglis," explained.

"O by Jasus, and aint she welcome intirely. Come along, ye little undersized spalpeen, with your own officer, won't you?"

And, before I could well understand what they were about, the two "jontlemen" had taken up his majesty's vessel under my command, had turned it bottom up, with several shakes, to clear it of the water and sand, and with as little difficulty as a farmer's boy would have turned upside down a thrush's cage, in order to cleanse it. After this operation had been performed, they righted it, and one laying hold of the bow, and the other the stern, they swung it between them, as two washerwomen might a basket of dirty clothes. I must confess, that I was a great deal mortified at seeing my command treated thus slightingly, which mortification was not a little increased by an overture that they kindly made to me, saying, that if I were at all tired, they would, with all the pleasure in the world, carry me in it. I preferred walking.

Officer, boat's crew, guides, boat and oars, proceeded in this manner

for more than half a mile up into the country. At length, by the moonlight, I discovered a row of earthy mounds, that I positively, at first, thought was a parcel of heaps, such as I had seen in England, under which potatoes are buried for the winter. I was undeceived, by being welcomed to the town of some place, dreadful in "as," and "ghas," and with a name so difficult to utter, that I could not pronounce it when I attempted, and which, if I had even been so fortunate as to retain, I should, for my own comfort, have made haste to forget. I hope that the "finest pisintry in the world," are better located now than they were a quarter of a century ago, for they are, or were, a fine peasantry, as far as physical organization can make them, and deserve at least to be housed like human beings; but what I saw, when on that night I entered the mud edifice of my conductors, made me start with astonishment. In the first place, the walls were mud all through, and as rough on the inside as the out. There was actually no furniture in it of any description; and the only implement I saw, was a large globular iron pot, that stood upon spikes, like a carpenter's pitch kettle, which pot, at the moment of my entrance, was full of hot, recently boiled, unskinned, fine mealy praties. Round this there might have been sitting some twelve or fourteen persons of both sexes, and various ages, none above five-and-twenty. But it must be remembered, that the pot was upon the earth, and the earth was the floor, and the circle was squatted round it. At the fire-place, each on a three-legged stool, sate an elderly man and woman. These stools the fastidious may call furniture if they please; but were any of my readers placed upon one of them, so rough and dirty were they, that he or she must have been very naughty, did not the stool of repentance prove a more pleasant resting-place. Among the squatted circle there were a bandy-legged drummer, and a blotched-faced fifer, from the adjacent barracks, both in their regimentals. They rose, and capped to my uniform. We were welcomed with shouts of congratulations. My boat was brought in and placed bottom up along one side of the hovel, and immediately the keel was occupied by a legion of poultry, and half a score pigs little and big, were, at the same time, to be seen dubbing their snouts under the gunnel, on alimentary voyages of discovery. I was immediately pulled down between two really handsome lasses in the circle, and, with something like savage hospitality, had my cheeks stuffed with the burning potatoes. Never was there a more hilarious meeting. I, and my Tom Thumb of a boat, and my minikin crew, I could well understand, though my hosts spoke in their mother tongue, were the subjects of their incessant and uncontrollable bursts of laughter. But with all this, they were by no means rude, and showed me that sort of respect that servants do to the petted child of their master; that is to say, they were inclined to be very patronizing, and very careful of me in spite of myself, and to humour me greatly. My two boys, whom I have so often dignified with the imposing title of my boat's crew, though treated with less, or with no respect at all, were welcomed in a manner equally kind.

Not yet having sufficiently Hibernized my taste to luxuriate on Raleigh's root, plain, with salt, I begged them to procure me something more placable to an English appetite. I gave money to my

hosts, and they procured me eggs and bacon. I might also have had a fowl, but I did not wish to devour guests, to whom on my boat's keel I had given such recent hospitality. They returned me my full change, and, though there was more than enough of what they cooked for me to satisfy myself and boys, they would not partake of the remains until I assured them, that if they did not I would throw it away. At this intimation they disappeared in a twinkling.

Then came the whiskey—the real dew. I never touched it. I have before stated, that for seven years I abstained from all spirituous liquors. My lads had made no such resolution. The big iron pot was now, like an honest old sailor, that had done his duty, kicked aside in the corner: the drummer and fifer seating themselves on the keel of the inverted dingy, struck up a lilt, and

"Off they went so gaily O."

More lads and lasses came in, and jigs and reels succeeded each other with such rapidity, that, notwithstanding the copious supplies of whiskey, the drummer's arms failed him, and the fifer had almost blowed himself into an atrophy. Did I dance? To be sure I did, and right merrily too. I had such pleasant, fair-haired, rosy, Hebe-like instructresses, ready to tear each other's eyes out to get me for a partner. Then, they talked Irish so musically, and put the king's English to death so charmingly, that, notwithstanding the heat and smoke of the cabin was upon them, and the whiskey did more than heighten the colour on their lips, they were really enchanting, though stockingless creatures. It has been truly said, that in the social circle, the extremes, as to manners, almost meet. These ladies, I suppose, had gone so far beyond vulgarity, that they were now converging to the superior tone and frank degagement of the upper classes. Positively, it never struck me, that I was in vulgar company. I then, of course, could have been but an indifferent judge. But I have thought of it often since, and must say, that, in the degrading sense of the word, my company of that night was not vulgar. It was pastoral, and perhaps barbarous, but every thing was natural, and every thing free from pretension. I did not often again, though I have danced with spirits as unwearied, dance with a heart so light. During this festive evening I saw no indications of that pugnacity so inseparable with Irish hilarity, though there were assembled a dozen of as pretty "broths of boys," as ever practised scull salutation at Donnybrook fair.

At length, about one in the morning, the whiskey had overpowered my boat's crew, and the whisking myself. They made up a lair for me with abundant great coats in the corner of the room, and my eyes gradually closed in sleep, catching, till they were finally sealed up, every now and then, twinklings of bare legs and well-turned ancles, mingling with the clatter of heavy brogues, and the drone of a bagpipe, that had now superseded the squeak of the fife, and the rattle of the drum.

I certainly did dream, I suppose about an hour after I had fallen asleep, of the clattering of sticks, the squalling of women, and the cursing of men; and I felt an indistinct sensation, as if people were

practising leaping over my body, and finally, as if some soft-rounded figure had caught me in her arms. I was so terribly oppressed with fatigue, that I could not awake; and as the last part of my dream gave me so sweet an idea of happiness and security, if I may use the expression, I shall say that my *dream* went to *sleep* too. Every thing was oblivion until I was awakened by one of my lads, at eight in the morning, and I arose refreshed, though a little stiff. The hardened clay, which composed the floor, was neatly swept up, the pigs and the poultry were driven out, and a good fire was blazing under the chimney. Of all the party of the night before, there remained only the two fine young men who brought me and my boat up; the elderly couple, and two blooming girls, with the youngest of whom I had danced almost the whole of the previous evening. I observed on one of the young men a tremendous black eye, that certainly was not there the day before, and the other had his temples carefully bandaged, and both my boat-boys complained of being kicked and trampled on during the night, yet, I am not so ungrateful, upon such slender evidence, as to assert that the dance had ended in a skrimmage, or so presumptuous as to say in what manner I thought that I had been protected during the row if there had been one.

My hosts had nothing to offer me for breakfast but a thin, and by no means tempting pot of hot meal and water. I certainly did taste a little, that I might not seem to disrespect the pretty Norah, who had prepared it for me, and strove to make it palatable by a lump of butter, a delicacy that was offered to no one else. As I was impatient to be off, I kissed the girls heartily, yes, heartily, shook hands with the sons, and prepared for my departure, after having, with considerable difficulty, forced a half guinea upon my hosts. I begged to know the names of those to whose hopitality I was so much indebted, and as well as memory will serve me at this distance of time, I think they were specimens of what excellent O'Tooles potatoes are capable of producing. We then resumed our procession down to the beach, I walking first, bearing the boat-hook pikeways, followed by the boat itself, borne between the two athletic Tooles, and the procession was closed by the boat's crew, each with his oar upon his shoulder. We were soon launched, and instructed as to the course we were to take. The wind and sea had gone down, and the tide was favourable. We had to pull about five miles to get round the bluff, when we arrived at the sandy little nook, from which we had made our involuntary excursion to sea the night before. The spirit of obedience to orders was strong upon me, and in spite of the remonstrance of the boys, I went in, and loaded the dingy nearly down to the gunnel with the sand, for which we had been so much perilled. After all my dangers I got safely on board before noon, much to the surprise of all on board, who had given us up as lost, and there had already been a coolness between the captain and the first lieutenant on my account. This coolness promised a warm reception for myself, and I got it.

So occupied had Mr. Farmer been all the day before in taking in Irish beef and pork, for the West Indian storehouses, and extra water to supply any of the convoy that might fall short of that necessary

article, that he had totally forgotten the sand expedition, and it was eight in the evening, just at the time that I was, in the words of the song, "far, far at sea," that he was reminded of it. Mr. Silva, the second lieutenant, begged, as a favour, that a boat might be lent him, just to put him alongside the Roebuck, one of the two eighteen-gun brigs that was to accompany us as whippers-in to the convoy. As the captain was not expected on board till late, Mr. Farmer had not much hesitation in granting the request, with his usual "Take the dingy, Mr. Silva." But just then the Atlantic had been beforehand with him. The dingy had not returned. She had been last seen at the sandy nook to which she had been sent. The barge and cutter were immediately manned and sent to look for me. They easily got to the place where I was seen loading, found the sand disturbed, but nothing else. They returned with some difficulty against the head-wind, and, of course, made a most disheartening report. When the captain returned he was dreadfully angry.

Well, as I crept up the side sneakingly, not very well knowing whether I were to enact the hero or the culprit, I concocted a speech that was doomed to share the fate of "the lost inventions." I saw the captain and Mr. Farmer pacing the deck, but both decidedly with their duty faces on. Touching my hat very submissively, I said, sheepishly, "I've come on board, sir, and——"

"You young blackguard! I've a great mind——"

"To do what, Mr. Farmer," said Captain Reud, interposing.

Now, I can assure the reader, twenty-five years ago, when we had nearly cleared the seas of every enemy, and the British pennant was really a whip, which had flogged every opponent off the ocean, the "young gentlemen" were sometimes flogged too, and more often called young blackguards, than by any other title of honour. All this is altered for the better now. We don't abuse each other, or flog among ourselves so much—and, the next war, I make no doubt, what we have spared to ourselves we shall bestow upon our enemies. I mention this, that the reader may not suppose that I am coarse in depicting the occasional coarseness of the naval manners of the times.

"To punish him for staying out all night without leave."

"That's a great fault certainly," said the captain, slily. "Pray, Mr. Percy, what *induced* you to commit it?"

"Please, sir, I wasn't induced at all. I was regularly blown out, and now I am as regularly b——"

"Come, sir, I'll be your friend, and not permit you to finish your sentence. If it's a fair question, Mr. Percy, may I presume to ask where you slept last night?"

"With the two Misses O'Tooles," said I, for really the young ladies were uppermost in my thoughts.

"You young reprobate! What, with both?" said the captain, grinning.

"Yes, sir," for I now began to feel myself safe; "and Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole, and Mr. Cornelius O'Toole, who has red hair—and Mr. Phelim O'Toole, who has a black eye, and the poultry, and the pigs, and the boat's crew."

"And where was the boat all this time?"

"Sleeping with us too, sir."

I then shortly detailed what had happened to me, which amused the captain much. "And so," he continued, "after all, you have brought off the sand. I really commend your perseverance."

A bucket of the sand was handed up, and Mr. Farmer contemptuously filtered it through his fingers; then turning to me wrathfully, exclaimed, "How dare you bring off for sand, such shelly, pebbly, gritty stuff as this, sir?"

"If you please, sir, I had no hand in putting it where I found it; and I only obeyed orders in bringing it off." For I really felt it to be very unjust to be blamed for the act of nature, and especially as three lives had been endangered to procure a few buckets of worthless earth.

The captain thought so too; for he said to Mr. Farmer very coldly, "I think you should have ascertained the quality of the sand before you sent for it; and I don't think that you should have sent for it at all towards nightfall, and at the beginning of ebb tide. Youngster, you shall dine with me to-day, and give me a history of the O'Tooles."

(To be continued.)

MATIN HYMN.

Hail Nature's universal King,
Creation's God, thy praise we sing:
As mounts the sun o'er hill and sea,
His glories lift our hearts to Thee.

"Let there be light," th' Eternal said,
And darkness like a phantom fled;
O'er earth and sea effulgent shone
The glory of the *Mighty One.*

Then man arose, a breathing form,
An essence of the Godhead warm,
With life and love to worship Him,
Before whose brightness suns are dim.

Pervading Spirit, veiled with wing
Of seraph rapt, thy praise we sing,
Exhaustless fount of love and might,
We bless Thee for the gift of *light.*

M. J. M. M.

THE LAWYER'S DREAM.

" Sometimes she trots across a lawyer's cheek,
And then he dreams of bag, and brief, and fee,
Of affidavits and examinations,
Of women, wine, cards, concerts, theatres,
And of the wig of the Lord Chancellor."

SEVEN o'clock, a dull evening, but these chambers are always dull. Gray's Inn Square is the most disagreeable place in town. What shall I do? Shall I hear Malibran again,—rather think not, its a little too late, and I don't know where to find my admission—theatres are certainly a bore. There's a case one ought to answer, what's it marked?—two guineas—oh! that will keep another day. What *shall* I do? I'll poke the fire.

But *amigo mio*, Charles Rivers, dear, this won't *do*. This is not the way to get large practice, six hundred per annum clear, and a bright-eyed wife. How do you suppose —— Prithee, don't plague me, I want to look out of the window. There is no moon in heaven to-night,—I'm glad of it. The moon never looks well from London, always seems to be smiling contemptuously on our hurry, and bustle, and folly—its half spite, she envies the gas. In the country, it's another matter. There a moonlight walk between the oaks of a century, with a girl of eighteen is pleasant enough. You need not waste time in formality, love and moonshine go together as naturally as almonds and raisins, the little beauty expects your homage, and clings to your arm with a double —— Angels! what a great cat! I like cats!

Puss! *cieux!* what a start. Oh! you villain, my only pot of mignonnette, there's a crash. I wouldn't have exchanged it for a kitchen of cats. I'll bring an action against the Gray's Inn Society to-morrow. Hark! some one on the stairs. Perhaps the vessel struck him in its fall, and he thinks it a frolic, and is running up savagely with a large horsewhip. No, bolt to the door —— Ay, I have it, I'll feign sleep. So, an elegant attitude, right arm holds a pamphlet, the left carelessly resting on my rosewood desk, (Ellen's gift, and, therefore, in-*desk*-ribably pretty,) iambics crossed, and eyes closed. Now for the stranger—he's a long time on his way.

Tap, tap. Come in. What a singular little figure now presents itself. Enter an old man, much below the middle size, with small dark eyes, and long silvery hair, bearing a curious staff in his hand. Red jacket and continuations, with green stockings, and an old opera hat under the worthy's arm, complete his equipment. How graceful his bow!

" Good evening, Mr. Rivers."

We are acquainted then. Some attorney's clerk, with a brief, we must be civil to these fellows. " Good evening."

" May I request five minutes' conversation with you. On the honour of a *danseur*, I shall not be longer."

" Pray be seated, I am at your service, that is—in one moment," said I, pretending to be busy among my papers, for it is well for people to think you have plenty to do.

"That is a letter from your cousin, I see,—are we to lose you for a fortnight or two?"

How did the rascal find that out, I begin to suspect all is not right. "I should enjoy it much, but business will not allow me to leave town."

"Why not? That case before you is the only paper which has troubled you this week, I believe."

Oh! the devil must be here bodily. "I am now ready to hear you, sir."

"Then, Mr. Rivers, the facts I have to detail are these. I am a descendant of an illustrious family, and, as I shall show you, can trace my pedigree for many hundreds of years. Few races can boast more honourable alliances,—there is scarcely a member of the House of Lords with whom I am not in some way connected, or a respectable member in the Lower House, who may not claim a like honour. There is one of the latter I will particularly mention, as the point will be interesting to you, a classical scholar. There is a female ancestor of Mr. Q— D—'s, who married a distinguished member of my family, and to whom Horace addressed an ode."

"You are mad."

"Thank you, not at all. The lady, on her establishment in life, being of a religious disposition, wished to procure some Penates for her private devotion. Having been introduced to the poet's villa one day, she was much pleased with one of his household divinities, which she offered to purchase. Horace ungallantly refused to part with any single deity; but said, as you doubtless remember,

"'Lydia Dic, per omnes deos——Lydia Dick, buy all the gods.'

If you doubt it, you may see the whole series of these divinities in the British Museum, Room 90, case 5."

"Pray proceed, I have not the least hesitation as to believing your story."

"You are an intelligent and judicious man. Another of my ancestors was a soldier in Queen Elizabeth's time, and was very much distinguished in the wars of the Earl of Essex. It was his valour that suggested Shakspeare's line about seeking the bubble reputat——"

"No, no, that is false, for besides your abominable inaccuracy as to dates, that passage, which has been corrupted by modern editors, was originally written from this circumstance. The bard of Avon entered a barber's shop to be revised, on a morning when he was to attend at court. The artist of that time was surgeon and dentist, as well as hairdresser. A customer was there before him, and Shakspeare sat down to bide his time, when he concocted not only the speech in "All's well that ends well," concerning "the barber's chair, that fitted all" *antipodes capites*, but also the passage you mention. The dentist was occupied in extracting a tooth from a venerable personage, who appeared, by his dress, to be a clerical functionary of St. Paul's. After several vain attempts at the grinder, the priest observed, 'I know it is a hard tooth, and therefore thy fame will be the more established by thy withdrawing it.' 'Ay,' replied Shakspeare, 'he is

'Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the canon's mouth.'

During the relation of this anecdote, (I hope his example will not be followed,) my little friend fell fast asleep, but on concluding, I accidentally, of course, let fall the weighty 'Sugden's Vendors' upon his toes. Strangely enough, this awoke him. I never found the work produce an awakening effect on myself.

"Exactly, your remark is very just—what was it?"

"I was merely saying that your conversation was, at the same time, the most amusing and instructive I ever heard."

"My *dear* sir! But to go on with my history. The next member of my genealogy, I regret to say, was unfortunate. He fell a martyr to his zeal in architectural research."

"Pray explain."

"He was a man of much muscular power, and rather prided himself on its display. Foolish, but we all have our frailties. He was one night in winter, about twelve o'clock, walking with a friend near a curious house in the Strand, whose owner, being possessed of much wealth, had barricaded the windows with iron guards. My ancestor, in a frolic, said, 'I think I could break one of those bars—I will try.' He did not succeed, but wishing to complete the experiment, produced a file, and soon effected his purpose. He then said, 'I should much like to examine the construction, and architectural peculiarities of the house, but, as it is so late, I should not wish to disturb the owner—we will therefore enter here.' He forced his body through the opening, but the sentinel on duty in the neighbourhood, mistaking his intent, fired. The ball took effect, and my unhappy relative expired in the window, a groan and a curse mingling on his lips."

"Or, as Scott expresses it, concerning a sheep," said I—

"He drew his last sob by the side of his *dam*."

"Exactly, your memory does you honour, Mr. Rivers."

"Pray, Mr. —a—a—, I really forget your name, —a——"

"That's a lie, sir, for you never knew it, I will tell it you before we part; in the mean time don't pester me. Another member of my family, for you will not understand my case, unless you listen to its details, was an individual possessing great piety."

"He died intestate, I presume, and you were not his heir."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing. I merely hazarded the conjecture, because so little of his property seems in your custody."

"Stuff. As I was saying, he was a very religious man, and withal a literary."

"That won't do, my friend, the union's ——"

"Do you doubt me, sir? I say he was both; and among other good works, he wrote a prayer book for the use of the Norwegian fleas."

"Oh! my little man is clear catawompoused," interjaculated I, Charles Rivers. "Pray explain, sir, I never heard that the crawlaginous species were so devoutly given."

"You must be exceedingly ignorant. Is it not Moore, who observes in one of his poems, a monody on Sheridan, or some such perpetration,

"In the woods of the north there are insects that *pray*," &c.

"Ah, you are right—a misprint in my edition prevented my remarking the fact. But, if agreeable, I should like to hear something of yourself."

"Then, Mr. Rivers, know, that I was once, as you are now, an idle, conceited, scribbling, flirting young lawyer—pray be quiet—and I occupied these very chambers in which you are so faithfully copying my career. For a year or two, things went on much as they do with you; when I read my papers, I hardly understood them, and when I did not, my opinions were quite as good. But the pitcher, &c.—the proverb is musty. I was favoured with a heavy brief and a light fee, in the middle of term, as the third junior, in the celebrated cause of T——— *v.* B———. I dare say you haven't read the report."

"I do not remember to have done so."

"Don't suppose you do. Well, sir, I found my way to court, and, for the first time, opened my papers. Not finding these very entertaining, I leaned back against the hard seat, and slept very composedly until awakened by the growling voice of a first-rate solicitor, (who has since been transported)—'Mr. P———, please to open the case.' I started in horror, but the direful truth was soon made plain—the great Sir ——— ——— had been thrown out of his phaeton, and dangerously injured; X———, the next man, had been also thrown out by an electioneering opponent, and was far too much mortified to appear; while C———, the second junior, had made himself scarce—and I, alas! remained to state to the court the essence of one hundred and fifty closely written sheets of paper, with a running commentary and criticism thereon. Truly did I curse the day—but there was no time to lose—I rose, and, as this was my *debût*, the faces of the whole bar, with the exception of a careless leader or two, were turned upon me. I could see the grin of delight on the sallow visages of the solicitors for our opponents, the chuckling of their clerks, horribly blending with the calm, piercing gaze of the Lord High Chancellor. I stood for a full minute vacantly staring, but at length found my tongue, and never shall I forget my first words. 'My lud, I appear, that is—I am instructed—unfortunately—the unforeseen occurrences, accidents, mishaps, and circumstances—as I said, my lud,—this bill is filed by the defendant—that is—plaintiff, for the purpose of—as is stated on page—ah—em—on page—this is it,—for the purpose of bringing before your ludship circumstances which it is hoped will be considered by the court to be sufficient grounds, when made out—as I hope to be able to do, to your ludship's satisfaction—for the court's interference in a matter which involves the life, the fortune, nay, the actual convenience of my client—that is to say'—and I cast an agonized look around, but to my confusion no C——— was visible. I was compelled to spin on another line or two;—'My lud, we are placed in rather an unpleasant situation, (true enough, for one of us,) and, in applying to your ludship—but, my lud, here is my senior, Mr. C———, who will have the honour of stating our case in a much better manner than I could do'—and I turned to C———; 'I took this up in your absence, and have proceeded as far as'—'I have been behind you all the time, and I fear I must begin again,' he added, with a sneer; 'allow me to come into your place.' I huddled up my

brief, and left the court, vowing by the souls of Hale, Blackstone, Coke, Littleton, and all other 'lawful men,' never to set foot there again—and faith I never had occasion. I dare say your fate will be much the same."

"Very likely," said I, coolly; for one should never seem to care for what people say.

"*Si non è vero è ben trovato*," muttered he; "your nonchalance is decent."

I bowed.

"You lawyers (for *I* am none now) are usually immoveable; I had an instance of it the other day. I was lounging among the stalls at the Surrey fancy fair—a thing by no means fair to my fancy—for the pretty *marchandes* victimize you most completely; among the visitors I marked a slender-waisted swain, whom I should have recognised as one of you, even had I not heard him say to a friend, 'The undaunted stare of these girls is certainly a warranty for *further assurance*,' for there is an *esprit de corps* about you. He sauntered with his Pylades, until at a stall, deserted by all but its mistress, he observed a charming damsel, from whose fairy foot depended the unloosed sandal-string. He approached, and dropping on his knee uttered, 'Allow me.' He smiled with such fascination, that she, dear creature, could not deny him. She presented the little foot, and he fastened the band, but rising too rapidly, I heard a loud crack; *la signora* looked archly, the friend turned laughing away, while the increased size of the cavalier's waist denoted how much it had been defrauded of its fair proportions. A dandy would have been petrified, and a shop-boy—I beg pardon, assistant linendraper is the term now—would have blushed, and stammered a lying apology. My hero did neither, he stood erect, and observed, like the poor Queen Elizabeth—

'What stays had I but these, and they are gone!'

Another elegant simper, and he bowed, and vanished. Oh! you take it cool."

"Not always; that little tin cauldron may speak for me; I have patronized the opposite several evenings."

"I am a member of the Temperance Society."

"Tea and turn out. 'So much for Buckingham!'"

"No sneering, young man. Our sailors have been able to fight without grog."

"And the Jews have been able to make bricks without straw; but ——"

"Very well, the tars take milk, and the Jews honey ——"

"They may thank the Hive-ites for the latter article; but I was going to say, "I only object to the substitution of the tea shrub for rum shrub. I shall be glad to hear the remainder of your story, if it have one."

"I will indulge your impatience. Know, then, that upon my renouncing the gown, the choice of a new avocation gave me much trouble. I paid a visit to a friend in each profession, and was mightily pleased with every pursuit for the first three days of observing it, and utterly disgusted before the expiration of a week's practice. The science

of medicine delighted me much, for I accompanied Mr. ——— on his rounds for some time, and was perfectly intoxicated with his reception among the lady devotees of Esculapius. Languidly reclining on her downy sofa, the gentle dame awaited him, and no coquetish prudery, no affected delicacy was manifested to the courtly physician—he was the favoured confessor, without the gravity of the hood. The life was enchanting; but during my visit, I had retired one night at an earlier hour than usual, and suddenly recollecting that I had something particular to mention to Mr. ———, I left my room, and descended to his study. I opened the door unperceived, and beheld my friend, half dressed, with a small lamp in one hand, and a gory lancet in the other, his face pale, and his teeth clenched. That sight settled my ideas of the healing art."

"*Surgere non potuit lector*," said I.

"Tolerable. Well, Mr. Rivers, I have nearly done. An accident at length decided my choice. I was always a great admirer of Terpsichore, and a constant attendant at her temple. On an evening when royalty was expected to grace the Opera House, I had been dining with a country gentleman, who requested me when we each had finished our bottle, to accompany him thither. I agreed, and as I wished to give my friend a better view of the house, and a nearer one of the figurantes than we could obtain by joining the crush, I took him into the slips. The ballet commenced—I forget its name, but there is an Apollo and Daphne scene in it. The divine ———, with streaming hair and flowing drapery, glided upon the stage, and the plaudits were tremendous. Anon she appears to listen—starts—'tis her persecutor—away—away; with plaintive fear on her beautiful features, she skims along as a sportive swallow on the summer lake. The signal was given for Apollo to pursue, he advanced, and in the short run which enables the dancer to imitate a flying being, he trod upon a slippery spot, and fell, dislocating arm and leg. I had watched the proceeding with the utmost interest, but at V———'s fall I could restrain myself no longer,

"Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,"

and amid the shouts of the audience, I chased the nymph through figure and flight, sported like the deity I misrepresented in pirouette and bound, and we disappeared from the stage with an éclat unrivalled in the annals of *ballets*. The management, horror-stricken at the misfortune of V———, was in ecstacies, my own terms were offered, and I became, under the name of P———, the most celebrated member of the Italian company. Here for a time all was *couleur de rose*, my nightly appearance was the signal for a volley of applause; I was flattered, and feasted, was successful in a platonic *liaison* with the fair being who first tempted me on the stage. "Honourable ladies sought my love, which I denying, they fell sick"—(I do not know that any completed the passage)—and fame, wealth, and beauty were mine,—for one half season I was happy. But who is proof against malice? The defeated V——— whispered among his acquaintances that his fall had not been the result of mere accident, but that it had been caused by the manœuvres of his now triumphant successor. The report was carefully circulated, it was be-

lieved, the press seized it, and I the accomplished, the adored, was hissed from the stage. *Telle est la vie,*" he added, with a deep sigh.

"Your misfortunes claim my sympathy, my friend."

"Misfortunes, sir,—what the devil do you mean by calling my adventures by that name? Misfortunes! I esteem them the greatest benefits I could have received, since ——"

"Their narration has procured you an hour of my society. You are a rightly judging character."

"And you a conceited fellow, though I can make allowances for your vanity; I was once vain myself, but hearts that once beat high for praise, (as a doctor would say,)

'Now *feel that pulse* no more.'

Suppose we go to the garden?"

"Not to renew your histrionic achievements, I hope."

"Pooh! *Allons!*"

And in marvellous short time were we in Bow Street, and we entered the private passage, and were speedily at the *coulisses.* The house was crowded from floor to ceiling. A sea of heads was the pit, and all was hushed. Malibran, as "La Sonnambula," had effected her perilous descent, and 'mid a breathless stillness advanced. Her eyes are fixed, but there is a smile on her lip as she trills forth the sweet exclamation of joy. Every note comes from her soul, and feeling, deep, deep feeling, is in every motion. She dreams of her love. Eloise is struggling in the grasp of the count; he breaks away —the soft words of his bride fall on his ear—"My ring, oh! give it me again." He snatches her hand, and replaces the token,—"Mother!" and she falls. The music arouses, the pealing horn, and the rolling drum, and the clashing cymbal, break on her ear; she starts upon her feet, looks wildly round, a love-beaming smile is on every face; the conviction of happiness rushes through her brain, one wild scream of joy, and La Sonnambula is buried in her lover's arms. The house is still silent,—one moment more, and the cheers are louder than thunder, for the struggling voice of thousands, half choked with the excitement of the scene, now breaks to life. But where am I? The stranger whispers in my ear—"There is the person I wish to see!" I look up; there is above the stage an enormous height, a narrow platform belonging to the machinery. A man appears to be there. Let us ascend the steps;—higher—higher,—we can scarcely hear the closing notes of the enchantress below;—higher—higher. A slender bridge must be crossed—my head is dizzy—we are safe. No! we are yet far from our point. How awful to look down—on—on—along this beam—ah! fiend! monster! you are breaking it—you have broken it! I totter—am losing my balance—over—and over—down—down—shall I never reach ground—crash! every joint is dislocated, and the hellish laughter of the stranger ringing in my ear, as he shouts—PAST ELEVEN, AND A CLOUDY NIGHT! Eh! what! fire out? myself on the floor, chair under me—watchman on stairs—this comes of——well—I'll leave these infernal chambers to-morrow.

REITHRA.

REFORM DEFORMED.

THAT the most effective, and if properly directed, the most beneficial agents may be converted to the most pernicious, the most fatal results, the much-coveted reform of the Lower House of Parliament affords us an example as certain as it is melancholy, and, we fear, as destructive as certain. As a fertilizing river may be, by the tampering of unskilful hands, aided by brute force, and directed by ill-advised science, so turned from its course as to inundate and devastate a smiling country; so has this measure of reform, under the control of daring theorists, unprincipled adventurers, and self-conceited *savans*, been made to spread over this once prosperous land almost every political evil with which a state can be afflicted; at the same time debasing its moral standard, and adding immeasurably to the mass of its physical suffering. When reform was first promulgated as a principle to be speedily and decisively acted upon, Hope moved smilingly through the empire, and exultation sat triumphantly on the national brow. True it is, that a few feared, and they were reproached with pusillanimity—a few doubted, and they were stigmatized with imbecility—and many withstood, and they were execrated as stubborn rebels to the cause of enlightenment, false friends to the monarchy, and traitors to their country. Nothwithstanding this, a majority of the nation hailed the innovation as the sure harbinger of improvement, and many true and good men, judging from their own nature, supposing that the new impetus would fall into skilful hands, and be honestly directed, not only concurred with, but cordially approved of, the measure.

Woe to the country, this impetus has *not* been honestly directed, and, but for a short period, has *not* been in skilful hands. We looked upon reform as a means of preservation not of destruction—of consolidation not disunion. Englishmen had a right to hope, from its energies, improvement to all that they hold valuable and sacred—improvement to the national church, endeared to them by every association that ennobles the mind, improvement in those ancient institutions that form the pride of their immediate circles, and improvement in those laws that should cement the interest of master and servant, and strengthen the bonds of christian charity. And what have they procured? The ministers of their church are openly vilified in high places, its doors are thrown open to papist plunderers; and, if they have not yet dared to desecrate its altars and invade its sanctuary, they only bide the time till Whig imbecility shall have degenerated into actual fatuity, and Whig subserviency into actual slavery. Our corporate fare no better than our ecclesiastical institutions. Rights that are property, and that bestow the means of acquiring it, are trampled under foot, prescription is ridiculed like the burthen of an old song, and a charter is held to be of no more value than if one had been inscribed upon it; and lastly, as to the amalgamating the interests of the working classes with that of those immediately above them, let the present poor law, with its frightful visage of famine, its left hand brandishing the incendiary's torch, and its right red with child murder, come forward and give the revolting answer.

Upon the attempted spoliation of our revered church we commented indignantly in a recent number; the operations of the detestable poor laws we leave to the calm consideration, if he considers any thing calmly, of him who is styled in derision "the schoolmaster," as a sedative to his feelings after the exasperation of debate, and as an opiate to his nerves when labouring under public excitement or private stimulants. On the corporation reform question, we must say a few words.

In the first instance, this attack upon corporate rights is black and dishonoured with the sin of ingratitude. It was originally in the towns spread over the country that the seeds of liberty first began to germinate. It was there that both the distant tyranny of the monarch, and the more grinding because the more immediate oppression of the neighbouring feudal lord, first received checks, and ultimately, successful resistance. Our forefathers won their municipal rights and privileges by every kind of painful and onerous sacrifice. They lavished, to procure them, their time, their health, their money, and sometimes their blood. These immunities and privileges, so obtained, they had a right to bequeath to their sons, they were secured to them by charters, by sufferance, and by laws—by tenures as clear and as solid as those by which any nobleman holds his estate. For the one deed of sale, or for the one will, by which a proprietor enjoys unmolested his land, the meanest town about to be levelled in the sink of democracy, can show volumes of deeds, and, heaps of, alas! (no longer) time-honoured parchments. If the constitution of England be any thing but a mere delusion, these corporations were, in their sphere, as much a part of the constitution as the House of Commons, yet enjoying all the inviolable rights of private property. Why, then, do the present ministry, instead of remedying their individual abuses, seek to destroy them, as they exist and have existed for centuries, and replace all that was ancient, and honoured, and useful, by the festering spawn of democracy? The answer is obvious. They are so many outworks of the English church. All the regulations under which they flourished, all the by-laws by which they were ruled, and all the oaths by which their members were bound, were interwoven with the established religion of the country. True it is, that the repeal of the Test Act opened, but only opened ajar, the door to innovation. Time, the gradual increase of dissenting functionaries, and the good sense of the community, would have quickly and peacefully worked every reform that was necessary. But this by no means entered into the calculation of the Whigs. It is their object to split the pillar of political power to the base into insignificant fragments, so that the most grovelling (and who are more grovelling than they?) may stoop to the earth and pick up as much of it as they can.

We will not go over the ground of the often-exposed absurdity of the operations of the campaign against the corporations. We will merely recapitulate that the very trenches were opened by an illegal act. The twenty gentlemen named to prefer the bill of indictment against them were respectable only in their private capacities, and almost unknown to the public by any of those qualifications that command confidence. There was truly one exception, one man distinguished

by antiquarian research, by knowledge of the law, and by a general and well-deserved reputation. Of the twenty, he alone has dissented from his subservient brethren, denounced their proceedings, and flung the report founded upon them, with contumely, into their faces.

Upon the report of the nineteen, the ministers have called upon the Parliament to legislate, and, so far as in them lies, they have legislated. We are now writing on the 20th, the Municipal *Reform* Bill, as it is called, (into what ill odour that word reform has fallen!) has been completed as to its details, it will be brought up to-day for the third time, and, we fear, will too surely be passed.

During the whole progress of this subversive perpetration, the conduct of Sir Robert Peel was almost as much beyond imitation as it is beyond our powers of adequate commendation. Too weakly supported—we say it deploringly—by those banded with him in the good cause, night after night, with the noble confidence of rectitude, he faced that majority, which is but a faction with the nation, enforced respect from those who will yield it only when compelled by fear, making those who had any remnant of shame left, blush for their confederates; and, in spite of themselves, winning the admiration of those who are too abject to confess themselves in the wrong, he did all he could to neutralize the mischiefs of a measure that he could not stifle, and to show those that wandered in the mists of their own folly, some glimpses of the light of reason.

Though the bill has taken us one step forward, and that a gigantic one, on the road to ruin that we are so fanatically running, Sir Robert Peel has done much to make the monster halt. It will hardly pass the threshold of the House of Lords, where it will infallibly fall down from its own superincumbent weight and weakness, and quietly give up the ghost, and along with it the ministers give up their appointments.

But when the House of Lords have done their duty, and our revered King his, the country, or all that is respectable in it, must be prepared to do theirs. Let Englishmen reflect, that if the church spoliation bill took off the mask from the face of the false patriotism of the faction, the corporation plunder has stripped it of the few decent garments that still clung to it, and it now stands confessed in all its naked deformity. All the higher and the influential persons that still writhe under the name of Whigs, are getting rid of the fatal appellation with as much eagerness and agony as Hercules strove to divest himself of the fatal shirt. There is not only disgrace, but festering ruin in it. As a party in the state, they are not only an obnoxious, but a falling one. They are, in every way, despicable. They are not valiant, for they crouch under the tail of the papistical abomination for shelter from the castigation of the conservatives—they are not generous, observe their conduct to the military and naval servants of the country—they are not consistent, for they are trying back their own favourite bill, disfranchising the enfranchised, and deforming their reform—they are not wise, excepting in their own conceit—and they are just only when they cannot help it.

Yet it must not be concealed that they possess power. They have a devil at their back, and his name is Legion. This evil spirit has the

faculty of self-multiplication. It reigns paramount in the breasts of the large majority of that portion that includes the base, the idle, and the disaffected. But the patriotism of the country is awake, it is a holy spirit, and must exorcise the wicked one. In its ubiquity the demon must be cast out, and the fiat of compulsion, the charm, will consist in the desired words with which his Majesty dissolves his parliaments. We know some two hundred and fifty fitting receptacles for these rampant and diseased spirits. May they speedily enter into them, and scamper down like the swine of old, and drown themselves in the Irish sea.

In the small space that we devote, and unwillingly devote, to politics, it cannot be expected that we should even give, and much less comment upon, all the clauses of the monster Municipal Reform Bill. Our readers will have all this inflicted upon them, *usque ad nauseam*, in the diurnal publications, and in those works exclusively devoted to politics. They will then perceive that corporate property, its use, and distribution—and in its use and distribution property is only valuable—is ruthlessly pillaged. Corporate property is no more public property than trust property. If it be advanced that it is held for the good of the public, we answer, what property is not? But strictly speaking, municipal property is not held, nor was it ever intended to be held, for the good of the public at large. It is held only by certain persons, under certain regulations, and who must perform certain services before they become entitled to a participation in the corporate benefits. To open all this to the rush of demagogues is utterly to destroy the rightful advantages of many, without at all benefiting the intruding multitude. But it is of little service to dilate upon these things, which soon will be classed among the non-entities. They say that a certain place, which as yet we only know by reputation, is paved with good intentions. There must be a place still lower, paved with bad ones. The projected Municipal Bill will undoubtedly occupy a very prominent space on that sub-Hadean causeway, over which we wish its promulgators and supporters a very pleasant promenade, and there we leave them.

The session has far advanced, and what have the Whigs done? and, had it not been for the patriotic Peel, what would they not have done? This gentleman, to whom England owes so much, with the small force at his discretion, reminds us forcibly of a skilful general watching the devastating progress of a barbarian army. By his judicious manœuvres, he keeps them in a tract the least dangerous to his country. We see him now, on the right flank of this vicious horde, gallantly throwing himself between them and a noble and heaven-honoured cathedral, and the abhorred mass passes on and we see only a few of the pinnacles injured; and now he is on their left, protecting an open and defenceless town from the sack of the plunderers; and again, with numbers so inferior, and with disadvantages so manifold, we actually see him in the front of the vast multitude, opposing their progress, and saying to them in a voice of authority, divine because it is patriotic, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther." But, with all Sir Robert Peel's prompting in their rear, compulsion on their flanks and opposition in their front, what have the Whigs hitherto done?

Have they done any thing for agriculture—for the shipping interest,

for manufactures, for the foreign or the internal commerce of the country? To these queries we have for answer all negatives, and the affirmatives of which they can boast, are those only of mischief. Mischief! how meek is that term of reprobation when applied to their sacrilegious church rapine, their corporation robbery scheme, and their unnatural and unchristian poor law! Their whole attention appears to be directed solely to the confusing, interchanging, and hocus-pocussing of political rights. A thimble-rigging of electoral franchises, a placing them now under one worthless receptacle, and then under another. And which only tends to make the plundered discontented and disloyal, and the receivers of the plunder ungrateful for their present share, and eager for a greater. Truly, our prospect is most disconsolate! With a fearfully decreasing revenue, with discontent in the agricultural, despondency in the trading population, and distrust among the commercial interests, to what quarter are we to look for that change of men and of measures that will give England, once more, fair play? The incubus that sits upon the bosom of the nation, and paralyses our energies, is the present ministry. From all quarters they have had distinct notice to quit the, for them, inappropriate seat, where they fatten in their insolence. The monarch frowns on, nay, almost spurns them—they smile, and boast of the confidence of their gracious king. The hereditary aristocracy at once dreads and despises them; and the wealth, influence, and the information of the country, view them with feelings of mingled wonder and contempt. As they will not take the hint either from the country, the nobility, the king, or, which is the strongest of all, that hint given to them by their own incapacity, the nation must take the matter into their own hands, and eject them. Let but our gracious sovereign give us the means by a new election, and we *will* do it.

In our disgust at the Whigs, we regard them only as a body, inefficient for good, but most active for evil. Were they the best and wisest men in the world, they are placed in that false position that they cannot do otherwise than wrong. Their hands and feet are bound by radical pledges, and the very life's blood of their political existence is tainted, nay, corrupted by the infusion of Catholic venom. Take away the radical bonds that at once fetter and support them, and the body falls to pieces spontaneously, and venesection to free them from the papistical virus, would render them incontinently defunct. Immediately either of these events happened, we should find the Whig monster comminute itself into several very respectable and small individuals, that would form a very pretty little decorous opposition to a strong conservative government.

However, should the weakness of the men in power be so far gone as to compel them to put on a face of strength, and assume the dogged obstinacy of despair, the nation at large must prepare themselves for the crisis. Even now is the time to speak loudly, in order that the House of Lords may derive confidence from the outburst of the national indignation, to throw out the two obnoxious ministerial bills. If the faction after this will not resign, we must support the king in his royal prerogative. Let us but prove that it is our intention loyally and devotedly so to do, and the victory is achieved. Under a conservative

administration it is still our opinion that the Reform Bill will be found not to have taken away too much from the legitimate influence of wealth and station, or given too much to the people. If it be proved to have done this, common sense calls upon us imperatively to reform our Reform Bill, instead of deforming it, as the Whigs have done.

There is now only one other topic to which we feel it our duty to advert. We approach the subject with reluctance, and dwell upon it with a melancholy that partakes largely of the feeling of shame. It is our foreign relations. What we are going to state we hope is not the truth. We will not, we dare not believe it. A dishonoured nation, if at peace, is half conquered by anticipation—if at war, we may conclude that her struggle will shortly be disgracefully terminated. The following degrading paragraph has gone the round of the daily papers. We feel assured that it will be contradicted upon authority, but the very supposition that such a paragraph should appear plausible, is a slur on the national dignity, and an indelible stain on the political character of Lord Palmerston.

"His majesty's steam vessel, Pluto, has been altered from a *man-of-war* to a *yacht*, by giving her commander, Lieutenant Deffill a new commission. This vessel will sail from Woolwich the beginning of next week, with Sir H. Ellis and suite, as a yacht, not as a man-of-war, in order to enable her to pass the Dardanelles."

We know that this Russian insult must be a fabrication. If our military and naval heroes thought it true, we are almost tempted to say that the honourable stars that they wear upon their veteran breasts would grow dim, and their scars bleed anew. This naval contumely to happen to us under a naval king! What, shall our sovereign seas be closed up from us like a gentleman's carp-pond from a poacher? Must we sneak through seas, which we foolishly permitted to be called the highways of nations, when we could have continued them as we had made them for centuries, exclusively our own, under the disguise of effeminacy, and a mask of deceit, that implies vassalage? And the vessel bearing the representative of the Majesty of England! It is absurd, it is preposterous. What would Nelson, or Collingwood, or Jervis, and, above all, the gallant Blake, have said to this? We will frankly assert, what we strongly suspect would happen, if this calumny could, by any possibility, be true, to nine out of every ten of the naval officers who might command this creeping yacht.—If the tenth did not act like the other nine, his obedience to orders would have struggled too successfully with his wish to uphold the glory of his country. This would happen: if the vessel had her complement of men and guns on board, the old flag would be hoisted as usual, and, if any shore going or other degrading opposition, however overwhelming, should be offered to its free and royal progress, another "untoward mistake" would arrive, and the vessel, officers, and crew would go down under at least one British flag, that would not be dishonoured. Should the officer in command do this, even in contradiction to his orders, we do not think that one brave and honourable man in the country would blame him. We know *one* that would applaud the deed, and we are sure, that its effects upon the moral of the service, would be equal to two good naval victories.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

I HAD proceeded half a mile from the house, when I desired the servant to turn into a cross-road so as to gain Brentford; and so soon as I arrived, the distance being only four miles, I ordered him to stop at a public-house, saying that I would wait till the coach should pass by. I then gave him half-a-crown, and ordered him to go home. I went into the inn with my portmanteau, and was shown into a small back parlour, there I remained about half an hour reflecting upon the best plan that I could adopt. Leaving the ale I had called for untasted, I paid for it, and, with my portmanteau on my shoulder, I walked away until I arrived at an old clothes shop. I told the Jew who kept it, that I required some clothes, and also wanted to dispose of my own portmanteau and all my effects. I had a great rogue to deal with; but after much chaffering, for I now felt the value of money, I purchased from him two pair of corduroy trowsers, two waistcoats, four common shirts, four pairs of stockings, a smock frock, a pair of high-lows, and a common hat. For these I gave up all my portmanteau, with the exception of six silk handkerchiefs, and received fifty shillings, when I ought to have received at least ten pounds; but I could not well help myself, and I submitted to the extortion. I dressed myself in my more humble garments, securing my money in the pocket of my trowsers unobserved by the Jew, made up a bundle of the rest, and procured a stick from the Jew to carry it on, however not without paying him threepence for it, he observing that the stick "wash not in de bargain." Thus attired, I had the appearance of a countryman well to do, and I set off through the long dirty main street of Brentford, quite undecided and indifferent as to the direction I should take. I walked about a mile, when I thought that it was better to come to some decision previous to my going further; and perceiving a bench in front of a public-house, I went to it and sat down. I looked around, and it immediately came to my recollection that I was sitting on the very bench on which Timothy and I had stopped to eat our meal of pork, at our first outset upon our travels. Yes, it was the very same! Here sat I, and there sat Timothy, two heedless boys, with the paper containing the meat, the loaf of bread, and the pot of beer between us. Poor Timothy! I conjured up his unhappiness when he had received my note acquainting him with our future separation. I remembered his fidelity, his courage in defence, and his preservation of my life in Ireland, and a tear or two coursed down my cheek. I remained some time in a deep reverie, during which the various circumstances and adventures of my life were passed in a rapid panorama before me. I felt that I had little to plead in my own favour, much to condemn—that I had passed a life of fraud and deceit. I also could not forget that when I had

[1] Continued from p. 248.

returned to honesty, I had been scouted by the world. "And here I am," thought I, "once more with the world before me; and it is just that I should commence again, for I started in a wrong path. At least, now I can satisfactorily assert that I am deceiving nobody, and can deservedly receive no contumely. I am Japhet Newland, and not in disguise." I felt happy with this reflection, and made a determination, whatever my future lot might be, that, at least, I would pursue the path of honesty. I then began to reflect upon another point, which was, whither I should bend my steps, and what I should do to gain my livelihood.

Alas! that was a subject of no little difficulty to me. A person who has been brought up to a profession naturally reverts to that profession—but to what had I been brought up? As an apothecary—true; but I well knew the difficulty of obtaining employment in what is termed a liberal profession, without interest or recommendation; neither did I wish for close confinement, as the very idea was irksome. As a mountebank, a juggler, a quack doctor—I spurned the very idea. It was a system of fraud and deceit. What then could I do? I could not dig, to beg I was ashamed. I must trust to the chapter of accidents, and considering how helpless I was, it was but a broken reed. At all events, I had a sufficient sum of money, upwards of twenty pounds, to exist with economy upon for some time. I was interrupted by a voice calling out, "Hilloa! my lad, come and hold this horse a moment." I looked up and perceived a person on horseback looking at me. "Do you hear, or are you stupid?" cried the man. My first feeling was to knock him down for his impertinence, but my bundle lying beside, reminded me of my situation and appearance, and I rose and walked towards the horse. The gentleman, for such he was in appearance, dismounted, and throwing the rein on the horse's neck, told me to stand by him for half a minute. He went into a respectable looking house opposite the inn, and remained nearly half an hour, during which I was becoming very impatient, and kept an anxious eye upon my bundle, which lay on the seat. At last he came out, and mounting his horse looked in my face with some degree of surprise. "Why, what are you?" said he, as he pulled out a sixpence, and offered to me.

I was again nearly forgetting myself, affronted at the idea of sixpence being offered to me; but I recovered myself, saying, as I took it, "A poor labouring man, sir."

"What, with those hands?" said he, looking at them as I took the money; and then looking at my face, he continued, "I think we have met before, my lad—I cannot be sure; you know best—I am a Bow Street magistrate."

In a moment I remembered that he was the very magistrate before whom I had twice made my appearance. I coloured deeply, and made no reply.

"Well, my lad, I'm not on my bench now, and this sixpence you have earned honestly. I trust you will continue in the right path. Be careful—I have sharp eyes." So saying, he rode off.

I never felt more mortified. It was evident that he considered me as one who was acting a part for unworthy purposes; perhaps one of

the swell mob or a flash pickpocket rusticating until some hue and cry was over. "Well, well," thought I, as I took up a lump of dirt and rubbed over my then white hands, "it is my fate to be believed when I deceive, and to be mistrusted when I am acting honestly;" and I returned to the bench for my bundle, which—was gone. I stared with astonishment. "Is it possible?" thought I. "How dishonest people are! Well, I will not carry another for the present. They might as well have left me my stick." So thinking, and without any great degree of annoyance at the loss, I turned from the bench and walked away I knew not whither. It was now getting dark, but I quite forgot that it was necessary to look out for a lodging; the fact is, that I had been completely upset by the observations of the magistrate, and the theft of my bundle; and in a sort of brown study, from which I was occasionally recalled for a moment by stumbling over various obstructions, I continued my walk on the pathway until I was two or three miles away from Brentford. I was within a mile of Hounslow when I was roused by the groans of some person, and it being now dark, I looked round, trying to catch by the ear the direction in which to offer my assistance. They proceeded from the other side of a hedge, and I crawled through, where I found a man lying on the ground, covered with blood about the head, and breathing heavily. I untied his neckcloth, and as well as I could, examined his condition. I bound his handkerchief round his head, and perceiving that the position in which he was lying was very unfavourable, his head and shoulders being much lower than his body, I was dragging the body round so as to raise those parts when I heard footsteps and voices. Shortly after four people burst through the hedge and surrounded me.

"That is him, I'll swear to it," cried an immense stout man, seizing me; "that is the other fellow who attacked me, and ran away. He has come to get off his accomplice, and now we've just nicked them both."

"You are very much mistaken," replied I, "and you have no need to hold me so tight. I heard the man groan, and I came to his assistance."

"That gammon won't do," replied one of them, who was a constable; "you'll come along with us, and we may as well put on them *darbies*," continued he, producing a pair of handcuffs.

Indignant at the insult, I suddenly broke from him who held me, and darting at the constable, knocked him down, and then took to my heels across the ploughed field. The whole four pursued, but I rather gained upon them, and was in hopes to make my escape. I ran for a gap I perceived in the hedge, and sprang over it, without minding the old adage, of "look before you leap;" for, when on the other side, I found myself in a deep and stagnant pit of water and mud. I sank over head, and with difficulty extricated myself from the mud at the bottom, and when at the surface I was equally embarrassed with the weeds at the top, among which I floundered. In the mean time my pursuers, warned by the loud splash, had paused when they came to the hedge, and perceiving my situation, were at the edge of the pit watching for my coming out. All resistance was

useless. I was numbed with cold and exhausted by my struggles, and when I gained the bank I surrendered at discretion. The handcuffs were now put on without resistance on my part, and I was led away to Hounslow by the two constables, while the others returned to secure the wounded man. On my arrival I was thrust into the clink, or lock-up house, as the magistrates would not meet that evening, and there I was left to my reflections. Previously, however, to this, I was searched, and my money, amounting, as I before stated, to upwards of twenty pounds, taken from me by the constables, and what I had quite forgotten, a diamond solitaire ring, which I had intended to have left with my other bijouterie for Timothy, but in my hurry, when I left London, I had allowed to remain upon my finger. The gaol was a square building, with two unglazed windows secured with thick iron bars, and the rain having beat in, it was more like a pound for cattle, for it was not even paved, and the ground was three or four inches deep in mud. There was no seat in it, and there I was the whole of the night walking up and down shivering in my wet clothes, in a state of mind almost bordering upon insanity. Reflect upon what was likely to happen, I could not. I only ran over the past. I remembered what I had been, and felt cruelly the situation I then was in. Had I deserved it? I thought not. "Oh! father—father," exclaimed I, bitterly, "see to what your son is brought—handcuffed as a felon! God have mercy on my brain, for I feel that it is wandering. Father, father—alas, I have none!—had you left me at the asylum, without any clue, or hopes of a clue, to my hereafter being reclaimed, it would have been kindness; I should then have been happy and contented in some obscure situation; but you raised hopes only to perish—and imaginings which have led to my destruction. Sacred is the duty of a parent, and heavy must be the account of those who desert their children, and are required by Heaven to render up an account of the important trust. Couldst thou, oh! father, but now behold thy son! God Almighty!——but I will not curse you, father. No, no"——and I burst into tears, and leaning against the damp walls of the prison, I wept long and bitterly.

The day at last broke, and the sun rose, and poured his beaming rays through the bars of the windows. I looked at myself, and was shocked at my appearance; my smock-frock was covered with black mud, my clothes were equally disfigured. I had lost my hat when in the water, and I felt the dry mud cracking on my cheeks. I put my hands up to my head, and I pulled a quantity of duck-weed out of my matted and tangled hair. I thought of the appearance I should make when summoned before the magistrates, and how much it would go against me. "Good God," thought I, "who, of all the world of fashion—who, of all those who once caught my salutation so eagerly—who, of all those worldly-minded girls, who smiled upon me but one short twelve month since, would imagine, or believe, that Japhet Newland could ever have sunk so low—and how has he so fallen? Alas! because he would be honest, and had strength of mind enough to adhere to his resolution. Well, well, God's will be done; I care not for life; but still an ignominious death—to go out of the world like a dog, and that too without finding out who is my father." And I put

my fettered hands up and pressed my burning brow, and remained in a sort of apathetic sullen mood, until I was startled by the opening of the door, and the appearance of the constables. They led me out among a crowd, through which, with difficulty, they could force their way, and, followed by the majority of the population of Hounslow, who made their complimentary remarks upon the *footpad*, I was brought before the magistrates. The large stout man was then called up to give his evidence, and deposed as follows:—

That he was walking to Hounslow from Brentford, whither he had been to purchase some clothes, when he was accosted by two fellows in smock-frocks, one of whom carried a bundle in his left hand. They asked him what o'clock it was; and he took out his watch to tell them, when he received a blow from the one with the bundle, (this one, sir, said he, pointing to me,) on the back of his head; at the same time the other, (the wounded man who was now in custody,) snatched his watch.—That at the time he had purchased his clothes at Brentford, he had also bought a bag of shot, fourteen pounds weight, which he had, for the convenience of carrying, tied up with the clothes in the bundle, and perceiving that he was about to be robbed, he had swung his bundle round his head, and with the weight of the shot, had knocked down the man who had snatched at his watch. He then turned to the other (me) who backed from him, and struck at him with his stick. (The stick was here produced, and when I cast my eye on it, I was horrified to perceive that it was the very stick which I had bought of the Jew, for three-pence, to carry my bundle on.) He had closed in with me, and was wresting the stick out of my hand, when the other man, who had recovered his legs, again attacked him with another stick. In the scuffle he had obtained my stick, and I had wrested from him his bundle, with which, as soon as he had knocked down my partner, I ran off. That he beat my partner until he was insensible, and then found that I had left my own bundle, which in the affray I had thrown on one side. He then made the best of his way to Hounslow to give the information. His return and finding me with the other man is already known to the readers.

The next evidence who came forward was the Jew, from whom I had bought the clothes and sold my own. He narrated all that had occurred, and swore to the clothes in the bundle left by the footpad, and to the stick which he had sold to me. The constable then produced the money found about my person and the diamond solitaire ring, stating my attempt to escape when I was seized. The magistrate then asked me whether I had any thing to say in my defence, cautioning me not to commit myself.

I replied, that I was innocent; that it was true that I had sold my own clothes, and had purchased those of the Jew, as well as the stick; that I had been asked to hold the horse of a gentleman when sitting on a bench opposite a public-house, and that some one had stolen my bundle and my stick. That I had walked on towards Hounslow, and in assisting a fellow creature, whom I certainly had considered as having been attacked by others, I had merely yielded to the common feelings of humanity—that I was seized when performing that

my memory. "What is it?" thought I; and as I opened my eyes, so did I remember that I, Japhet Newland, who but two nights before was pressing the down of luxury in the same habitation as Lady de Clare and her lovely child, was now on a mattress in the cell of a prison, under a charge which threatened me with an ignominious death. I rose, and sat on the bed, for I had not thrown off my clothes. My first thoughts were directed to Timothy. Should I write to him? No, no! why should I make him miserable? If I was to suffer, it should be under an assumed name. But what name? Here I was interrupted by the gaoler, who opened the door, and desired me to roll up my mattress and bed-clothes, that they might, as was the custom, be taken out of the cell during the day.

My first inquiry was, if the man who had been so much hurt was in the gaol.

"You mean your 'complice," replied the gaoler. "Yes, he is here, and has recovered his senses. The doctor says he will do very well."

"Has he made any confession?" inquired I.

The gaoler made no reply.

"I ask that question," continued I, "because if he acknowledges who was his accomplice, I shall be set at liberty."

"Very likely," replied the man, sarcastically; "the fact is, there is no occasion for king's evidence in this case, or you might get off by crossing the water; so you must trust to your luck. The grand jury meet to-day, and I will let you know whether a true bill is found against you or not."

"What is the name of the other man?" inquired I.

"Well, you are a good un to put a face upon a matter, I will say. You would almost persuade me, with that innocent look of yours, that you know nothing about the business."

"Nor do I," replied I.

"You will be fortunate if you can prove as much, that's all."

"Still, you have not answered my question; what is the other man's name?"

"Well," replied the gaoler, laughing, "since you are determined I shall tell you, I will. It must be news to you, with a vengeance. His name is Bill Ogle, *alias* Swamping Bill. I suppose you never heard that name before?"

"I certainly never did," replied I.

"Perhaps you do not know your own name? yet I can tell it you, for Bill Ogle has blown upon you so far."

"Indeed," replied I; "and what name has he given to me?"

"Why, to do him justice, it wasn't until he saw a copy of the depositions before the magistrates, and heard how you were nabbed in trying to help him off, that he did tell it; and then he said, well, Phill Maddox always was a true un, and I'm mortal sorry that he's in for't, by looking a'ter me. Now do you know your own name?"

"I certainly do not," replied I.

"Well, did you ever hear of one who went by the name of Phill Maddox?"

"I never did," replied I; "and I am glad that Ogle has disclosed so much."

"Well, I never before met with a man who didn't know his own name, or had the face to say so, and expect to be believed; but never mind, you are right to be cautious; with the halter looking you in the face."

"O God! O God!" exclaimed I, throwing myself on the bedstead, and covering up my face, "give me strength to bear even that, if so it must be."

The gaoler looked at me for a time. "I don't know what to make of him—he puzzles me quite, certainly. Yet it's no mistake."

"It is a mistake," replied I, rising; "but whether the mistake will be found out until too late, is another point. However, it is of little consequence. What have I to live for,—unless to find out who is my father?"

"Find out your father! what's in the wind now? well, it beats my comprehension altogether. But did not you say you wished me to get you something?"

"Yes," replied I; and I gave him some money, with directions to purchase me implements for writing, some scented wax, a tooth-brush, and tooth-powder, eau de cologne, hair-brush and comb, razors, small looking-glass, and various implements for my toilet.

"This is a rum world," said the man, repeating what I asked for, as I put two guineas in his hand. "I've purchased many a article for a prisoner, but never heard of such rattletraps afore; however, that be all the same. You will have them, though what *ho de colum* is I can't tell, nor dang me if I shall recollect—not poison, be it, for that is not allowed in the prison?"

"No, no," replied I, indulging in momentary mirth at the idea; "you may inquire, and you will find that it's only taken by ladies who are troubled with the vapours."

"Now I should ha' thought that you'd have spent your money in the cookshop, which is so much more natural. However, we all have our fancies;' so saying he quitted the cell, and locked the door.

It may appear strange to the reader that I sent for the above-mentioned articles, but habit is second nature, and although two days before, when I set out on my pilgrimage, I had resolved to discard these superfluities, yet now in my distress I felt as if they would comfort me. That evening, after rectifying a few mistakes on the part of the good-tempered gaoler, by writing down what I wanted on the paper which he had procured me, I obtained all that I required. The next morning he informed me that the grand jury had found a true bill against me, and that on the Saturday the assizes would be held. He also brought me the list of trials, and I found that mine would be one of the last, and would not probably come on until Monday or Tuesday. I requested him to send for a good tailor, as I wished to be dressed in a proper manner, previous to appearing in court. As a prisoner is allowed to go into court in his own clothes instead of the gaol dress, this was consented to, and when the man came, I was very particular in my directions, so much so—that it surprised him. He also procured me the other articles I required to complete my dress, and on Saturday night I had them all ready, for I was resolved that I would at least die as a gentleman. Sunday.

passed away, not as it ought to have passed certainly. I attended prayers, but my thoughts were elsewhere—how, indeed, could it be otherwise? Who can controul his thoughts? He may attempt so to do, but the attempt is all that can be made. He cannot command them. I heard nothing, my mind was in a state of gyration, whirling round from one thing to the other, until I was giddy from intensity of feeling.

On Monday morning the gaoler came and asked me whether I would have legal advice. I replied in the negative. "You will be called about twelve o'clock, I hear," continued he; "it is now ten, and there is only one more trial before yours, about the stealing of four geese, and half a dozen fowls."

"Good God!" thought I, "and am I mixed up with such deeds as these?" I dressed myself with the utmost care and precision, and never was more successful. My clothes were black, and fitted well. About one o'clock I was summoned by the gaoler, and led between him and another to the court-house, and placed in the dock. At first my eyes swam, and I could distinguish nothing, but gradually I recovered. I looked round, for I had called up my courage. My eyes wandered from the judge to the row of legal gentlemen below him; from them to the well-dressed ladies who sat in the gallery above; behind me I did not look, I had seen enough, and my cheeks burnt with shame. At last I looked at my fellow culprit, who stood beside me, and his eyes at the same time met mine. He was dressed in the gaol clothes, of pepper and salt coarse cloth. He was a rough, vulgar, brutal looking man, but his eye was brilliant, his complexion was dark, and his face was covered with whiskers. "Good heavens," thought I, "who will ever imagine or credit that we have been associates?"

The man stared at me, bit his lip, and smiled with contempt, but made no further remark. The indictment having been read, the clerk of the court cried out, "You, Benjamin Ogle, having heard the charge, say, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the man, to my astonishment.

"You, Philip Maddox, guilty or not guilty?"

I did not answer.

"Prisoner," observed the judge in a mild voice, "you must answer, guilty or not guilty. It is merely a form."

"My lord," replied I, "my name is not Philip Maddox."

"That is the name given in the indictment by the evidence of your fellow prisoner," observed the judge; "your real name we cannot pretend to know. It is sufficient that you answer to the question of whether you, the prisoner, are guilty or not guilty."

"Not guilty, my lord, most certainly," replied I, placing my hand to my heart, and bowing to him.

The trial proceeded; Armstrong was the principal evidence. To my person he would not swear. The Jew proved my selling my clothes, purchasing those found in the bundle, and the stick, of which Armstrong possessed himself. The clothes I had on at the time of my capture were produced in court. As for Ogle, his case was decisive. We were then called upon for our defence. Ogle's was very

short. "He had been accustomed to fits all his life—was walking to Hounslow, and had fallen down in a fit. It must have been somebody else who had committed the robbery and had made off, and he had been picked up in a mistake." This defence appeared to make no other impression than ridicule, and indignation at the barefaced assertion. I was then called on for mine.

"My lord," said I, "I have no defence to make except that which I asserted before the magistrates, that I was performing an act of charity towards a fellow-creature, and was, through that, supposed to be an accomplice. Arraigned before so many upon a charge, at the bare accusation of which my blood revolts, I cannot and will not allow those who might prove what my life has been, and the circumstances which induced me to take up the disguise in which I was taken, to appear in my behalf. I am unfortunate, but not guilty. One only chance appears to be open to me, which is, in the candour of the party who now stands by me. If he will say to the court that he ever saw me before, I will submit without murmur to my sentence."

"I'm sorry that you've put that question, my boy," replied the man, "for I have seen you before;" and the wretch chuckled with repressed laughter.

I was so astonished, so thunderstruck with this assertion, that I held down my head, and made no reply. The judge then summed up the evidence to the jury, pointing out to them, that of Ogle's guilt there could be no doubt, and of mine he was sorry to say but little. Still they must bear in mind that the witness Armstrong could not swear to my person. The jury, without leaving the box, consulted together a short time, and brought in a verdict of guilty against Benjamin Ogle and Philip Maddox. I heard no more—the judge sentenced us both to execution: he lamented so young and prepossessing a person as myself should be about to suffer for such an offence: he pointed out the necessity of condign punishment, and gave us no hopes of pardon or clemency. But I heard him not—I did not fall, but I was in a state of stupor. At last, he wound up his sentence by praying us to prepare ourselves for the awful change by an appeal to that heavenly Father——"Father!" exclaimed I, in a voice which electrified the court, "did you say my father? O God! where is he?" and I fell down in a fit. The handkerchiefs of the ladies were applied to their faces, the whole court were moved, for I had by my appearance excited considerable interest, and the judge, with a faltering, subdued voice, desired that the prisoners might be removed.

"Stop one minute, my good fellow," said Ogle, to the gaoler, while others were taking me out of court. "My lord, I've something rather important to say. Why I did not say it before, you shall hear. You are a judge, to condemn the guilty, and release the innocent. We are told that there is no trial like an English jury, but this I say, that many a man is hung for what he never has been guilty of. You have condemned that poor young man to death. I could have prevented it if I had chosen to speak before, but I would not, that I might prove how little there is of justice. He had nothing to do with the robbery—Phill Maddox was the man, and he is not Philip Maddox. He said

that he never saw me before, nor do I believe that he ever did. As sure as I shall hang, he is innocent."

"It was but now, that when appealed to by him, you stated that you had seen him before."

"So I did, and I told the truth—I had seen him before. I saw him go to hold the gentleman's horse, but he did not see me. I stole his bundle and his stick, which he left on the bench, and that's how they were found in our possession. Now you have the truth, and you may either acknowledge that there is little justice, by eating your own words, and letting him free, or you may hang him, rather than acknowledge that you are wrong. At all events, his blood will now be on your hands, and not mine. If Phill Maddox had not turned tail, like a coward, I should not have been here; so I tell the truth to save him who was doing me a kind act, and to let him swing who left me in the lurch."

The judge desired that this statement might be taken down, that further inquiry might be made, intimating to the jury, that I should be respited for the present; but of all this I was ignorant. As there was no placing confidence in the assertions of such a man as Ogle, it was considered necessary that he should repeat his assertions at the last hour of his existence, and the gaoler was ordered not to state what had passed to me, as he might excite false hopes.

When I recovered from my fit, I found myself in the gaoler's parlour, and as soon as I was able to walk, I was locked up in a condemned cell. The execution had been ordered to take place on the Thursday, and I had two days to prepare. In the meantime the greatest interest had been excited with regard to me. My whole appearance so evidently belied the charge, that every one was in my favour. Ogle was re-questioned, and immediately gave a clue for the apprehension of Maddox, who, he said, he hoped would swing by his side.

The gaoler came to me the next day, saying, that some of the magistrates wished to speak with me; but as I had made up my mind not to reveal my former life, my only reply was, "That I begged they would allow me to have my last moments to myself." I recollected Melchior's idea of destiny, and imagined that he was right. "It was my destiny," thought I; and I remained in a state of stupor. The fact was, that I was very ill, my head was heavy, my brain was on fire, and the throbbing of my heart could have been perceived without touching my breast. I remained on the mattress all day, and all the next night, with my face buried in the clothes; I was too ill to raise my head. On Wednesday morning I felt myself gently pushed on the shoulder by some one; I opened my eyes, it was a clergyman. I turned away my head, and remained as before. I was then in a violent fever. He spoke for some time; occasionally I heard a word, and then relapsed into a state of mental imbecility. He sighed, and went away. Thursday came—and the hour of death; but time was by me unheeded, as well as eternity. In the meantime Maddox had been taken, and the contents of Armstrong's bundle found in his possession; and when he discovered that Ogle had been evidence against him, he confessed to the robbery. Whether it was

on Thursday or Friday I knew not then, but I was lifted off the bed, and taken before somebody—something passed, but the fever had mounted up to my head, and I was in a state of stupid delirium. Strange to say, they did not perceive my condition, but ascribed it all to abject fear of death. I was led away—I had made no answer—but I was free.

(To be continued.)

LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.—No. II.

BY J. F. FAULKNER.

The dark-haired maids of Judah's race,
Bright as the starry-mantled sky,
With haughty mien, and witching grace,
And stately step, pass by:
Those Eden forms, with lustrous eye,
Gleaming from lattice and from bower,
Might tempt an angel's gaze:—ah! why
Is beauty like a flower?

Who like our daughters wake the shell
Of Judah to our altar strains?
Or fling o'er life its mystic spell,
Rich, as the sun-touched plains
Win from the fount of life, ere wanes
Day's crimson banners from the sky?
Yet cold Destruction's finger stains
The charms that flower-like die!

The flowers that gem green Carmel's hill,
The roses of sweet Sharon's vale,
Luxuriant bloom—and perish—still
We mourn not when they fail;
We mourn that virgin fires grow pale,
That lustre drops from love's bright eye;
Ay, for our dark-haired maids we wail,
Who flower-like droop and die!

Pulseless to music's thrilling charms!
Gloom be around the brow of day!
Homage and glory fill the arms
Of livid-lipped decay!
While weep we Judah's daughters' sway,
Whose splendid beauty's witching hour,
Dies—as the moaning of a lay,
That beauty's but a flower!

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACOB FAITHFUL," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Antwerp.

EVERY one has heard of the cathedral at Antwerp and the fine pictures by Rubens—every one has heard of the siege of Antwerp and General Chassé, and how the French marched an army of non-intervention down to the citadel and took it from the Dutch—and every one has heard how Lord Palmerston protocol-ed while Marshal Gerard bombard-ed—and how it was all bombard and bombast. The name of Lord Palmerston reminds me that conversing after dinner with some Belgians, the topic introduced was the great dearth of diplomatic talent in a country like England, where talent was in every other department so extremely prominent. It was not the first time that this subject had been canvassed in my presence by foreigners. Naturally envious of our general superiority, it is with them a favourite mode of attack; and they are right, as it certainly is our weakest point: they cannot disparage our army, or our navy, or our constitution; but they can our climate, which is not our fault but our misfortune; and our diplomacy, which is our fault, and has too often proved our misfortune also.

It certainly is the fact, that our diplomatic corps are very inferior, and this can arise but from one cause; the emoluments which have been attached to it having rendered admission into it an advantage eagerly sought by the higher classes as a provision for the junior branches of their families. Of course, this provision has been granted to those to whom government have felt most indebted for support, without the least regard to the important point as to whether those who were admitted were qualified or not; so that the mere providing for a younger son of an adherent to the government may have proved in the end to have cost the country millions from his incompetence when placed in a situation requiring tact and discrimination. This evil is increased by the system of filling up the vacant appointments according to seniority—the exploded and absurd custom of "each second being true unto the first." Should any man have proved, upon an emergency, that he was possessed of the highest talent for diplomacy, it will avail him nothing—he never, under the present system, will be employed—he cannot be admitted into the corps without having entered as a private secretary or attaché. It would be monstrous, unheard of; and the very idea would throw Lord Aberdeen on the one side, or Lord Palmerston on the other, into convulsions. Is it therefore to be wondered at our being so disgraced by the majority of our diplomatic corps? Surely if any point more than another requires revision and reform it is this—and the nation has a right to insist upon it. Am-

[1] Continued from p. 257.

bassadors, and, were it possible, the whole of the corps diplomatique, should be under the control and the choice of the parliament.

It may be asked, what are the most peculiar qualities necessary in a diplomatist, taking it for granted that he has talents, education, and a thorough knowledge of the routine of business? The only term which we can give to this desideratum is presence of mind—not the presence of mind required in danger, but that presence of MIND which enables him, when a proposition is made, at once to seize all its bearings, the direction to which it tends, and the ultimate object (for that will always be concealed at first) which the proposer may have in view. Diplomatists, when they enter the field, are much in the situation of two parties, one defending and the other attacking a stronghold. Admissions are highly dangerous, as they enable the adversary to throw up his first parallels; and too often, when you imagine that the enemy is not one jot advanced, you find that he has worked through a covered way, and you are summoned to surrender. It is strange that, at the very time, that they assert that it would be impossible to employ those as diplomatists who have not been regularly trained to the service, captains in the navy are continually so employed, and often under circumstances of vital importance. Now it would be supposed that of all people they must be the most unfit; as, generally speaking, they are sent to sea, *as unfit for any thing else.* But it appears that once commanding a frigate, they are supposed to be fit for every thing. A vessel is ordered for "particular service," why so called I know not, except that there may be an elision, and it means "particularly *disagreeable* service." The captain is directed by the Admiralty to consider himself under the orders of the Foreign Office, and he receives a huge pile of documents, numbered, scheduled, and red-taped, (as Bulwer says in his pamphlet,) the contents of which he is informed are to serve as a guide for his proceedings. He reads them over with all their verbiage and technicalities, sighs for Cobbett's pure Saxon, and when he has finished, feels not a little puzzled. Document No. 4 contradicting document No. 12, and document No. 1 opposed to No. 56; that is, as *he* reads and understands English. Determined to understand them if possible, he takes a dose of protocol every morning, until he has nearly learnt them by heart, and then acts to the best of his knowledge and belief. And it is undeniable that, with very few exceptions, the navy have invariably given satisfaction to the Foreign Office when they have been so employed, and often under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. I have heard, from the best authority, that military men have been equally successful, although they have not so often been called into "particular service." By-the-by, particular service is all done at the same price as general service in his Majesty's navy, which is rather unfair, as we are obliged to find our own red tape, pens, ink, and stationery.

As I was walking on the glacis with a friend, he pointed out to me at a window an enormous fat man smoking his pipe, and told me that he had been in the Dutch service under William of Orange; but not being a very good hand at a forced march, he had been reduced with others to half-pay. He had not been many months in retirement

DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACOB FAITHFUL," "PETER SI

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when he went to the palace and requested an audience of his Majesty, and, when admitted, stated that he had come to request that his Majesty would be pleased to put him again upon full pay. His Majesty raised many objections, and stated his inability to comply with the request; upon which the corpulent officer exclaimed, embracing with his arms as far as he could his enormous paunch, "My God! your Majesty, how can you imagine that I can fill this big belly of mine with only my half-pay?" This *argumentum ad ventrem* so tickled King William, that he was put on *full pay unattached*, and has continued so ever since. The first instance I ever heard of a *man* successfully pleading his belly.

The *chef d'œuvres* of Rubens I had seen before; I was, however, very much pleased with the works of a modern painter, a Mr. Wappers. The first picture which established his reputation was the Burgomaster of Leyden—it is certainly a fine piece of colouring; but it is far eclipsed by the one he has nearly finished—the 30th of August at Brussels. It is an enormous piece of canvas, I think twenty-six feet by eighteen; and it is, in my opinion, the very finest historical painting which has been produced in modern times. Had I seen nothing else I should have been quite satisfied with my journey to Antwerp.

It is so hard for a Blasé like me to find out any thing new or interesting. I have travelled too much and have seen too much—I seldom now admire. I draw comparisons, and the comparison drawn between the object before my eyes, and that in my mind's eye, is unfortunately usually in favour of the latter. He who hath visited so many climes, mingled with so many nations, attempted so many languages, and who has hardly any thing left but the North Pole or the crater of Vesuvius to choose between; if he still longs for something new, may well cavil at the pleasures of memory as a mere song. In proportion as the memory is retentive, so is decreased one of the greatest charms of existence—novelty. To him who hath seen much, there is little left but comparison, and are not comparisons universally odious? Not that I complain, for I have a resource—I can fly to imagination—quit this every-day world, and in the region of fiction create new scenes and changes, and people these with new beings.

Moreover, there is still endless variety, endless amusement, and food for study and contemplation, in human nature. In all countries still the same, yet ever varying,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

From which, I presume, we are to infer that it is time thrown away to attempt to study woman.

At the same party in which the conversation was raised relative to diplomacy, a person with whom I was, until that day, wholly unacquainted, was sitting by me, and as it happened, the name of one with whom I had long been on terms of intimacy was mentioned. "Do you know him?" said my neighbour, with a very peculiar expression. I replied that I had occasionally met him, for I thought there was something coming forward.

"Well, all I can say is, that he is rather a strange person."

"Indeed," replied I; "how do you mean?"

"Why, they say, that he is of a very uncertain temper."

"Indeed," continued I with the same look of inquiry, as if demanding more information.

"Yes, yes, rather a dangerous man."

"Do you know him?" inquired I, in return.

"Yes; that is to say—not very intimately—the fact is, that I have avoided it. I grant that he is a very clever man—but I hear that he quarrels with every body."

"Who told you so?" replied I.

O! he was not authorized to give the name of the person. Indeed, if he did name, it must——

"Then," replied I, "allow me to say that you have been misinformed. I have been on intimate terms with that person for nearly twenty years, during which he never quarrelled with me or any one that I know of; although, I grant, he is not over civil to those whom he may despise. The only part of your communication which is correct is, that he is a very clever man, and our government are of the same opinion."

My neighbour was discomfited, and said no more, and I joined the general conversation. What may have been his cause of dislike I know not—but I have frequently remarked, that if a man has made himself enemies either from neglect of that sophistry and humbug so necessary to enable him to roll down the stream of time with his fellows without attrition, if they can find no point in his character to assail, their last resort is, to assert that he is an uncertain tempered man, and not to be trusted.

This is the last, and although not the most empoisoned, still the surest shaft in the whole quiver of calumny. It does not exactly injure the character, but it induces others to avoid the acquaintance of the party so misrepresented.

It is rather singular, and perhaps I may have been fortunate, but in more than half a dozen instances I have found the very parties to whom this character has been given, although high-minded and high-spirited, the very antithesis to the character which has been assigned them. That some do deserve the character is undoubted—but there is no species of calumny to be received with such peculiar caution. It may be right to be on your guard, but it never should be the ground for a positive avoidance of the party accused. Indeed, in some degree, it argues in his favour, for it is clear that the whole charge they can bring against his character is an infirmity to which we are all more or less subjected; and he who looks for perfection in his acquaintance or his friends, will inevitably meet with disappointment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brussels.

I have lost all my memoranda! I cannot find them any where. Well—children are a great blessing when they are kept in the nursery—but they certainly do interfere a little with a papa who has the misfortune to be an author. I little thought, when my youngest little

girl brought me up a whole string of paper dolls hanging together by the arms, that they had been cut out of my memoranda. But so it was; and when I had satisfactorily established the fact, and insisted upon an *inquisition* to recover my invaluables, I found that they had had an *auto-da-fé*, and that the whole string of dolls, which contained on their petticoats my whole string of bewitching ideas, had been burnt like so many witches. But as the man said in the packet—"Is that all?" Oh, no!—they come rushing in like a torrent, bounding, skipping, laughing, and screaming, till I fancied myself like another Orpheus, about to be torn to pieces by Bacchanals, (they are all girls,) and I laid down my pen, for they drive all my ideas out of my head. May your shadows never grow less, *mes enfans*, but I wish you would not make such a cursed row.

The author and the author of existence do not amalgamate.

Their joyous countenances are answered by a look of despair—their boiling-water heat drives my thermometer down to zero—their confounded merriment gives me a confounded headache—their animal spirits drive me to vegetable spirits—their cup of bliss running over makes me also require a bumper—brandy restores the equilibrium, and I contrive to get rid of them and my headache about one and the same time.

Talking about brandy—one morning at two o'clock, about the witching time that ghosts do glide about in churchyards, as I was thinking whether it would not be better to go to bed instead of writing nonsense, in which opinion most of my readers may coincide with me, in stalked three young men who were considerably the worse for potation. There is a great deal of character in inebriety—at the same time that no estimate of character can be made from its effects; for we often find the most quiet men when sober to be the most choleric in their cups—but still there is character, and much that is curious in witnessing its variety of effects. Now these young men were each drunk in a very different way—the first, in a way quite novel; for although he could preserve his equilibrium, and stare immensely, he had lost the power of speech; you saw his lips move, but no articulation or sound succeeded—the second was laughing drunk, every thing that was said, either by himself or by any one else, was magnified into a pun or a *bon-mot*—the third, with whom I had no previous acquaintance, was politely drunk. I presume the idea of intruding himself upon a stranger, at such an unseasonable hour, had produced that effect—but let me describe the scene.

"Ha, ha, ha! we come to you—ha, ha! capital. We want some brandy and water; and, ha, ha! we know you always keep a stock," said the second, seating himself in an arm-chair.

The first also took a chair, moved his lips for a few seconds, and then sat bolt upright, staring at the two candles; how many he counted I cannot pretend to say.

"Really," said No. Three, "we are—I'm afraid—taking a great liberty—a very great liberty; but—an apology is certainly due—if you will allow me to offer an apology for my two friends—will you allow me to introduce them?"

"Many thanks, but I have the pleasure of knowing *them* already."

"I really beg your pardon—it was quite unintentional on my part. I trust you are not offended? Will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C———, of the ———. Will you permit me to present my card, and to say how happy I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, the third gentleman presented me with his card, and returned the card-case into his pocket.

"Capital!" cried No. Two. "Ha, ha, ha! what an excellent joke, ha, ha, ha! Now for the brandy and water."

This was soon produced, and although No. One had lost all articulation, he had still the power of deglutition; he filled his glass, sat up more erect, stared at the candles, and drank his grog; the other did the same, when No. Three again spoke.

"My dear sir, I hope you will excuse the liberty, but my name is Captain C———, of the ———. Will you allow me the honour of presenting my card, and of saying how proud I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, he presented me another card, which I put aside with the first.

"Ha, ha, ha! what a good joke, to find you up. I said we should get brandy and water here; wasn't that capital—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

I could not exactly see the joke of being kept up for perhaps two more hours, but I begged they would refill their glasses, as the sitting would be sooner ended one way or the other—either by the bottle being empty, or their falling under the table—I did not care which—when I was again addressed by No. Three.

"I really beg your pardon, but—I'm afraid I have been very remiss—will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C———, of the ———. Here is my card, and I cannot say how happy I shall be if I may have the honour of your acquaintance."

I bowed a third time, and received a third card.

"By heavens, I've finished my tumbler! Ain't that capital. Ha, ha, ha! famous fun;—and so has Alfred."

"Famous fun, indeed," thought I, as the contents of the bottle disappeared.

"And Alfred is going to help himself again; well, that is capital, ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Alfred, who was No. One, moved his lips, but like the frozen horn of Munchausen, sounds would not come out; he did, however, follow up the joke, by refilling his tumbler for the third time.

"Upon my honour, I've been very rude, I ought to apologise," said No. Three, again drawing out his card-case; "but will you allow me to offer my card? I am Captain C———, of the ———, and I shall be most happy to make your acquaintance."

I bowed again, and received the fourth card.

Thus were the changes rung by numbers one, two, and three, until I was tired out, two bottles more drank out, and I had received fifteen cards from my very polite friend, whom I had never seen before.

At four o'clock they all rose to depart.

"Upon my soul, I do believe I'm drunk," said No. Two; "capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

No. One continued dumb, brandy had not thawed him; but he stared very hard at me, as much as to say, I would speak if I could.

No. Three put into my hand the sixteenth card, and made a rash attempt at a bow.

Having seen them fairly outside my door, I bolted it, saying with Shakspeare—

> "O! that a man
> Should put an enemy in his mouth
> To steal away his brains!"

I cannot say that German sounds well, except from the lips of a pretty woman, and in Belgium the pretty women are all English. I wonder if there is speech in the next world, and what may be the favoured language. It may be that we all keep to that we are taught to pray in here below. It might be useful to be a linguist even there. Suppose, for instance, some melancholy shade, with its arms folded like the witch of Endor, as she appeared to Saul, having lost its way in space, and taking no heed of eternity, were to be obliged to accost some other vagrant spirit, some deeply meditating disciple of Kant, to inquire his way home again, and were to receive a shake of the head, with a *nicht versteken*, how excessively awkward! I am afraid that on our last travels, we shall most of us be excessively unprepared.

I have been this morning to visit an establishment founded by two brothers, of the name of Van der Maelen. It comprehends natural history, botany, geography, and statistics, and they have, moreover, a lithographic press for maps and plates. It is a very curious, and very spirited undertaking. As yet, the whole has been effected by their own means, which are extensive, and without any assistance from government. How few people in this world employ their money so usefully! This establishment is but yet in its infancy, and the collections are not very valuable, although rapidly increasing, from the interest felt by every one in its welfare.

Of all collections of natural history, the fossil department is, to me, the most interesting; there is room for speculation and reflection, till the mind is lost in its own wanderings, which I consider one of the greatest delights of existence. We are indebted to the vast comprehensive mind, and indefatigable labour of Cuvier, for the gleams of light which have lately burst upon us, and which have rendered what was before mere speculative supposition, now a source of interesting and anxious investigation, attended with results that are as satisfactory as they are undeniable.

That there was a period when the surface of the earth was almost entirely covered with water—a state between chaos and order, when man was not yet created, (for that then the world had not yet been rendered by the Almighty a fit receptacle for man,) appears to be undoubted. Yet the principle of life had been thrown forth by the Almighty hand, and monsters had been endowed with vitality and with attributes necessary for their existence upon an intermediate world.

These were the many varieties of the Ichthyosauri and the Plesiosauri, of whose remains we have now such abundant specimens —all animals of the lizard species; some supposed to have been supplied with wings, like the flying fish of the present day.

But imagine an animal of the lizard species, one hundred and twenty

feet long—imagine such a monster—the existence of which is now proved beyond a cavil, by the remains, deeply imbedded in the hard blue lias rocks, and which are now in our possession. What a terrific monster it must have been! We look with horror at an alligator of twenty or thirty feet, but imagine an animal of that species extending his huge bulk to one hundred and twenty feet. Were they all destroyed when the waters were separated from the land, or did they gradually become extinct when the earth was no longer a suitable habitation for them, and no longer congenial to those properties with which they had been endowed when ordered into existence by the Almighty power? The description of the behemoth, by Job, has long been a puzzle to the learned; we have no animal of the present time which will answer to it, but in many points, this description will answer to what may be supposed would be the appearance, the muscular power, and the habits of this huge denizen of a former world.

"His force is in the navel of his belly.
He moveth his tail like a cedar.
His bones are as strong pieces of brass.
His bones are like bars of iron.
He lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reeds and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow.
The willows of the brook compass him about."

It may be a matter of deep surmise, whether all animals were created as we now find them, and whether the first creation was final—how far the unerring hand will permit a change to take place in the forms and properties of animals, so as to adapt them to their peculiar situations. I would say, whether the Almighty may not have allowed the principle of vitality and life to assume, at various epochs, the form and attributes most congenial to the situation, either by new formation or by change.

May not the monster of former worlds have dwindled down to the alligator of this—the leviathan to the whale? Let us examine whether we have any proofs in existing creation to support this supposition. We all know that the hair of the goat and sheep in the torrid zones will be changed into wool when they are taken to the colder climes, and that the reverse will also take place—we know that the hare and weazel tribes, whose security is increased from their colour so nearly approaching to that of the earth in temperate latitudes, have the same protection afforded to them when they are found in the regions of snow, by their changing to white—and we know that the *rete mucosum* of the African enables him to bear the exposure to a tropical sun, which would destroy an European. But this is not sufficient, we must examine further. Sir Humphrey Davy has given us a very interesting account of a small animal found in the pools of water in the caves in Carniola; this animal is called the *Proteus Anguinus;* it is a species of eel with two feet—it is only to be found in these caves—it lives in darkness, and exposure to the light destroys it. Now, here is an animal which we must either suppose to have been created at the universal creation—and that is to suppose that these caves and pools of water have also existed from the time of the creation—or that the principle of vitality has been

permitted, at a later date, to take that form and those attributes congenial to its situation: it is a curious problem. Again, it is well known that in the continent of New Holland, there are animals who have a property peculiar to that continent alone—that of a pouch or false stomach, to contain their young after their birth; it has been surmised that at one time the major part of that continent was under water, and that this pouch was supplied to them for the safety of their young; nor is this conjecture without strong grounds; if only the kangaroo and opossum tribes, which are animals peculiarly indigenous to that continent, were supplied with this peculiar formation, the conjecture would fall to the ground, as it might fairly be said that this property was only another proof of the endless variety in creation; but the most remarkable fact is, that not only the kangaroo and opossum, animals indigenous and peculiar to that portion of the globe, but that every variety of squirrel, rat, and mouse, which in every other respect are of the same species as those found in the other continents, are all of them provided with this peculiar false pouch to contain their young. Why, therefore, should all these have been supplied with it, if not for a cause? And the question now arises, whether at the first creation they had that pouch, or were permitted so far to change their formation, when the pouch became necessary for the preservation and continuation of the species. That these changes are the changes of centuries, I grant, and therefore are not likely to be observed by man, whose records or whose knowledge are not permitted to be handed down beyond a certain extent. Knowledge is not happiness; and when the accumulation has arrived to that height so as to render it dangerous, it is swept away by the all-wise and benevolent Creator, and we are permitted to begin again *de novo*. After all, what we term posterity is but a drop of water in the ocean of Time.

CHAPTER IX.

Brussels.

There are few people in Brussels, indeed in Belgium, who do not complain of the revolution; all that goes wrong is at once ascribed to this cause—indeed I was rather staggered by one gentleman, at Ghent, telling me very gravely that they had had no fat oxen since the revolution; but this he explained by stating that the oxen were fattened from the refuse of several manufactories, all of which had been broken up, the proprietors having quitted for Holland. The revolution has certainly been, up to the present time, injurious to both countries, but it is easy to foretel that eventually Belgium will flourish, and Holland, in all probability, be bankrupt. The expenses of the latter even now are greater than her revenue, and when the rail roads of Belgium have been completed, as proposed, to Vienna, the revenue of Holland will be proportionably decreased from her loss of the carrying trade. It may be urged that Holland can also have her rail roads—but she cannot: so large a proportion of her population find their support at present on the canals, that a rail road would be productive of the most injurious effects. It is true that she can lower her rates of carriage, but the merchant will save ten days of

transport by the rail roads, and this rapidity of communication will always obtain the preference.

The causes of the Belgian revolution have been but imperfectly known in England: it has generally been supposed that there were no grounds for the separation; but this was not the case. If ever a nation were justified in throwing off their forced allegiance, it was Belgium.

Although twice as large in territory, and double in population, to his previous dominions, Belgium was treated by William of Nassau like a subjugated country, unfairly taxed, unfairly represented, and in every way sacrificed to his favourite United Provinces.

Never was a finer country lost by such obstinate folly and infatuation. Any one desirous to have a fair and impartial account of what took place, should read the work, in two volumes, published by Mr. White.

It was a great error on the part of the Allied Powers making over Belgium to Holland. It should have been incorporated with Prussia, and there then would have been formed a continued and strong chain to have confined France within her legitimate boundaries; and this was due to Prussia, in recompence for her valour, her constancy, and her sufferings.

But whatever may be the future prospects of Belgium, it is certain that, from the heavy expenses attending the support of so large an army, the retirement into Holland of most of the influential and wealthy commercial men, and the defection of almost all the nobility, at present she is suffering. Brussels, her capital, has perhaps been most injured, and is no longer the gay and lively town which it was under the dynasty of King William of Nassau. When the two countries were united, it was the custom of the Dutch Court to divide the year between Brussels and the Hague; and as there was not only the establishment of the King, but also those of Princes William and Frederick, (in fact three courts,) as well as all the nobility of Holland and Belgium, there was an overflow of wealth, of company, and of amusement, which rendered Brussels one of the most delightful winter residences on the Continent: but this has now all passed away. The court of Leopold is but a shadow, as he has been deserted by nearly all the Belgian nobility. The few who reside in town will not visit at the palace, and live in seclusion, receiving no company, and spending no money; the majority, however, have either retired to their country seats, or have left the kingdom to spend their revenue amongst foreigners.

The following has been stated as the cause of this disgust. After the accession of Leopold, the horses of the Prince of Orange were ordered to be sold by public auction; amongst others was the old white charger which had carried his highness on the memorable field of Waterloo. Out of respect to the prince, it was proposed that a subscription should be made to purchase this horse, and send it to him as a present. The intelligence of this subscription got wind, the parties were denounced as Orangists, and an *eméute* was the consequence. In this *eméute*, the houses of many of the nobility were plundered, and to the astonishment of every body, there was no in-

terference or check to this outrage on the part of the government. It is said, that had one or two companies been called out, it might immediately have been stopped; and King Leopold is accused of having winked at, if he did not abet, this commotion. How far this accusation is true it is impossible to say, but this charge is the ground upon which all the Belgian nobility have deserted the court. It is generally believed that the revolutionists perceiving that King Leopold was fast securing the good-will of the Orangists, got up this *emeute* to separate him from them; fearful that a junction with them would destroy their own influence, and deprive them of their situations, the salaries attached to which are equally agreeable to revolutionists and radicals, as to whig or tory.

King Leopold's present position, strange to say, has a strong similarity to that of King William of England—a Protestant himself, in the hands of a Catholic party, a Tory in heart, he has thrown himself into the arms of radicals, whose company he detests, and who have driven from his court all the superior and important aristocracy.

At present there are but few English at Brussels, it being no longer the scene of gaiety, and there are other reasons which gradually decrease the number. The fact is, that Brussels is not a very cheap residence. The duties on every thing are now enormous, and the shopkeepers prey upon the English as much as they can, having avowedly two prices, one for them and the other for the Belgians. There are very few amusements, and the people, since the revolution, are rude and bearish, imagining that by incivility they prove their liberty and independence. The other towns of Belgium are very dull and very cheap—Brussels is very dull and very dear. In another point, Brussels presents a contradiction to all the other capitals of Europe, in which you generally find the most polished manners, and the greatest beauty in the female sex, concentrated. At Brussels it is directly the reverse—the men are bears and the women frights: whereas, in the Belgian provinces you will meet with civility and respect; and at Antwerp, Ostend, and most other provincial towns, fall in with many fine countenances, reminding you of the Spanish blood which has been for centuries mingled with that of the Low Provinces.

Nevertheless there are many advantages in Brussels: the communication with England is so rapid, and its situation is so central, that it may be considered as the point from which travellers diverge on their various routes.

About the end of May the arrivals and departures from Brussels are constant; this stream continues to pour through the city for three months, after which, as the Belgians do not mix with the foreign residents, the latter are left entirely to their own resources for amusement. But the greatest objection to Brussels is, that the English have brought with them the *English feeling*. I hardly know how else to term it, but it certainly is a feeling peculiarly English, which has taken deep root within this last half century, and which has already produced much evil, and may eventually be productive of more serious results. I refer to the system of spending more money

than you can afford, to enable you to hold a certain position in the scale of society.

For these last forty years, during which immense fortunes have been made in England, there has been a continued struggle of wealth against rank. Parvenus, as the aristocracy have been pleased to call them, have started up in every direction, vying with and even eclipsing the nobility in lavish expenditure—in some instances, driving the aristocracy to spend more money than they could afford, and thereby impoverishing them; in others, forcing admittance in their circles. Wealth and public opinion have latterly gained the ascendancy, and the aristocracy are now more looked up to on account of their large possessions, than of their high birth. Now this has been nothing more than a demand for greater liberty and more extended rights on the part of the commoners of England, in proportion as they found themselves a more important body in the state. It has not been a case of Magna Charta, but it is still analogous, for they have demanded that the barrier raised between them and the aristocracy should be thrown down, as soon as they possessed all the advantages, with the exception of that nominal rank, conferred indiscriminately according to the caprice of a mortal as erring as themselves.

As soon as a partial breach had been made in this barrier, every one rushed for admittance, displaying wealth as their ticket of admission, and the consequence has been, that wealth has now become the passport into society; but another consequence has also ensued, which is, that almost every body has been living and keeping up an appearance, which has not been warranted by their means. Many have exceeded their incomes, and then sunk down into poverty; others have perhaps only lived up to their incomes, but in so doing, have disappointed those who, induced by the appearance of so much wealth, have married into families, and discovered that they have obtained wives with expensive ideas, without a fortune to enable them to indulge them. Many have, by appearance of wealth, in a worldly way, provided for a numerous and expensive family. But there have been other reasons which have induced some to live beyond their means—they have done it in the pure spirit of gambling. In England credit, next to money, is of most value, and according to their supposed wealth so did the parties obtain credit; an expenditure beyond their means was, therefore, with commercial men, nothing more than a speculation, which very often succeeded, and eventually procured to the parties the means of expenditure. It is well known that the income tax, in many cases, was paid double; commercial men preferring to give in their income at twice its real value, and pay the tax to that amount, that they might be supposed to possess more than they really had; indeed, as it was supposed that a man would evade so heavy an impost as much as possible, he was generally considered to be worth even more than what he himself had stated. It is from these causes that has arisen what I have called the English feeling, for display beyond the means, and which makes them look down upon those who cannot compete with them in expense. Let a married couple be ever so well connected—let them have talent, and

every other advantage, it will avail them nothing, if they have not money, sufficient at least to keep a carriage, and not shock the mistress of a house by the sound of the rattling steps of a hackney-coach at her door; besides which, in our commercial country, the principle of barter, of *quid pro quo*, is extended even to dinner and evening parties—and the reason is obvious—when people live to the full extent, or even beyond their incomes, a little management is required. A dinner party is so arranged, that the dinners received from others are returned to them, and they cannot afford to ask a couple who cannot give them a dinner in return, as they would fill up the places of others to whom a dinner is due, and who, if not asked then, must be at another time; and an extra dinner is an extra expense to be avoided. The English party, therefore, who have only moderate incomes, have the choice, either to live beyond their means, and leave their children unprovided for, or of being shut out from that society, to which in every other but the adventitious claim of wealth they are entitled. The consequence has been, that since the peace, thousands and thousands have settled on the Continent, that they may make more display with a small income, and thousands more, with a much better feeling, to avoid expense and lay by a provision for their children. Of course, all these remarks are made with reservation, but with reservation, it may be said, that in England we have, or soon shall have, only two classes left, the extreme rich and the extreme poor, for the intermediate classes are gradually retiring to the Continent, emigrating to Canada and America, or sinking down into the latter. This is a most dangerous state of society, and, if carried to the extreme, has always proved ruinous to the state.

Although the immense extent of the Roman Empire may be asserted as the ultimate cause of its downfall, still that downfall was most certainly accelerated by the rottenness at the core, the system of patrons and clients having thrown all the wealth into the hands of a few. Are we not rapidly advancing to this state in England? The landowners are almost at the mercy of the fundholders, who, in fifty years time, will probably have possession of the land as well as of the money. And should there be no check put to this disintegration of society, then must come what the radicals are now so anxious to obtain, the equitable adjustment—and in that case it is a problem how far that may not be really *equitable*, for society may, by degrees, arrive to a state so anomalous as to warrant that the few should be sacrificed for the benefit of the community at large.

(To be continued.)

LE ROI D' YVETOT.

FROM DE BERANGER.

At Yvetot there lived a king,
In history little known,
Who thought that glory (useless thing)
Would not become his throne.
A cotton night-cap graced his brows,
Which Jeannette, mistress of his house
Gave him as crown. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

He breakfasted, he dined, he slept,
As other sovereigns do;
And on a donkey which he kept
Travelled his kingdom through.
Plain, honest, unsuspecting, free,
No other body-guard had he
But a poor dog. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

This sovereign had but one caprice,
He loved a jovial cup,
But kings who wish to live in peace,
Must keep their spirits up.
He never let the flagon pass
Without his tribute of a glass.
This was his tax. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

Him would the village girls admire,
All hailed him with delight,
Whilst his young subjects called him "*sire*"—
And well indeed they might.
'Twas only every now and then
He drilled his little troop of men,
But fired no ball.* O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

He never clipped a neighbouring state
To aggrandise his own,
This pattern for a potentate
Made peace support his throne.
And when this best of monarchs died
His subjects buried him, and cried,
They cried O dear! O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

The portrait of this best of kings,
So loved in days of yore,
Is now a well-known sign, and swings
Above an ale-house door.
And country folks on holidays
Will stop and drink, and as they gaze
Will cry, O dear! O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

J. WARING.

* Tirer au blanc.

every other advantage, it will avail them not
money, sufficient at least to keep a carriage
tress of a house by the sound of the rattling
at her door; besides which, in our com
of barter, of *quid pro quo*, is extend
parties—and the reason is obvious—
tent, or even beyond their incom
A dinner party is so arranged,
are returned to them, and t
cannot give them a dinner
of others to whom a dinne
be at another time; and
avoided. The English
comes, have the cho
their children unpr
to which in every
entitled. The
and thousands
more display
better feel
children.
with re
shall h
poor
ner
lo

Y.

ays disposed
blime, till his
ten. Thomson
n has been con-
Dante, imitating
nd trees talk:—
icy; but who will
est portion of fame,
crept into his writings?
ned on all occasions by that
enius neither creeps along the
: its best successes have arisen from
n when it fails, there is an unconnected
ce. Genius, in fact, knows no mediocrity.
tle minds told their beads, and muttered their
ue presumption of Columbus in venturing to court
h of another world! How many unenthusiastic spirits
expectations, criticized his casual errors, or thwarted and
s plans! yet the continent of America remains for ever, a
and mighty memorial of what originality of thought, combined
determination of purpose, may effect in the very teeth of ignorance
bigotry.

The Quarterly reviewers, who ventured some years back to pronounce an unfavourable verdict on some of our best poets, were doubtless men most learned in the law of criticism. To be, as Butler calls a critic, "clerk to Stationers' Hall," is too often to be either an apocryphal scribbler, whose literary apostacy arises from disappointment, or else the prejudiced votary of established forms and ceremonies, in a court which such a personage would fondly believe is all his own, to the exclusion of the public now, and of posterity hereafter. If poor Keats was the son of a livery-stable keeper, and had never been whipped into the performance of bad hexameters, he was nevertheless the author of poems, the shortest sonnet of which will survive the thousand-and-one philippics of those reviewers who certainly did their best to wither an exotic, intended for a more congenial climate than it was his fate to encounter.

To attempt to control genius by the fetters of classical correctness, or scholastic pedantry, is trifling and childish. It is Xerxes throwing chains into the sea: the "Spiritus intus"—for want of rules will make, and afterwards will gloriously establish them, in spite of the pressure of misfortune, or the cold aspect of contempt.

Because, then, Keats had not wandered under the academic bowers of either university—and because Shelley possessed Utopian notions of government, (we will not speak of his religious principles,) their respective works were fiercely assailed by reviewers, who thought to propagate politics by an attack upon poetry: and who, however sound in their political principles, showed great want of judgment (the more inexcusable in criticism) in thus giving vent to them. As we before remarked, those invectives, although scarce ten years are gone, are forgotten, and it will remain for posterity alone to judge of the works in question. In the mean time we propose culling from the poems of Shelley those flowers, which, though growing in desert wildness, are still to be met with, more beautiful from the very loneliness with which they are surrounded:

weeds to be discussed by those of our brethren, whose quills ink that contains a larger proportion of gall than ours.

Shelley, we are told, began to write at the early age of ublished at that time two novels, called the "Rosi- terozzi." What the merit of these publications may to conjecture: the title of the former gives a suffi- ie and dreamy notions of an inexperienced boy; hat title with the phantasmal creations of his reason to suppose that Shelley, at that age, o the Rosicrucian doctrines of philosophy. f these works, the youthful poet moved hence, in the course of his second term, a more than sceptical dissertation on on enthusiastic as that of Shelley, this his opinions and influenced his feelings itution of his mind was doubtless sufficiently ie novel of the "Rosicrucian," and to such a must have been its conceptions, and undisciplined its capacities, the careful culture of sympathizing friend- ot the stern coldness of offended society, could alone train the ance of promise to advantage. The state of our poet's feelings at s time is sufficiently evinced by his first poem, under the title of "Queen Mab," which, among passages of considerable force and beauty, broaches doctrines, if they may be so termed, the most wild and heterodoxical.

"Queen Mab" opens thus:—

"How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn
When, thron'd on Ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form,
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins,
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy,
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?"

In this commencement we have at once an insight into the poet's feelings: he has been deep in a sceptical soliloquy, in which, as is always the case with a mind unsettled in religion, sublime yet awful images of

death are the first to rise. Two of these are now before Shelley's eye—the blue, decaying, damp marble of Death, and the breathing marble of Sleep. "Both," he says, "are passing wonderful:" they are twin-brothers—the one (he might have added) with the stern uninviting aspect of Cain—the other with the placid, almost divine, beauty of Abel. This is true to nature. "The fraternity," says Dr. Mason Good, in his notes to the translation of Lucretius, "between death and sleep is not less correct upon the principles of physiology, than it is beautiful among the images of poetry." The form of Ianthe is lying as undisturbed and as graceful in its silence as the moulded outline of the chastest marble: is it the solemn calmness of the stern brother, or the spiritual tenderness of the other—will she never wake again?

"Yes! she will wake again:—
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips
Once breathing eloquence
That might have sooth'd a tiger's rage
Or thaw'd the cold heart of a conqueror.
* * * * *
Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark-blue orbs beneath
The baby sleep is pillow'd!"

Here the fancy of Shelley begins to hold up a magic mirror to the spiritual: some of the lines that follow are exquisite.

"Hark! whence that rushing sound?—
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which wandering on the echoing shore
The enthusiast hears at evening:—
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The Genii of the breezes sweep.
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

"Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air:
Their filmy pinions at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light!
These the Queen of spells drew in,
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the etherial car
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

"Oh! not the vision'd poet in his dreams,
When silvery clouds float through the 'wilder'd brain,
When every sight of lovely, wild, and graced,
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates:—
When fancy at a glance combines
The wondrous and the beautiful,
So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
Hath ever yet beheld,
As that which reined the coursers of the air,
And pour'd the magic of her gaze
Upon the maiden's sleep."

In a chariot drawn by celestial coursers the Queen of Spells hath come to visit the slumbering Ianthe. Gracefully and silently doth she glide upon our mind's eye: there is no flourish of winded instruments, no pomp of stars, no parade of dazzling sunbeams, or earthly diamonds. The only anthem to the Queen's glory is the ever-murmuring strains of night, when the majestic ebb and flow of the sea on the pebble-sprinkled shore is answered by the subdued Spirit of Echo hovering on wings of unforgotten fondness over some lone ruin, or lurking in the distant and deepest recesses of the unmoving forest. Yet is the Fairy attended with due and most queenly ornament—Religion herself lending to her state the streaming moonlit hues of the saint-emblazoned window, as tranquil and as lovely as they are etherial.

" The Fairy's frame was slight: yon fibrous cloud
That catches but the faintest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
Where melting into eastern twilight shadow,
Was scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spreads a purpureal halo round the scene."

And now the Queen descends from her celestial car:—

" And the clear silver tones
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear!

FAIRY.

Stars! your balmiest influence shed!
Elements! your wrath suspend!
Sleep, Ocean! in the rocky bounds
That circle thy domain!
Let even the restless gossamer
Sleep on the moveless air!
Soul of Ianthe! thou
Judged alone worthy of the envied boon
That waits the good and the sincere—that waits
Those who have struggled, and with resolute will
Vanquish'd earth's pride and meanness, and have shone
The daystars of their age:—Soul of Ianthe!
Awake—arise!"

The Fairy and the Soul next proceed in their chariot through a wilderness of glories into the vast expanse of space, discoursing on the way of things mortal and immortal, in the course of which the Fairy launches forth in a style, that would do honour to Mr. Carlile, against kings and all that are put in authority under them. We must, however, conclude with the following passages, gems as they are of precious worth beneath much superincumbent rubbish.

As the car moves on, the distant earth is thus described:—

" There was a little light
That twinkled in the misty distance:
None but a spirit's eye
Might ken that rolling orb:
None but a spirit's eye,
And in no other place
But that celestial dwelling, might behold
Each action of this earth's inhabitants.
But matter, space, and time,
In those aërial mansions cease to act,"

* * * * *

The first lesson that the Spirit has to learn is the mutability of man and his works—the tale is trite enough, though somewhat excusable in a young poet, and he gives it in the following, and in more than one other instance, well. The Fairy says—

> " Beside the eternal Nile
> The Pyramids have risen."
>
> " Where is the fame
> Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
> Seek to eternize? *Oh! the faintest sound*
> *From time's light footfall*, the minutest wave
> That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
> The unsubstantial bubble."
>
> " Yon castled steep,
> Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tow'r
> So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
> *A metaphor of peace!*"

There is also much force in the following;—more, perhaps, than in the celebrated stanza in Gray's Elegy, which some critics, with all its beauties, have considered faulty: the originality of the thought will, however, still rest with Gray.

> " How many a rustic Milton has pass'd by,
> Stifling the speechless longings of his heart
> In unremitting drudgery and care!
> How many a vulgar Cato has compell'd
> His energies . . . .
> To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail:—
> How many a Newton!—to whose passive ken
> Those mighty spheres that gem infinity,
> Seem'd only specks of tinsel, fix'd in heaven
> To light the midnights of his native town!
>
> The commerce of sincerest virtue needs
> No balancings of prudence cold and long;
> In just and equal measure all is weigh'd,
> One scale contains the sum of human weal,
> And one the good man's heart!"

The last of which resembles the sweet simplicity of Cowper.

Some years elapsed from the publication of " Queen Mab " to that of Shelley's second poem, entitled, " Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude," which was given to the world in 1815, (its author being then at the age of twenty-three,) and is written in regular and more legitimate blank verse than its predecessor. The motto which precedes " Alastor," from the confessions of St. Augustine—" Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem, amans amare "—is sufficiently emblematic both of the subject of the poem, and of the phantasmal notions of the poet himself.

" It represents," says Shelley in his preface, " a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination both inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives, when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and longs for an intercourse with intelligence superior

to itself. He images the being whom he loves conversant with the sublimest and most perfect natures, uniting all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, or the lover, or the philosopher, could depicture."

Divested of its dreamy character, this preface means only to imply the unregulated efforts of a mind susceptible to beauty, and in no ordinary degree ardent to imagine, but devoid of a presiding influence to control the vagueness of its admiration, or to give life and regularity to its creations. As long as such a mind confines its susceptibilities to a poetic tenderness for all that is sublime or beautiful in visible nature, it will be calm and self-possessed. To look from creation to its Creator is to follow an effect to its cause—to look from creation to a blind, unsympathetic essence, known by the name of Necessity, or by any other term in the infidel's philosophy, is a wresting of a natural effect to meet an unnatural cause. The calmness that before existed no longer remains, and the poet is left to people a vast obscurity with the shadowy phantoms of his bewildered imagination.

Of this character is "Alastor:" the thirst for a communion with intelligence superior to itself, is the restless irregularity of a powerful but undisciplined mind: such as we should expect to find in the sceptic, who acknowledges no limit to human knowledge, because he doubts of Him in whose hands alone it is to place that limit.

It is thus that creation is addressed in the beginning of this poem:—

> "Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!
> If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even
> With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
> *And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;*
> *If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,*
> *And winter, robing with pure snow, and crowns*
> *Of starry ice, the grey grass, and bare boughs;*
> If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
> Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;
> If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast,
> I consciously have injured, but still loved
> And cherish'd these my kindred:—then forgive
> This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
> No portion of your wonted favour now!"

How sweet and gentle are these lines! we can almost see the upraised eyes, and hear the heavings of the poet's bosom as he strikes so tender a prelude upon his lyre. We give what follows at full length.

> "Spirit of this unfathomable world!
> Favour my solemn song, for I have lov'd
> Thee ever, and thee only. I have watch'd
> Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
> And my heart ever gazes on the depth
> Of thy vast mysteries. I have made my bed
> In charnels and on coffins, where black death
> Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
> Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
> Of thee, and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
> Thy messenger, to render up the tale
> Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
> When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
> Like an inspired and desperate alchymist,
> Staking his very life on some dark hope,
> Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks
> With my most innocent love, and tho' ne'er yet
> Thou hast unveil'd thy inmost sanctuary;
> Enough from incommunicable dream,

And twilight phantasms, and deep noonday thought,
Has shone within me, that serenely now
And moveless as a long-forgotten lyre,
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forests and the sea,
And voice of living things, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man."

All this comes from the heart, and is true poetry—but let us proceed:—

"There was a poet, whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence rear'd,
But the charm'd eddies of autumnal winds
Rais'd o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness:
A lovely youth! no mourning maiden deck'd
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
The love-couch of his everlasting sleep:—
Gentle and brave, and generous, no lorn bard
Breath'd o'er his sad fate one melodious sigh,
He liv'd, he died, he sung, in solitude.
* * * * *
By solemn vision and bright silver dream
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth, and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates—he felt
And knew. When early youth had past, he left
His cold fireside and alienated home
To seek strange truths in undiscover'd lands."

The hint of a "cold fireside and alienated home," and the melancholy feeling of solitude which this introduction breathes, are sufficient to identify "Alastor" with Shelley himself, and to draw our sympathies more closely to the poem. That loneliness of heart and soul—that chartless and compassless track of wrecked hopes over a wide and hostile sea, had been felt and had been pursued by the banished bard: yet unlike those whom misfortune or oppression renders bitter, sooner than meet malice by malice, or hate by hate, he would have gone, like some stricken thing, to perish with the waning autumn-leaves in the wilderness. "The Spirit of Solitude" is that of Melancholy, which should, as indeed it does, thrill through every line and speak in every word with a calm and subdued sweetness.

"Alastor," the poet continues, "has pursued Nature's most secret steps—beside volcanoes that sleep but die not—under the snows of centuries—by dark and sluggish lakes—among mines of gold, the numberless halls of which are starred with precious gems:" and

"In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks;
And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er
A dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend
Her timid steps to look upon a form
More graceful than her own!"

"Alastor's" wandering step has visited the ruins of Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, of Memphis, and of Thebes—it has fallen noiselessly and alone amidst crumbling temples, and stalked by

> "Wild images
> Of more than man, where marble demons watch
> The zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
> *Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around!*"

And when the moon

> "Fill'd the mysterious halls with floating shades
> He ever gaz'd,
> And gaz'd, till meaning on his vacant mind
> Flash'd strongest inspiration, and he saw
> The thrilling secrets of the birth of time!"

He has journeyed in the desert watched by an Arab maiden—he has wandered through Arabia and Persia, and laid him down to sleep by a murmuring rivulet in the odorous vale of Cashmere, where

> "He dreamed a veiled maid
> Sat near him, talking in low solemn tones:
> Her voice like to the voice of his own soul,
> Heard in the calm of thought."

After this vision, which is too indistinct to excite the reader's sympathies, Alastor wakes. Whither have fled

> "The sounds that sooth'd his sleep—
> The mystery, and the majesty of earth,
> The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
> Gaze on the empty scene, as vacantly
> As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven."

He is alone—the phantasmal companion of his dreams has gone for ever—Alastor's melancholy grows tinged with despair:—

> "Wildly he wanders on—
> And now his limbs were lean, his scatter'd hair,
> Sered by the autumn of strange suffering,
> Sung dirges to the wind."

At length, having arrived at the sea-shore, he puts forth in a shallop, and how awfully interesting are these lines, when Shelley's subsequent fate is considered!

> "To meet lone death on the drear ocean's waste,
> For well he knew that mighty shadow lov'd
> The slimy caverns of the populous deep."

And now a storm arises—the waves rear their crests on high like angry serpents—the little boat is tossed like a jet of foam amid the roar. Yet still it keeps on its course, now on a level with the stars, as if to commune with the pale lightning that glides innocuously over the wan and wasted form, who sits like "an elemental God,"—at its helm—and now seeking the very depths of the ocean in its decline. A change is however at hand—most beautifully is that change depictured:—

> "A wandering stream of wind,
> Breath'd from the west, has caught the expanded sail,
> And lo, with gentle motion between banks
> Of mossy slope, it sails.
> * * * * *

Where the embowering trees recede and leave
A little space of green expanse—the cove
Is clos'd by meeting banks, *whose yellow flowers*
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes
Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave
Of the boat's motion marr'd their pensive task,
Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,
Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay,
Had e'er disturb'd before. The poet long'd
To deck with their bright hues his wither'd hair;
But on his heart its solitude return'd,
And he forbore."

And so must we forbear, for the beauty of "Alastor" is carrying us beyond our limits. We will end, therefore, by recommending it to our readers as a poem of unequalled pathos, and sufficient of itself to claim a niche for its author in the temple of Fame.

The "Revolt of Islam," a work of twelve cantos in the Spenserian stanza, possesses all the wildness of "Alastor," and much of the absurdity of "Queen Mab," with none of the former's calm and modulated beauty. Whatever pleasure may be derived from individual portions of this poem, the effect of the whole is faulty and unsatisfactory: and may be compared to a mass of imagery heaped together on canvas, with no regard to the rules of nature or art. The plot, ("if plot it may be called, that plot hath none,") indistinct and variable as are the incidents, is involved in the ardent efforts of two lovers to bring about a condition of perfect equality! In the performance of this task they undergo a series of dangers by land and by water—amid plague, famine, and murder—in the dungeon and in the harem—on horseback and on foot—which have no parallel in the pages of the "Terrific Magazine," so fearfully and so extravagantly are they depictured. Cynthia, the heroine, has all the energy of a Joanna Southcott, or her namesake of Arc: and Laver, the hero, for his wonder-working eloquence, might have sung old Cerberus to rest, or charmed to a neglect of their judicial duties the iron hearts of Minos and Rhadamanthus.

In spite however of its eccentricities, which we defy any one without something of a poetic imagination at all to follow, the "Revolt of Islam" contains some real beauties, and is written in a strain, the fervor of which, like the inspired strains of the Pythoness, may be said to approach now and then to a certain wild sublimity. The following is from the dedication, which is written with a calm simplicity by no means betokening the poetic furor that follows:—

"To Mary ——— ———.

1.

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, my own heart's home;
As to his Queen some victor knight of Faery
Winning bright spoils for her enchanted dome:
Nor thou disdain, that e'er my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night,
(If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,)
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thy child of love and light.

2.

The toil, which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended, and the fruit is at thy feet!
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlaced branches mix and meet,
Or where with sound like many voices sweet,

Waterfalls leap among wild islands green,
Which fram'd for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been!

3.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass:
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep, a fresh May dawn it was:
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass
And wept, I know not why, until there rose,
From the near school-room, voices, that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes!

4.

And then I clasped my hands, and look'd around—
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which pour'd their warm drops on the sunny ground;
So without shame I spoke—'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check.' I then controll'd
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was firm and bold."

Some rare passages, which show Shelley's great descriptive powers, could he always have kept his imagination within the compass of judgment, occur in the revolt of Islam, the best of which, (and it cannot be surpassed,) is the following combat between the King of Birds and a Serpent, from the first Canto.

8.

"A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight:
And now relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before the aërial rock on which I stood,
The eagle hovering, wheel'd to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude!

9.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein—
Feather and scale inextricably blended.
The serpent's mail'd and many-coloured skin
Shone thro' the plumes its curls were twin'd within
By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high
And far the neck receding lithe and thin
Sustain'd a crested head, which warily
Shifted and glanced before the eagle's steadfast eye!

10.

Around—around—in ceaseless wheeling,
With clang of wings and scream, the eagle sail'd
Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs, sometimes, as if it failed,
Drooped thro' the air; and still it shrieked and wail'd:
And casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathed serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak!

11.

What life, what power, was kindled, and arose
Within the sphere of that appalling fray!
For from the encounter of those wondrous foes
A vapour, like the sea's suspended spray,
Hung gathered: in the void air, far away
Floated the shattered plumes; bright scales did leap,
Where'er the eagle's talons made their way,
Like sparks into the darkness: as they sweep
Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep!

12.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,
And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;
Sometimes the snake around his enemy's neck
Lock'd in stiff rings his adamantine coil,
Until the eagle, faint with pain and toil,
Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
Languidly flutter'd, hopeless so to foil
His adversary, who then rear'd on high
His red and burning crest, radiant with victory!

13.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
Where they had sunk together, would the snake
Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge
The wind with his wild writhings; for to break
That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
The strength of his unconquerable wings
As in despair; and with his sinewy neck
Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,
Then soar—as swift as smoke from a volcano springs!

14.

Wile baffled wile, and strength encountered strength
Thus long, but unprevailing. The event
Of that portentous fight appear'd at length,
(Until the lamp of day was almost spent
It had endur'd,) when lifeless, stark and rent,
Hung high that mighty serpent, and at last
Fell to the sea, *while o'er the continent,*
With clang of wings and scream the Eagle pass'd
Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast!"

We may safely say, that nothing in the English language can excel this passage, which for faithfulness and vigour of delineation, propriety of diction and truth in the abstract to nature, (supposing such a combat as probable as it is possible,) may be pronounced sublime. There is also a frightful vividness in the following picture of a pestilence, a prosaic counterpart of which may be found in the sad but too faithful narration of Defoe;—it is from the sixth canto:—

46.

" There was a desolate village in a wood,
Whose autumn-stricken leaves now scattering fed
The hungry storm; it was a place of blood,
A heap of hearthless walls; the flames were dead
Within those dwellings now—the life had fled
From all those corpses now, but the wide sky
Flooded with lightning was ribb'd overhead
By its black rafters, and around did lie
Women, and babes, and men, slaughter'd promiscuously!

47.

Beside the fountain in the market place
Dismounting, I beheld those corpses stare
With ghastly eyes upon each other's face,
And on the earth, and on the vacant air,
And upon me—close to the waters, where
I stoop'd to slake my thirst:—I shrank to taste,
For the salt bitterness of blood was there,
But tied the steed beside, and sought in haste,
If any yet surviv'd in that disastrous waste!

48.

No living thing was there beside one woman
Whom I found wandering in the streets, and she
Was withered from a likeness of aught human
Into a fiend by some strange misery:
Soon as she heard my steps she leap'd on me,
And glued her burning lips to mine, and laugh'd
With a loud, long, and frantic laugh of glee,
And cried—'Now, mortal, thou hast deeply quaff'd
The plague's blue kisses—soon millions shall pledge the draught!

49.

'My name is Pestilence—this bosom dry
Once fed two babes—a sister and a brother—
When I came home, one in the blood did lie
Of three death-wounds, the flames had ate the other!
Since then I have no longer been a mother;
But I am Pestilence; hither and thither
I flit about, that I may slay and smother,
All lips which I have kiss'd must surely wither,
But Death's:—if thou art he, we'll go to work together!

50.

'What seek'st thou here? the moonlight comes in flashes,—
The dew is rising dankly from the dell—
'Twill moisten her, and thou shalt see the gashes
In my sweet boy, so full of worms—but tell
First what thou seek'st.'—'I seek for food.'—'Tis well,
Thou shalt have food. Famine, my paramour,
Waits for us at the feast—cruel and fell
Is Famine, but he drives not from his door
Those whom these lips have kiss'd, alone. No more, no more.'"

We gladly turn from these horrors to the tender narrative of Laver's affection for the girlish Cynthia; which, though deficient in that sweet power to affect the sympathies, for which some of our contemporary poets are so justly celebrated, is nevertheless somewhat touching: with this we shall, for the present, conclude our lengthened extracts.

23.

"She mov'd upon this earth a shape of brightness,

* * * * *

In her lightness,
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders thro' the waste air's pathless blue
To nourish some far desert: she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.

* * * * *

25.

Once she was dear; now she was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old; so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wander'd with mine where earth and ocean meet,
Beyond the aërial mountains, whose vast cells
The unreposing billows ever beat,
Thro' forest wide and old, and lawny dells,
Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald wells!

* * * * *

28.

* * * * *

For ever day and night we two were ne'er
Parted, but when brief sleep divided us:
And when the powers of the lulling air
Of noon beside the sea, had made a lair
For her sooth'd senses, in my arms she slept,
And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
While as the shifting visions o'er her swept,
Amid her innocent rest by turns she smil'd and wept!"

W. G. T.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VESPER HYMN.

BY L. M. J. M.

CREATOR of th' eternal soul!
Lord of those countless worlds that roll
Through boundless ether, spreading light!
We bless thee for the gift of night.

When calm, (as airs of evening play
O'er shutting flowers,) we sink away,
O'ercome by death-resembling sleep,
Do thou, O GOD! "the city keep."

GOD of our fathers! night by night
Adored, in darkness as in light!
Thy praise shall come, a welcome guest,
And sanctify our bed of rest.

LETTER FROM A FEMALE FRIEND IN PURGATORY.

TO THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON, AT RIO DE JANEIRO, APRIL 1835.

" There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

HAMLET.

My DEAR MADAM,

As I have no doubt that, on your departure from your present earthly abode, your first introduction will be to this land of penitential shadows, where, from all I hear, your residence is likely to prove a long one, I think it but friendly in me to make you a little *au fait* at what you are to expect. I take advantage of the departure of an obliging shade, who has received permission to revisit earth for a quarter of an hour, in order to warn the bosom friend, to whose care he consigned his young orphans, against the robbery he meditates upon them: the shade sets off from hence exactly at midnight, and having executed his own commission, (for which his mere appearance and a warning gesture will be sufficient,) he calculates that he shall have quite time to cross the Atlantic to Rio, lay this letter on the top-fold of your nightcap, so that you cannot turn without its rustling, and be back here within the allotted time. Be so good as to take a copy the moment you have discovered it, as by noon it will have dissolved; perhaps even before then, from the warmth of your climate.

Alas, my dear friend! you will scarcely credit that *I*, so prudent in my conduct, so correct in my dealings, and so precise in my demeanor, should be condemned to purgatory: not, it is true, to its lowest grade, (for it has many grades,) nor yet to its highest; but I am placed in a sort of middle state of suffering, which, by-the-by, is by far the most crowded.

You are aware that being a true descendant of the M'Dawdles, and born and bred in the thriving and righteous city of G———, whose inhabitants are employed with equal industry in the care of their souls and the filling of their purses, where even the pure air of heaven is not enjoyed but in due measurement, especially on Sundays; I grew up as staid, as orderly, as prim, and as ugly, (I am proud to say it,) as most of my townswomen. A brother of my mother's, who had left home a bare-footed, red-headed boy, had made some money in India—honestly or not I never asked—but he had some money, and as I found myself a lone woman, I plainly saw that it was my bounden duty to proceed to Bath, to take care of my bilious and irritable old uncle.

He died, leaving me all he was worth, to my inexpressible grief.

The milder climate and more cheerful society of Bath decided me to remain there in preference to returning to my northern home.

I never married: " Those who marry do well, but those who do not marry do better;" and my conviction that a single life was the most favourable to the practice of virtue, induced me to remain in celibacy. I acknowledge, moreover, that I was never put to the temptation of an offer, which I regarded as a signal interposition of Providence in my favour.

My amusements were of the most innocent nature: a social tea-party, a hand at whist, visiting, collecting, and distributing of news. I was fond of my money, (*that* I must own to,) I had acquired it at the time of

life when we have learnt its value; I had acquired it too by the most painful exercise of patience, and a at great sacrifice of time and temper; I naturally therefore thought twice before I paid a penny once. I never could prevail upon myself to make my will, but to prove the share I possessed in the best sympathies of our nature, I left a slip of paper, intimating the sum that was to be appropriated to the maintenance of my two cats, and bequeathing to old Jenny, who had served me and mine faithfully for thirty years, a month's extra wages, and the best of my old black gowns.

One evening at a friend's house I lost a large sum at sixpenny whist; I confess that I was so irritated by my long run of bad luck, that I left the house in a rage, without waiting for the girl Peggy, who had not arrived with the lanthorn and pattens: the night was cold, dark, and wet; I fell into a pool or large puddle, where Peggy found me floundering: I was conveyed home; fever and inflammation rapidly came on, and I died.

Conceive my astonishment, my dear madam, instead of being wafted on the soft and fragrant wings of my sister-angels towards the seventh heaven, there to enjoy the reward of my blameless life, I was hurried off, I can scarcely tell how, or by what manner of beings, and popped down *here*, where I had scarcely a moment to think before I was audibly and publicly accused of—avarice, uncharitableness, hypocrisy, slander, prudery, and presumption!

I forbear to dwell on my feelings at this terrible disappointment, and the scenes that followed: I hasten to my promised description.

What the other degrees of purgatory may be, I cannot say; but here we have not a glimpse of the sun, moon, or stars; we have neither day nor night; one unchanging lurid gleam fills and pervades every thing; all is without life or motion, for not a breath of air moves the glassy lake that lies stretched out before us, or bends the long and arid grass, or waves the chiselled-looking leaves of the stunted trees; and this lake, this grass, and these stunted trees, are the only furniture of our abode; all of one colour, if colour that may be called which seems no more than the effect of the peculiar light I have described.

We have no clothing; a portion of grey mist is assigned to each, in which we involve ourselves; this is distressing, for although we are but *outline*, yet only imagine a maiden lady from the rigid city of G——— with nothing but a piece of transparent mist to cover her outline! and I acknowledge with shame that my share is more scanty than that of most others, as a sort of punishment for my former prudery.

We retain the power of speech, our senses, the passions of our human nature, and, in some degree, its wants; but we do not eat, drink, or sleep. We are intended to remain absorbed in the contemplation of the errors of our life, and in repentance for them, subduing by degrees all that is evil in our nature, and attaining that portion of pure spirituality, which will fit us for the next ascending step in purgatory. Every degree becomes more agreeable, and our efforts are proportionably more easy, as the spirits of evil have less and less dominion over us, until being completely purified from every stain of earth, we arrive at the goal of perfect virtue and happiness.

But the worst of it is, these same spirits of evil, who are only invisibly present on earth, are here permitted to show themselves; they hover about us in the most seducing forms, leading us into all manner of mischief. To counterbalance, however, the great danger of their presence, the privilege is equally extended to spirits of good, by whom we are warned, strengthened, and consoled, by whom also we are rewarded and punished. However lovely and fascinating the forms of evil may be, they never can be mistaken for those of good; for besides the wild, rest-

less, and malignant expression of the eye, which it is impossible entirely to suppress, they want the light brilliant radii which invariably encircle the brow of the good spirits, and which the evil ones are forbidden to imitate: these latter are literally "shorn of their beams."

Whatever luxury or enjoyment of your former condition you may covet, will be supplied amply and in perfection by these tempters; a wish will bring them, and all that you unlawfully desire, to your side, and for every time you give way to your own weakness and their persuasions, the term of your residence here is prolonged: but should they succeed in drawing you into excess, in attracting your thoughts altogether, or in imbuing you with any new evil passion, they obtain power to bear you away to the next lower degree of purgatory, and so on in pretty nearly the same ratio as the good spirits would have proceeded with you in a contrary direction: of course, it is always possible for you to stop in your downward career, and ultimately to return; but at every step the matter becomes more difficult, and a return from the lowest degree of purgatory is an event of great rarity. We occasionally observe our companions disappearing in both ways: those that the good spirits take, being gently supported by them, float away upwards until lost to the sight; those that the evil spirits have gained, are borne off with equal gentleness, but they proceed across the lake, and appear at a great distance to sink into it. Our numbers are constantly recruited, first, from earth; secondly, from the degree of purgatory immediately above us; and thirdly, from that immediately below us. Our reception of the new comers from earth varies according to their rank and estimation there, their age, sex, and profession, the sort of errors they have to expiate, &c. &c. Those who fall from the neighbouring upper sphere, are great "big wigs" among us, and the more disdainful and sullen the manner of these fallen shades, the more we usually court them; but it is another thing with those who rise from the sphere below us: we look upon them as *parvenus*, hold back from their society, and treat them very much *de haut en bas*.

You may rest assured, my dear friend, that it is my firm intention to repent and to amend, and consequently to expedite my departure as much as possible; but at the same time I confess, that there are some little comforts I do not feel inclined to forego, merely for the sake of *shortening* my stay. At first, I had great horror at sight of the evil spirits, (as they are somewhat harshly called,) but, on a nearer acquaintance, I must acknowledge I found them more polite, respectful, and accommodating, than their far better and wiser opponents; they always meet me with a look of pity and kindness, extolling the purity of my former life, and offering to do every thing they can to soften the rigours of my present comfortless abode; at the same time assuring me that they would not, for the unlimited control of all purgatory, lead me into any action that could materially injure my real welfare; "but where," say they, "is the harm of a few innocent amusements to vary the dull routine of your present existence? You cannot always be wrapt up in contemplation and prayer; a little relaxation would relieve, strengthen, and render you more capable of toiling up the rugged pathway, that leads to a higher, and, no doubt, happier sphere; an innocent rubber of whist, a little lively conversation on events passing at the exemplary city of your birth, or at Bath, would amuse and cheer you, and what harm *could* they possibly do?"

You no doubt feel the force of this reasoning as well as myself; I consented to try their little scheme of amusement for once: conceive my delight when I found myself suddenly transported into a charming boudoir, brilliantly lighted within, and the moon appearing to peep through the perfumed wreathes, that shaded the open windows from without; a

balmy breeze played around us, strains of sweetest music floated at intervals on the air, a dear little card-table occupied the centre, and tears of joy sprung to my eyes, when I recognised my old friends the kings, queens, and knaves, the triumphant ace, the long fish, and the round counters. Refreshments of the most delicate and savoury kind, the rarest and most delicious wines, were placed on a side table; my appetite returned, and I had scarcely patience to make my ceurtsy to three very fashionable looking shades, before I began to gratify it. O my dear friend, the "forbidden feast" was, indeed, a treat. Eve never could have enjoyed her apple more than I did the good things thus suddenly set before me, and for a full quarter of an hour I *did* eat and drink, occasionally returning to the attack during my stay. A splendid pier-glass reflected my shade, no longer arrayed in its scanty bit of blue mist, but with draperies of silver gauze floating gracefully round it, confined at the waist with a richly wrought zone; gems sparkled in my hair, an unusual colour glowed in my cheek, and joy lighted up my eyes with a brilliancy unknown to them before. My three companions were also magnificently attired, and with them I sat down to whist in the highest spirits imaginable. The lady was the shade of an exclusive of the first order; I had heard of her residence here, but had never seen her until now; one of the gentlemen had been a diplomatist of some celebrity, and the other had been a young and dissipated nobleman, who had died in the flower of his age. You may imagine my pride at finding myself in such company; these charming shades were not, it is true, very familiar in their manner towards me, they unbent with considerable dignity, but I, on my part, did all I could to instal myself in their good graces.

The lady made some novel and pointed observations, to which I, ofcourse, smilingly assented: she said, "that purgatory, if properly managed, was no bad place, so long as we could command our earthly comforts, and select our own society; but that it was a sad oversight not to class its different degrees in a more correct manner; one or two ought to have been exclusively devoted to the shades of the aristocracy; that, as to the blessed abode itself, she could never succeed in forming any very agreeable idea of it; she had no notion of singing psalms perpetually in company with the good sort of people it contained: decidedly purgatory was the best style of place, could a part of it be preserved free from intrusion."

I ventured to hint, assuming a little tone of consequence, "how happily I had lived on my own fortune at Bath, and how much I wished myself back again."

"Bath!" she repeated, with an air of disdain. I then thought it better to look back to the north, and spoke pompously of my native city. The lady stared, and the party looked at each other, with their nostrils extended, and the corners of their mouths drawn down. "Spare me, I beseech you!" she said, "I am but a shadow, and the very idea of the place you mention is enough to make me evaporate. I suppose we shall have Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, next; spare me, I beseech you!" and she called for her salts; the diplomatist looked wise and grave, as I understand diplomatists usually do, and the young lord giggled.

When the allotted time was concluded, and I found myself again in my grey mist, seated under a stunted tree on the harsh reedy grass, with that everlasting lake spread out before me, and shades silently gliding and sighing around me, I felt more miserable than ever. A sort of commotion was taking place; and on looking up to ascertain the cause, I observed a spirit of good advancing, who had often kindly spoken to and advised me. I shrank from its observation, but could not escape it; it paused for an instant before me, with a look of calm displeasure; it did not speak, but having made a gesture of impressive warning, it passed

on, surrounded by a number of shades, whom it was exhorting and comforting. I slipped off to have a peep at the register, and found that against my name was a small mark, and the indefinite term of my stay was extended to one month in addition, by the measurement of earthly time. This punishment, you will say, was not severe; and really, for the sake of a few months more or less, I do not feel tempted to give up the occasional indulgence of a few hours like those I have enjoyed; they are really worth their cost, *but I am resolved to go no farther.*

At my next invitation a few additions were made to our party, and I then found that there exists a little circle here, which spreads itself no farther than it can help, and keeps itself carefully from view. It consists only of shades of fashion; its constitution rather puzzled me; you perhaps may find out, but I have not yet been able to discover, what are the exact requisites to secure an *entrée;* not talent—for we have some shades here of high literary or other talented celebrity, and they are seldom or ever seen within its orbit; nor wealth—those who have possessed *it* only, are particularly slighted; nor worth I am sure, for it is reported that more shades, in proportion, are conveyed across the lake from this coterie than from any other part of our purgatory; nor is it always the having possessed beauty, or accomplishments, or rank, or polished manners. I wonder much why *I* was introduced, it is true, as yet I only hang on the outer rim of this alluring yet repulsive circle; and those shades who cannot approach it, and therefore are malevolent and jealous, declare that a *nobody* was wanted to occupy my place at whist; for that several shades had been carried off across the lake, from the very chair they have placed me in; also, that my obsequiousness, humility, and utility, are qualities occasionally necessary, and please them, provided that a proportionate degree of reserve and hauteur is observed towards those who are not of their set; and that all this I am assiduously trying to practise. So say the jealous and malevolent, but I despise their insinuations.

Many of us have peculiar kinds of punishment for some particular propensity; my scanty piece of mist may serve as an example, but my friend the diplomatist has, if possible, one more annoying: he is compelled to put into plain intelligible phrase all the wordy nonsense he ever wrote: he is literally, at times, up to his neck in gilt-edged paper, with large seals, and wasteful envelopes. As you know I had at Bath some little reputation as a *Blue Stocking,* I good-naturedly try to assist him, and to catch, fix, and arrange in some sort of meaning, all the little *humming* words that are constantly flying out of his budget, and bursting like bubbles as they escape: I have caught lots of "exciting circumstances" by the tail, and tacked them as a sort of excuse to "modifications of opinion, and slight deviations from avowed principles:" when I find "profoundest secrecy," I wait patiently until some scrap "about nothing" turns up: "impracticability," and "inexpediency," are useful words, and very plentiful, they serve infallibly as reasons: the compliments, although numerous, are so light and Frenchified, that they always evaporate before I can seize them. There are letters in the budget that are really curiosities, proving the invaluable power of words in *not* expressing sense or meaning, and the force and tact with which the most contradictory statements may be brought to bear upon a subject, leaving us (the readers) considerably more puzzled at the end of the composition than we were at the beginning; but, at the same time, attributing this effect to our own want of comprehension and intelligence, to any thing, in short, rather than to the well-turned phrases and choice expressions of the common run of diplomatic letters. I observed, also, some communications from men of real celebrity in this profession, and I found them uniformly plain, simple, and to the point; putting me in mind of Sir William Temple's frank avowal—"I confound and thwart all the deep-

laid schemes of my foreign professional opponents, by merely speaking the truth."

I could detail, as you may imagine, many an interesting character, and many a curious history; but I should scarcely know where to begin, or where to end: and although in these respects we abound in variety, yet is there such an apparent calm, and such a quiet sameness over this region of expiation, that a dull sense of weariness, sufficient to tame even *my* curiosity, is the prevailing feeling; for none of the peccadilloes in which we indulge ourselves are ever *seen*; even the shade of an alderman becomes invisible, while feasting on turtle-shadow; all our forbidden enjoyments are deceptious, but, to those who enjoy them, have even more than the delight and perfection of reality. I must confess, that those shades who resist temptation, who patiently suffer, and who resolutely apply themselves to their great task, the one thing needful, are probably on the whole the happiest; for time to them is fraught with interest, and if they have not moments of keen enjoyment, neither have they hours of gloomy apathy; if their path be rugged and desolate, it is lighted by the beacon of hope, and smoothed by the gentle and consoling communion of the blessed spirits; and then, if we look to the *finale!* O really, I must not delay in putting my good resolutions in practice; at least, I shall indulge myself a *very little* while longer indeed.

By the last arrival from G———, I heard, to my great joy, that the rich M'Grubs, whom I never could endure, had failed; and from Bath, that the *beautiful and accomplished* Mrs. Arundel, who used to look when she met me, as though I was not good enough to breathe the same air with herself, has committed a *faux pas*. All this good news has put me quite in spirits: I suppose we shall have Mrs. Arundel here soon, and I promise you I will pay her off in kind; for nothing has ever yet, or shall ever induce *me* to associate with a fie-fie shade; unless, indeed, it be one of rank and fashion, who has only been *suspected* on earth, however decided her conviction in purgatory: such shades I understand are tolerated here in the first circles; but this is the utmost boundary to which I can carry my liberality on this point; I even turn away my head to avoid bowing to the good spirits when I observe them in communion with these creatures, which I blush to say they are very frequently, and two or three departures in the right direction have even taken place from this class since my residence here, while the delightful young nobleman, who is generally my partner at whist, against whom the principal accusation is only that of having been somewhat of a *roué*, is, they say, absolutely in danger of disappearing by the opposite road. I trust this is not true, for it would grieve me to the heart.

I feel that it may excite your surprise, and even incredulity, to be told, that under the circumstances I have detailed, any of us can be so silly as to give way to temptation, and to turn for an instant from the right path, when there is not an atom of doubt as to the consequences, and when we are visibly surrounded by spirits, whose intentions, whether good or evil, are known to all. But it ought not to surprise any inhabitant of earth that such should be the case: are you not equally surrounded with warnings, not perhaps so visible to the eyes of the body, but equally so to the eyes of the mind? Every benefit that you enjoy, and every ill that you suffer, are equally warnings; the happiness of virtue, the misery of vice, are as apparent to you as if the presiding spirit of each stood before you; natural and revealed religion warn you of future states of existence, and both point directly to the paths that lead to them. If you wilfully close your understanding to all this, will it open, although "one rose from the dead?"

This sounds very like preaching, but it is so easy, and gives one so much consequence, to preach! Although I hear you are yet in rude

health, I still hope to have the satisfaction of seeing you here before I leave, and as I am sure you, like myself, will find the rules too severe to be rigidly adhered to at first, I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to our coterie, and will even give you up my envied and calumniated chair at whist, and be ready to do you any other little friendly office in my power. In the mean time, believe me, my dear madam,

Ever the affectionate and faithful shade
Of your departed Friend,
MARGARET M'DAWDLE.

Purgatory, 7th Degree.

THE LIBRARY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

OH! marvel not that day by day
I love to seek this quiet room,
Although the thoughtless and the gay
Deem it a haunt of lonely gloom.

The shelves around, whose crowded rows
Appear so dull and grave to thee,
To my enraptured sense disclose
A bright and goodly company.

Lessons of varied kinds they teach,
They tell me tales of former times;
Nay, oft assume the very speech
Of distant lands and foreign climes.

Nor strive they with officious zeal
My praise and notice to command,
Each with persuasive, mute appeal,
Invites my eye and courts my hand.

Sometimes a stranger I select,
On whom my eager gaze to bend,
Sometimes salute with fond respect
An old and well-remembered friend.

And many a friend surrounds me here
Of long-tried worth and changeless truth,
Some, my wise guides through life's career,
Some, the dear playmates of my youth.

Even in childhood's opening day
My shining toys I oft forsook,
And stole to solitude away,
To hold sweet converse with a book.

And, as new comprehension came,
More brightly glowed instruction's page,
And lighted with a steady flame
The path of my advancing age.

Most soothing then appears this scene,
Renewing fancies of the past;
Where knowledge has our first-love been
It seldom fails to be our last.

What varied claims invite my choice,
Historians here their records pour,
Statesmen contend with fluent voice,
Sages reveal their learned store;

Philosophers the secrets tell
Treasured by nature and by art,
Poets unfold with sweeter spell
The secrets of the human heart:

And writers purer, nobler yet,
Soaring all earthly themes above,
With faithful zeal before us set
The blessed truths of gospel love!

Such truths indeed one volume fill,
Our safeguard through this world of strife,
Beyond all works of human skill,
The Book of Wisdom and of Life.

Yet mortal skill each holy truth
May place in lights distinct and plain,
To fix the faith of timid youth,
And prove the sceptic's doubtings vain.

And mortal pen may well express
The fortitude that never faints,
The patience, peace, and holiness
Of God's own band, his chosen saints.

Encompassed by such spirits here,
Whose voices reach me from the dead,
Shall I desert this tranquil sphere,
And seek the trifling crowd instead?

When o'er these volumes I have hung
A few absorbing hours, I then
With spirits braced, and nerves new strung,
Can go among my fellow men.

Secure that if ordained to meet
With disappointment, care, or pain,
I soon can seek my still retreat,
And greet my silent friends again.

Nay, smile not at my warmth—I deem
My loved pursuits of better worth
Than pleasure's spell, ambition's dream,
The praise of man, the pomps of earth.

Oh! would that all who own their ties
The glittering thraldom could resign,
And learn to cherish and to prize
Such calm and peaceful joys as mine.

TOUR OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

CHAPTER I.

Leave Catania to ascend Ætna—Lava of 1669*—Fertility and Productions of the Piedmontese region—Inferior Mountains of Monte Rosso—Snow Stores—Casa Inglese, ascend the Cone—Sunrise—Great and smaller Craters—Ordinary Configuration of the Summit—Observations respecting the Eruptions, and Nature of the Lavas—Caverns—Elevation of Ætna—Thermometrical heights.*

On the 18th of June I left Catania with two friends to ascend Ætna, and make a complete tour of the base of this beautiful mountain. Nothing can be wilder or more striking than the aspect of the lava of 1669, which we traversed immediately on leaving the town. The sciara presents the appearance of enormous black rocks heaped confusedly one upon the other, of a size worthy of the missiles of Polyphemus and his brethren: this torrent, which flowed one hundred and sixty years since, shows little signs of vegetation: in some places the surface is still entirely bare, the soil is rarely any where more than an inch in depth, except in the crevices, in which the earth has collected in greater quantity. Having crossed this and several similar streams, we passed through the villages of St. Agata and Treniesteri, built on the lower edge of the mountain; the country round both is exuberantly fertile. Mascaluccia, which numbers fifteen hundred souls, is situated on one of the pleasantest spots imaginable. These lovely, if the volcanic ravages forbid us to call them happy, regions at the foot of Ætna luxuriate in a perpetual spring. In no part of the world are found clearer rivulets, more delicious fruits, or more beautiful flowers. The pistachio, male and female, called by the Sicilians Scomabecco, is very common, the latter does not bear unless fructified by the flowers of the former. There are several methods of effecting this, the best is by engrafting; but the gardeners often dry the male blossoms, and reducing them to a powder, scatter it over the female tree when in bloom: sometimes they hang bunches of the male flower on the boughs of the female, leaving them to dry, which they say is always attended with success; the leaves of the male are softer, smaller, and of a darker colour than those of the other, and its flowers are more compact. The almond, the peach, the chesnut, the carubba, or locust tree, the orange, the lemon, the cherry, the olive, mulberry and fig, the pear and the vine, delight the eye, and invite the appetite at every step; whilst the air is perfumed by a profusion of the most fragrant flowers and herbs: thyme, marjorum, balm, spica-nardus, hyssop, basil lavender, merum verune, fœnum græcum, black hellebore and orchys, clothe the ascents. As you advance through Massa Annunciette and Moripilleri, the fertility appears, if possible, to increase. Here are to be found the manna tree, the false palma Christi or Ricinum Americanum, and the false cinnamon or venter, which perhaps gave rise to Brydone's strange story of the spices met

with in the parched ravines of the mountain. It was near ten when we reached Nicolosi, where we suffered greatly from the heat, owing to the ferid black sand with which the neighbouring plains are overspread, which refracts the rays of the sun to a degree almost insupportable. The thermometer of Fahrenheit, which stood in Catania, at noon on the preceding day, at seventy-five, rose at Nicolosi to eighty-three. Having put up our horses and refreshed ourselves, we crossed these burning sands to ascend Monte Rosso, a work of no little difficulty in the season, and at the hour in which we undertook it. This hill has a bifid summit: it is said to be two miles in circuit, and is, according to Borelli, one hundred and fifty paces in height: it seemed to me considerably more, though the half mile of Sir W. Hamilton is an absurd exaggeration. The crater appeared about one hundred yards in diameter: its depth is inconsiderable, having been nearly filled up by the same shower of ashes, which now cover a space of two miles round the mount; but which, at the time of the eruption, were spread over fifteen, and were caused, says Spallanzani, by the trituration of the scoriæ in the air. The base of the lava the same observer found to be horn stone, which serves as a matrix for feltspathose and shoerlaceous crystallizations; loose shoerls are found here in great quantity. From the summit we had a fine view of the current, which issued from this hill in 1669, which is one of the most remarkable and extensive streams that ever flowed from Ætna. With its different branches it resembles a vast river, throwing its arms in various directions over the country, whilst the main body sweeps majestically on toward the sea.

We dined at Nicolosi, and resumed our journey in the afternoon. Three miles from the village is the Monastery of San Nicolao dell' Arena. Cluverius places here the ancient town of Ætna with more reason than Teazzello, who supposes it to have stood on the site of the present Mascali.

The numerous conical mountains, which rear their heads on Ætna, are really what they appear to be, its children; the venerable parent may, with Cybele, boast its agony, as

Omnes cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

Our road lay by several of them, Mounts Sandio, Sona, Sicillienti, and others: they have all been formed by eruptions, and all contain craters. In subsequent visits to Ætna, I have ascended many, and they amply repay the trouble: the date of their formation is unknown. According to Spallanzani, we are acquainted with that of Monte Rosso only, to which we may perhaps add, that which sprang from the eruption of 1811. The craters of these mounts are highly interesting, and well worth the attention of the naturalist; so many ages have elapsed since they first started from the bowels of Ætna, that, from being scenes of desolation and horror, they have become the most beautiful and fertile spots on the face of the globe. The interior of these craters is, for the most part, lined with fine and lofty trees, rising in a natural and majestic amphitheatre; whilst the surface is covered by a verdant carpet, variegated by the harmonized colours of a thousand different flowers. In such groves as these we

need not desire, with Virgil, those of Hæmus, though thinking of them in the burning plain below we might exclaim,—

O quis me montibus Ætnæ
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

We soon after entered the woody region, which surrounds the mountain, in the guise of a vast belt. Many of the trees are of great age; but excepting the chestnuts, not of extraordinary growth. I was surprised at the rarity of young trees; at times, for a considerable distance, I met with none; where this occurred, it was probably occasioned by the fall of ashes and other substances, which covered the ground to some depth after the trees had taken root in the soil beneath, in which they continue to flourish, although their seeds perish, the ashes not being yet in a state sufficiently advanced to admit fresh vegetation. In other parts it might be almost as properly called the flowery as the woody region, so numerous and so beautiful is its Flora. In the woods are seen the chestnut, the oak, the beech, the fir, the ash, the birch, the black fig towering above the asphodelus ramosus, the thorn, the solanum, the dypsacus, the harum, the caryophillus pratensis, and unnumbered other shrubs and flowers. The earth is often covered for miles with the Ginista alpina and the beautiful Ginista flore pendulo, the smilax aspera and barberis: it is not a little surprising to see the hardy tragachanta continue its vegetation in the midst of the snows, and yield only to the incrusted ice of the upper regions.

This part of Ætna abounds in scenes of romantic and picturesque sublimity. Sometimes a frowning and rugged torrent of lava crossed our path; at others, a mountain stream came foaming down near us, deeply engulfed in a bed of its own making, worn into the rock or sciara. Brydone very justly remarks, that the time required for these water-courses to eat their channels to so considerable a depth, is vastly great, and gives us a high idea of the antiquity of the mountain; which is increased by the observation of Spallanzani, that the forests and verdure of the lower and middle regions having been celebrated by the earliest writers, it appears that the commencement of this vegetation is lost in the obscurity of time. How many ages before must have been the epoch of the flowing of these lavas, to the slow decomposition of which the fertility is indebted for its origin! At one moment we were quietly riding through a fine forest, in the next carefully leading our horses along the edge of some frightful precipice; but the scene soon became still wilder, the trees gradually grew stunted in size, one species, then another dropped, until we were left alone with the hardy fir and pine; but even these at length disappeared, and we found ourselves among the dark lavas, the barren rocks, and the eternal snows of the upper regions.

Nothing can be imagined more desolate than the scene now before us. The absence of all vegetation—the fantastic forms of the torrents of lava—the patches of snow which crowned the elevations all around us, and lay deep in the ravines—the cone of Ætna, black as night, which rose immediately above us—the dense clouds of smoke which issued from and covered the summit, excited at once sensations

of awe and admiration; and we could not but feel that we were treading on regions not destined to be the haunt, and not subject to the dominion, of man.

In the midst of these terrific objects we had only to look back to behold others of a more pleasing nature, and to see the plains, hills, rivers, and cities of Sicily, gradually unfold themselves as we ascended. From these heights, and that of the philosopher's tower, the views obtained of the surrounding country, from their greater distinctness, excel that from the summit in particular beauty; but the vast extent of the latter, embracing every thing within the visual horizon, the variety it presents, its grandeur, and the intense interest it excites, place it not only far above the partial views from the sides of Ætna itself, but above most others in the world. We passed enormous mounds of snow belonging to the Bishop of Catania, who is said to derive a yearly revenue of four thousand ducats from this article only. To preserve it, it is sufficient to amass it in large quantity, beating it hard and solid, and covering it with straw, leaves, or branches. For the convenience of carriage, these heaps are raised as low on the mountain as it is consistent with the summer heats; sometimes, however, they are dissolved, in which case there is no remedy but bringing the snow down with great fatigue and labour from above: these stores are all within the verge of the upper region, they are of enormous size and regular form. We remarked one in particular in the clear flowing stream, from which we refreshed ourselves and our animals: it was one hundred and eighty feet in length, thirty in breadth, and twenty in height. In other parts the snow is kept in some of the immense caverns with which Ætna abounds: when required for use, it is broken into large pieces, which are covered with fresh leaves; it is then forced as closely as possible into large bags, and in this manner conveyed on mules to all parts of the island, and is even exported without much loss.

As we reached the Casa Inglese, the sun was throwing his last rays on the peak of Ætna, which remained, the most arduous and gratifying part of our excursion, for our next morning's task. The guides started instantly for the nearest snow, whilst our servants kindled a fire with the wood they had collected on the ascent. Nothing could be more welcome; the thermometer, which at Nicolosi stood at eighty-three, had here fallen to forty-two, a change very sensibly felt by us all. The men soon returned with the kettles filled, and themselves laden with as much additional snow as they could carry. Having liquefied some portable soup, and heated a few things previously prepared, we had in a few minutes a good warm supper on the ground; for the British officers who erected the building, omitted to furnish it with chairs and tables. We did not, however, make a worse meal on that account; and as we sat by the blazing hearth, and felt the cold air pouring in under the door, and through the crevices of the windows, we could not forbear thanking the generosity of the erectors, to which the visitors of Mount Ætna are indebted that they are no longer obliged to pass the night in the rugged and exposed *grotta delle capre*. After supper we retired to the sleeping apartment, which is furnished with a large wooded bench like those in the military

guard-rooms, capable of containing six or eight persons. We acted not very wisely, for the sake of this miserable convenience, to leave the room which was heated by the fire, and which was, in every respect, more weather worthy. We suffered extremely from cold during the night. After in vain wrapping our cloaks and blankets more closely round our shivering limbs, we were obliged to rise and warm ourselves by running to and fro in the apartment, as we had preserved only fuel enough for our coffee in the morning. The thermometer was at thirty-four. At two o'clock we roused our guides and domestics, whom we found comfortably reposing in the rooms we had relinquished, beside the not yet extinguished embers of the fire.

Having taken a hasty breakfast, we started to ascend the cone. We had first to traverse the lava that flowed from the great crater in 1787, of which an account has been given by the intelligent Cavaliere Gioeni. This was a work of some difficulty; although we were provided with torches, their uncertain and fluctuating light often deceived us, and occasioned more than one fall. In crossing lavas it is requisite to keep the body well balanced as you step from one crag to the other, and to be careful not to throw your whole weight on the advanced leg, until you are well assured of the firmness of your footing.

This eruption is one of the few which have been known to proceed from the great crater, from which, of the forty eruptions on record, seven only have issued: it is easier for the boiling matter within to force an opening through some weak part in the sides of the mountain, than to raise itself in any great quantity to the vast height of the summit. Spallanzani supposes that there were two eruptions from the principal crater in 1787, one in July, the second in October; but it seems more reasonable to suppose the latter only a continuation of the former, as he observes himself, that the interval between August and October is a very short intermission of rest for a volcano.

We now began to ascend the cone, an enterprise in which we had anticipated much trouble; but if we except the steepness of the path, and the consequent fatigue, which obliged us to halt and repose every four or five minutes, we experienced scarcely any. No vapour or smoke rose to annoy us. Had Monte Rosso been of equal height with the cone, we should have found it a far more arduous task. Tired and exhausted at times we certainly were, but our impatience to get on was the chief cause, as it did not permit us to 'rest ourselves sufficiently. Never was I more surprised than on attaining the summit; I had figured to myself a large space of ground on which we might expatiate, and observe at our leisure the wonders of the prospect before us; but no sooner had we surmounted the edge of the crater, breast high, when, instead of the expected level, or at least, a commodious spot for a resting-place, the unfathomable gulf of Ætna yawned immediately beneath us, with a ridge so sharp and narrow as scarcely to afford a secure standing: having at length found a situation somewhat more convenient, we turned to admire the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. The morning was fast breaking, there was little wind, but sufficient to blow the smoke and vapours away from us, and carry them in an opposite direction: the weather could

not have been more favourable, but as we cooled by standing still, the piercing air of these elevated regions gave us considerable annoyance, so that we were occasionally obliged to throw ourselves down on the ashes, which were quite warm. I inserted my hand underneath the surface, but found it too hot to retain it there: at four feet from the ground the thermometer stood at thirty-six, but when the sun rose, the mercury mounted three degrees, and before we left the summit it was forty-two and a half, on the ashes it reached immediately sixty-eight.

The great source of day now began to dart his glorious beams above the cloudless horizon, giving new life to all nature, as if he were its soul, and gilding every object within our ken with his divine rays, except the vast tract of country over which Ætna threw its gigantic shadow, even to the sea, deferring, as it were, the dawn to the provinces and cities on which it fell.

The beauties of this wonderful scene have been so often detailed, that there is little left to describe: it has been likened to a map, but it rather resembles a vast picture, painted by more than mortal hands, so totally is the spectator separated from, and elevated above it all, and so completely is the whole submitted to his vision. Looking from this amazing height on the mountains of Castro Giovanni, and the Pelorian range, which run apparently almost immediately below, they seem to have lost their elevation, and to be reduced to the level of the surrounding vales. From the summit of Ætna, Sicily, one of the most mountainous countries in Europe, has the appearance of a plain studded with forests, cities, lakes, and rivers. To the left, Messina, at the distance of fifty miles, seemed to lay at our feet; close by, Milazzo stretched its cape into the sea in the vicinity of the Lipari isles, which, with the ever-flaming Stromboli, the younger brother of Ætna, appeared at this distance like so many black specks on the face of the ocean. Farther on, as far as the sight could reach, extended Italy, exposing her spacious bays and beautiful coasts to our view; whilst the sea, contracting itself into the straits of the Pharo, seemed transformed into a majestic river, for the purpose of separating the opposite shores. We could trace every turn and indent of the eastern side of Sicily, which ran underneath us from Peloro to Cape Passare, with the superb cities and ports of Messina, Catania, Augusta, and Syracuse in succession; the eye then stretching across the intermediate channel, caught the low isle of Malta in the distance: the outlines also of the northern and southern coasts were visible almost to Palermo on one side, and Mazzara on the other.

Having admired for some time this sublime prospect, we again turned our attention to the crater, which lay smoking at our feet; it is a vast oval basin, about three thousand paces in circuit, as we ascertained by pacing a fourth of the periphery for the purpose of calculation, sloping internally with an irregular declivity, to the depth of three hundred paces, to a horizontal plain, about two thousand paces in circumference, which forms the bottom: not far from the centre is a circular aperture or chasm, through which a volume of smoke continually ascends; the diameter of this mouth we estimated at forty feet: the smoke rose perpendicularly, until it surmounted the edges of the crater, and then instantly rolled off with the wind. On one

side is a vast mound of ashes, formed by the eruption of 1787, rising to nearly three-fourths of the height of the crater; the mouth from which the lava issued is still visible, notwithstanding the accumulation of ashes; the hard sciara may be discovered by removing the loose scoria with a stick. The declivity, as I have remarked, varies; towards the N.W. it is very gradual, on the south rather steep, whilst on the north it is almost perpendicular: the sides are beautifully incrusted, and coloured with concretions of muriate of ammonia and sulphur, which give them a gay and splendid appearance; the hues are various, but the orange and yellow predominate. The weather being serene, the mountain quiet, and the time in all respects favourable, we resolved on descending into the crater; the guides testified some unwillingness, but as we knew that several travellers had effected it before us, we were determined, and accomplished our object. The bottom was firm where our feet did not sink into the cinders, and on our stamping, returned a sound so hollow and awful as at first not a little alarmed us. We thrust with ease the long poles of our guides into the frail crust on which we stood. I am convinced it could not be many feet in thickness, and we might well involuntarily shudder, when we recollected that we were standing not on the edge, but on the mouth itself of a volcano, at that very moment in a state of activity, relying for our safety on a thin incrustation of no more solid materials than ashes, sulphur, and certain salts; a heavy weight certainly would, and a light one, perhaps our own, might break through the fragile coating, and in an instant precipitate us into the abyss of perpetual fire beneath, over which we had audaciously presumed to tread. We approached the chasm as near as we could, but the column of smoke was always too dense to permit our seeing into it; there was certainly no lava boiling up, as Spallanzani, who did not descend into the crater, supposes he saw, as we must have heard the sound of it; neither were there any explosions, or other terrific noises; but the extraordinary quietude of the mountain may account for the absence of these and other appearances not perceived by us, as they no doubt occur in its more turbulent moments.

My hat happening to fall off, and rolling nearer the aperture than we chose to venture, we tried to recover it with the poles of our guides, but not succeeding, and having on the contrary impelled it to the very verge, we pushed it in, as a trial of the *Sortes Ætnæ*, which Strabo tells us were consulted by the ancients, who cast on this occasion into the gulf, seals, rings, precious stones, or victims; if old Ætna devoured the offering quietly, the omen was good, but if it was thrown back, it portended only evil. I rejoice to say, nothing was ever received more graciously than my humble sacrifice. We feared, from its light weight, it would instantly have been hurled up again: our apprehensions were groundless, it sank at once to rise no more. We also threw in several pieces of sciara and scoria, but excepting where they appeared to strike the sides, no noise or sound of any kind was returned. We next cast in paper pellets rolled in the hand; these at first rose a little, but as far as I could discern, seemed also ultimately to sink into the abyss.

Several smaller columns of smoke rose in other parts of the base,

oozing through the bottom without any visible aperture. We were also considerably incommoded by a variety of powerful vapours, which ascended from the surface, and here affected our respiration, although on the summit we experienced no inconvenience. I found my breathing impeded in proportion to the height to which I raised or lowered myself. The bottom was too hot to lie on, the thermometer rising to ninety-six, when applied to the surface: the difference between the temperature of the crater, and that of the summit, was upwards of twenty-eight degrees; the mercury, which was under forty above, stood here in the hand at sixty-eight. Having gratified our curiosity, as we had yet to visit the smaller crater situated about a quarter of a mile higher, within the superior apex of the bifurcated summit of Ætna, we left this wonderful cavern, having had a more favourable opportunity of observing it than most preceding travellers.

The superior crater is about half the size of the lower, from which it is divided by an accumulation of ashes and scoriæ; as both are evidently mouths of the same gulf, they have sometimes been considered as one, hence the estimation of the circumference by some writers at three or five miles; like the larger, the smaller crater is oval in form, and has a similar bottom, but I imagine much thinner, as the smoke rises through it in all parts; it is also softer, as I found by rolling in some large pieces of lava, which returned no sound that I could hear, and appeared to sink through the crust, but the dense clouds of smoke prevented us from ascertaining the fact. This basin is in every respect wilder and more horrific than the other. The efflorescences of the ammonia and sulphur are less vivid and in less quantity: the sides are so steep as to guarantee the interior from all violation of human footsteps, supposing the noxious vapours which every where surround it, were not of themselves a sufficient barrier. By far the greater part of the smoke which arises from Ætna proceeds from this mouth, continually oozing through the sides as well as from the bottom. I could discern no circular aperture similar to that of the superior crater, although this is certainly in a state of greater activity. The thin incrustation which conceals the abyss, offers but little impediment to the ascent of the volumes of smoke continually rising from the bowels of the mighty furnace below. It was impossible long to keep our station on the edge of this tremendous gulf, to which we may apply the verses of the Tuscan Homer,

> Oscura, profonda era e nebulosa
> Tanto, che per ficcar il viso al fondo,
> I'non vi discernea alcuna cosa.

The sulphureous smoke and vapours soon proved too powerful for us, and we felt ourselves quickly yielding to their malign influence, and we had even to use some exertion to escape from it; on removing to a purer air, and reposing for a few minutes, the unpleasant sensations gradually abated.

Of all the poetical descriptions of Ætna, that of Claudian is the best, and is far superior even to that of Virgil.

> In medio scopulis se porrigit Ætna perustis,
> Ætna giganteos nunquam tacitura triumphos

Enceladi bustum, qui saucia terga revinctus,
Spirat inexhaustum flagranti pectore sulphur,
Et quoties detrectat onus cervice rebelli,
In dextrum lævumque latus, tunc insula fundo
Vellitur, et dubiæ nutant cum mœnibus urbes.
Ætnæos apices solo cognoscere visû
Non aditû tentare licet, pars cætera frondet
Arboribus, teritur nullo cultore cacumen;
Nunc vomit indigenos nimbos, piceâque gravatum,
Fœdat nube diem: nunc motibus astra lacessit,
Terrificis, damnique suis incendia nutrit.
Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberat æstu,
Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterque favillis,
Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis,
Arcanâ defensa gelû, fumoque fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.

From this description it may be collected that Ætna had in the time of Claudian a double summit, as at present, from his using the plural *apices*, and that notwithstanding the occasional falling in of the cone, the mountain has always possessed that characteristic, though I cannot but wonder how the poet could say,

Ætnæos apices solo cognoscere visû
Non aditû tentare licet.

Whereas Strabo informs us, that in his time, four hundred years before the age of Claudian, people were in the habit of ascending the mountain to visit the crater, of which he has left a description. Spallanzani supposes that the crater rarely maintains the same appearance for a considerable length of time, and details its different aspects as described by successive travellers. I cannot but think the worthy Abbé lends far too polite a credence to the recital of individuals, some of whom saw only the upper, others the lower crater, and more than one of whom were not so fortunate as to obtain a sight of either. Undoubtedly the summits of all volcanoes are liable to great and sudden changes, but that of Ætna is not quite so mutable as the Abbé is led to imagine; he gives us first the account of Strabo, who says,

1. "That the summit was a level plain, about twenty stadia in circumference, surrounded by a brow or ridge, about the height of a wall, and that in the middle of the plain the smoke ascended in a direct line to the height of two hundred feet."

Now this description, if we suppose the crater to have had a flat bottom as at present, and to have been at the depth of a lofty wall only, instead of three hundred paces, as I found it, will, with the smoking hill in the middle of the plain, give an idea of the present appearance of the crater.

2. "Solinus tells us, that there were two craters from which the vapours issued." Here we have two craters, and for my part I believe that there almost always have been two.

3. "Cardinal Bembo likewise found two craters, the one higher than the other, and about as far distant from each other as a stone might be thrown by a sling." A pretty exact description of the summit when I visited it.

4. " In the time of Fazzello there were no longer two craters but only one, the circumference of which was four miles."

Fazzello may not have observed the other, and we must recollect a great change actually did take place in his time, a small hill, which formed the summit, that is, the cone, having, in a terrible eruption, fallen into and been buried in the gulf beneath, thus enlarging the crater, and reducing the height of the mountain. In 1699 also, the summit, which rose to a great height, was loosened from its foundations by the violence of the concussion, and swallowed up in the abyss. Dorville follows:

5. " He ascended Ætna in 1727, and remarked two craters; he observed in the largest the conical hill formed of lava." Here are the two craters again, their present state, with the small hill near the centre.

6. " Baron Riedesel in 1767 neither mentions the circuit nor the internal appearance of the craters." Probably because he never saw them.

7. " Sir William Hamilton, in 1769, makes mention but of one crater, the smoke of which prevented him from observing the lower parts; it was then two and a half miles in circumference." I suspect Sir William saw only the superior or smaller crater, which in some degree corresponds with his account: his notorious inclination to exaggerate will explain the two and a half miles which he allows it.

8. Brydone, in 1770, says, " that the crater was then a circle of about three and a half miles in circumference, that it went shelving down on each side, and formed a regular hollow, like a vast amphitheatre, and that a great mouth opened near the centre."

This description, waving the allotment of three and a half miles to the circumference, corresponds with the present aspect. Great changes, as Spallanzani observes, must have taken place in the short space of a year, which elapsed between the visits of Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Brydone. If we are to believe the baronet, he found no bottom to the crater, which was however covered over when observed by the latter. I am aware it is reported that Brydone never reached the summit, being rendered unable to proceed by the spraining of his ankle; indeed Filippo, the son of Carmelo Puglisi, proprietor of the Elephant Hotel in Catania, distinctly told me that he did not. If this be true, he must have had his information from good authority, as no other account is to be relied on since the visit of Dorville.

9. Count Borde affects a very suspicious conciseness, since he only says that " he visited the summit on the 16th of December, 1776, and that the crater is formed like a funnel." This brevity, and the season of the year, are sufficient to engender very reasonable doubts; as, however, he remarks the bifurcation of the summit, there were probably then, as now, two distinct craters.

Thus it appears that from the time of Solinus, who flourished in the first century, and who mentions two craters, and from that of Claudian, who wrote in the fifth, and used the word *apices*, to distinguish the double point of the cone, the usual form of the mountain has been, except on violent convulsions, (after which it appears again to have gradually assumed the shape most natural to it,) that of a

bifurcated summit and double crater, the figure which it now presents, and has for a length of time presented. Ricupero also seems to be of opinion that this is its ordinary configuration.

The upper region of Ætna is bordered by ranges of lofty and rugged mountains, especially on the eastern side, where they form a beautiful semicircle. The mountains of Calanna commence the series of the right, to which succeed those called "Dello Zoccolaro," which are united to others of greater extent, termed in the language of the peasantry, "Serri del Salfizio," above which gradually rises the lofty summit of the mountain. The elevations called the "Finaite della Cirrita," begin the left range, and are followed by "Le Rocche della Capra," which are in their turn surmounted by the lofty and rocky heights of the "Concazze," which border on the desolate "Valle del Bue," immediately under the cone. Not only has the spectator to admire the symmetry, connexion, and various figures of the mountains, which may be distinctly numbered by the intermediate valleys, but he may also gratify himself by observing the structure of the same: they are composed of various strata of natural stones of the colour of sulphur, or sometimes inclining to iron, and are covered by a coating of dry and stony clay. These elevations are probably rendered fertile, by the abundance of nitre with which the moist and fresh air is undoubtedly impregnated. They are clothed with a verdant carpet of grass and herbs, and crowned by a variety of trees; the lofty heights only towards the summit, although composed of the same natural stone, disposed in strata wonderfully divided by horizontal and perpendicular fissures, are entirely devoid of every species of green plant, and are covered by a deep black sand, brought down from the cone by the rains and the wind.

The vast plain surrounded by these ranges of mountains, merits also particular attention; it rises from Mount Caliato, and slopes with a gentle declivity to the base of the cone. To give a just idea of its extent, it is sufficient to observe that the chain above described is not less than thirty miles in circuit. This wonderful region is distributed into nine divisions by the shepherds and herdsmen, who conduct their flocks and herds to pasture there in summer. The first is the "Dagala di Giannicola," which rises immediately at the foot of the cone; this is followed by the "Sciarella di Monte Lepre," in the crater of which are various trees, but of no great size. The next division is the "Sciara Pizzuta:" from the crater of this mountain, without doubt poured the lava of 1682, described by Massa, in his "Sicilia in prospettiva." The "Sciara di Trifoglietto," which issued from the mountain in 1702, commences near the "Serri di Salfizio," but, as it approaches the "Monte di Calarona," it receives the name of the "Sciara di Calanna;" it is succeeded by the "Dagala del Cirazzo," to which is united the "Sciarella di Monte Finocchio," which flowed in the year 1329, and borders on the "Sciara della Capra." This extensive plain is terminated by the "Sciarella di Monte Caliato," and by that of "Carlino." With the exception of the "Sciara del Trifoglietto," and the "Sciara Pizzuta," which are devoid of all vegetation, from their being, perhaps, the most recent, these hills are covered with heaths, pines, and firs, and with an abundance of

grasses which serve as pasture to the flocks. Another chain descending from the "Monti delle Concazze," intersects the above-mentioned plain, and terminates in the middle of the valley, with the celebrated "Rocca di Musarra," a smooth lofty mountain, formed like a pine cone, and composed, in common with the others, of vast stones, covered with clay, which is remarkable above the rest, for the delightful verdure of its summit.

Ricupero observes, that the lavas of Ætna do not always run with the same rapidity, but are regulated, in their course, by the nature of the declivity over which they flow, and by the more or less subtle or tenacious nature of the lavas themselves; it is not, therefore, surprising that some streams should run many miles in a few days, such as that in 1408, which in twelve days advanced nearly ten miles; whereas others, in several years have made but little progress; for example, that of 1614, which took the direction of Randazzo, but in the ten years in which it continued extended to no greater length than two miles. Sometimes the same torrent differs almost incredibly in its velocity. Thus, Tedeschi says, that in the eruption of 1699, the lava at intervals flowed a mile in the space of four hours, at others in four days it only advanced a few paces. In the year 1755, when two streams burst at once from the same crater, and having run twenty-four hours in succession, that which took a southern direction had made a progress of only two hundred paces, whilst the other, in the same period, had reached a distance of eight miles. Massa, in his "Sicilia in prospettiva," remarks that the lava, on being ejected, is hardened immediately by the air, its surface soon loses its redness, and becomes of a black or rusty iron colour; by degrees it thickens, congeals, and takes the form of a hard stone, called in common Sicilian *sciara;* but the inflamed matter still remains liquid under this crust, and being impelled by that issuing from the mouth, it pushes forward by its weight the mass before it, and thus the torrent proceeds as long as the crater continues to throw out fresh matter. It often happens that the extremity of the stream hardens to such a degree, that the liquified lava within meets the same resistance as from a solid rock, in which case it sometimes rises and flows over the indurated sciara as a new bed: in this manner it has been known to climb hills of a considerable height, at other times unable to force itself forward, it strikes off at an angle, taking a new direction; hence the extraordinary appearance presented, when the lava is observed to arrest its course on the very edge of a precipice, and instead of pouring down its sides, to run along its verge in the guise of a wall.

In the year 1669, the enterprizing Baron Villallegra relieved Catania, which was suffering from a scarcity of provisions, being surrounded and besieged, as it were, by the torrents of that tremendous eruption, by forming a road over the lava then running, practicable for horses, and even carriages, by which he introduced the necessary provisions into the city. More than once the increased heat, owing to the augmented activity of the mountain, dissolved the superficial crust on which the way was formed; but the indefatigable Villallegra immediately restored it: the road remains to this day a lasting monument of his perseverance and enterprise.

Two extraordinary events occurred during the same eruption; the fiery torrent having arrived at the hill called Monpilleri, it perforated it from one side to the other, and having for some time run through the channel, undermining and destroying the foundations of the mount, which was about seven hundred feet in circumference, at length brought it down in one vast heap, burying its fields, vineyards, and olive groves beneath the smoking ruins, and leaving a desert where it had found a garden. The other fact is not less surprising: they are both related by Borelli in his treatise "De incendiis Ætnæ." The lava reaching a chalky hill, planted with vineyards, belonging to the Jesuits, instead of flowing round, or overwhelming it, pressed against the side with such force as to move it bodily from its site to a considerable distance, and a new accession of ignited matter pouring on it, the whole mount was buried beneath the lava.

There can be little doubt that the eruptions of Ætna are of equal antiquity with the mountain itself, if indeed they have not given birth to it; the numerous clefts, deep as they are, continue to present to the bottom strata of lava one below the other; nor is it possible to ascertain to what depth these appearances may extend; though some general data may be collected by the progress of vegetation on the lava, yet it has been justly observed, that it is not always regular and uniform. Count Borch gives the following depth of soil in the lavas which flowed in the respective years.

Years,	1157	12 inches.
„	1329	8 „
„	1444	6 „
„	1536	4 „
„	1662	1½ „
„	1766	0 „

But he is not very exact on this head, as the lava of 1669 has rarely more than an inch of earth on it at present, and in many parts is yet bare. Spallanzani found the lava of Arso in Ischia, which flowed in 1302, every where hard and sterile, and instances another current near Catania, which has served for building for 2,000 years, and is yet in some places perfectly naked.

Before leaving the summit, we went to see the "Piano del Lago," still so called, although no lake exists there at present, the hollow having been filled up by a stream of lava; it was formed by the melting of the snows which now descend in other directions. Near the "Piano del Lago" is a sandy plain, full of holes and fissures, from which issue light flames, which I found similar to those I had seen at Pietra Mala on the Appenines.

Filoteo asserts, that in the upper regions no kind of fly can exist on account of the extreme cold; but a late traveller, Baron Stolberg, tells us, that he found a species of scarabæus on the very summit. The same Filoteo also says, that it never rains on the higher parts of Ætna, but that even during the greatest heats of summer it snows and hails, in which he is likewise mistaken.

We descended the cone, as usual with ease, and whilst our servants were getting our provisions ready, visited the "Torre del Filosofo," of

which a very small fragment is now remaining; it is built of lava, cemented with lime; for what purpose, or by whom it was created, is not known. Tradition attributes it to Empedocles, that illustrious historian, poet, and philosopher, so absurdly belied as having leaped into the burning crater, in the hope of being esteemed a god after his death. Others suppose it to have been built by the Normans as a watch-tower, but the advanced decomposition of the materials proves it of a much earlier date. Cluverius supposes it to be the remains of a temple dedicated to Vulcan on Mount Ætna, mentioned by ancient writers; but this was surrounded by a wood, a circumstance which at once refuted his opinions, as there are no trees at this height. It was said to be guarded by dogs, who by a miraculous instinct knew and caressed the pure and virtuous who visited the temple, but drove away such as were stained by crimes or impiety! At a small distance lies the enormous rock thrown from the crater in 1669; the force required to project this vast mass to such a distance must have been prodigiously great, and proves the excessive activity of the imprisoned fires. We had from hence a fine view of the "Monte delle Concazze," the loftiest of all the offspring of Mongibello, and scarcely inferior to the parent mountain.

On our descent we went a little out of our way to see the "Cisterna," a vast cleft in the side of the mountain, several miles in circumference: it is of great depth, and discovers all the way to the bottom, alternate strata of lava and vegetable earth. In some parts the shock of the convulsion has been so forcible, as to confound and disorder the regular succession of the strata. I thought I could reckon seventeen, but in this, from the reason I have mentioned, I may have been mistaken.

The lavas of Ætna contain most sorts of minerals, but iron is found in a state of decomposition only. The mountain abounds in asphaltus, bitumen, and lapis obsidianus. Vitriolic and sulphureous waters are frequently met with, and near spots burnt by the lava alluminous schistes are sometimes found. The lavas inclose a variety of precious stones, such as garnets, hyacinths, and even that noble stone the chrysolite. An ancient lava near Aci Reale yields zeolites of extraordinary whiteness and singular conformation; but what is more surprising in these lavas is, that there should be often found in them bodies which have appeared to have resisted a heat capable of fusing the hardest substances; nor are these chrystals, quartzes, and other stones, which chrystallize after fusion, but whole rocks filled with flints perfectly uninjured, containing vitrifiable earth which has experienced no alteration, and even shells and pieces of wood only slightly scorched by the action of the intense fire to which they have been subjected. Ætna also abounds in sal-ammoniac, which is, for the most part, of a pure white; but it is also found red, yellow, blue, and violet, colours which it most probably derives from veins of minerals in its neighbourhood. The marine bodies deposited on Ætna are so numerous, that they have been used as an argument to prove that the lower half of the mountain at least has been at one time under water.

Ætna has always been celebrated for its enormous caverns. Filoteo

mentions them in terms of wonder in his "Topography of Ætna." The most prodigious are the grottos of "Baracca Vecchia," "Dell' Ulmo," "Della Colletta," and "Monte Dolce." We visited several on our descent. That of "Baracca Vecchia" is so large, that an entire regiment may conveniently perform its evolutions within it. Filoteo penetrated three hundred paces into that of Monte Dolce, and could have continued to proceed, but was deterred by the excessive cold. Father Kircher mentions another capable of lodging thirty thousand persons. These numerous and enormous cavities have given rise to a conjecture that the mountain is in a state of decay, and that the eruptions and ejected matter are insufficient to supply the loss occasioned by the rivers and fiumari. Some have gone so far as to say, that unless the eruptions become more frequent, Ætna must in time be reduced to the level of the surrounding torrents of lava.

Christopher Scannello and Leandro Alberti, in their description of Sicily, state that bears and other savage animals exist on Ætna. We know, however, that at present there are no bears there, but that there were formerly cannot be reasonably doubted. There is a rock on the mountain still called the "Bear's stone," from a man having once escaped on it from the pursuit of a bear. Ætna still abounds in wild boars, wild goats, foxes and wolves, as well as eagles and falcons. Up to the year 1477 there were also deer, as we read in the records of Catania, the price imposed per rotolo on venison. Hares, rabbits, partridges, and other game, are innumerable.

Cluverius ridicules with reason the absurd derivation of Ætna, or Aitna, from the Hebrew, as given by Isidorus, who derives it from the same root as the word Gehenna; it certainly springs from the Greek, αἴθειν, ardere.

The date of its earliest eruptions is unknown: Diodorus Siculus supposes it emitted fire five hundred years before the Trojan war; but Pindar is the first writer who mentions it as a volcano. The silence of Homer is looked on as an incontestible proof that it must at least have been quiescent for some ages before his time, as he who searched for the rare and wonderful everywhere, would scarcely have missed the opportunity of adorning his pages with the description of a phenomenon so striking and poetic as that of a burning mountain.

The distance from Catania to the summit of Ætna is commonly estimated at thirty miles, but it is much increased by the various turnings and windings of the paths; in a straight line it is certainly considerably less. On the side of Lingua Grossa, which is steeper, the distance does not exceed eighteen miles, and from Randazzo, where it is still more abrupt, it is not more than twelve miles.

The height of Ætna does not yet appear perfectly agreed on; it certainly does not fall much short of eleven thousand feet. By our barometer we made it eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-four feet at the upper crater, but by a base line, which I afterwards drew in the neighbourhood of Catania, I found it ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-two feet, and this I believe to be very nearly the real elevation.

Thermometrical Heights.

	Fahrenheit.
By the sea-side	73
In Catania	75
Mascaluccia	72
Monpilleri, 10 A. M.	74
Nicolosi, Noon	83
San Nicolao dell'Arena	80
Casa Inglese an hour before sunset	44
Ditto, during the night	34
Foot of the Cone, 9 A. M.	44
Summit at sun-rise	36
On the ashes	68
Within the crater	68
Ditto, at the bottom	96

Elevation.

	English feet.
Nicolosi	2,500
Highest part of the woody region	6,300
Casa Inglese	9,650
Foot of the Cone	9,780
Summit	10,892

(To be continued.)

FALSE GLITTER.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Magazine.

"All is not gold that glitters."—OLD PROVERB.

SIR,

I HAVE just read that volume of poems by Wordsworth, called "Yarrow Revisited." It contains some beautiful things—but it has also a remarkable instance of that false glitter and *ad captandum* manner of writing, of which the present age is, I think, especially prolific. The instance to which I allude is a verse of four lines, "Written in a Lady's Album." This is the stanza.

> "Small service is true service while it lasts,
> Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
> The daisy, by the shadow which it casts,
> Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

I should not have thought it worth while to notice these absurd lines, had I not, on carelessly hearing them repeated for the first time, been myself, by their false glitter, cheated into pronouncing them pretty. When I afterwards read them for myself I was both vexed and ashamed to think how easily my ear had persuaded my understanding into momentary and unmerited approbation. But thus it is—so long as the ear is *tickled*, we do not often trouble ourselves much to inquire whether the judgment is *satisfied*.

The first line, "Small service is true service while it lasts," is merely the text or theme to be afterwards poetically illustrated. It merely tells us that service is service, however small. This is a self-evident truism, which no man could ever dream of disputing. It is only assuring us that gold is gold, however minute the quantity. There is, therefore, no particular

beauty nor profundity of thought evinced in *this* line; nor do I suppose the author intended there should be—he merely took it as a subject for poetical illustration. The next line, "Of friends, however humble, scorn not one," is simply an admonition arising, naturally enough, out of the foregoing; but still neither very new, nor very beautiful, nor very profound. On the contrary, it is a piece of advice which every man of the world has constantly on his lips. So far, then, so good—the second line, like the first, is a common-place reflection, to be poetically illustrated in the next two; nor did the author, in all probability, intend them to be considered as any thing beyond what they really are—for the whole fancied beauties of the stanza depend, not at all on these two lines, but solely on the poetical illustration of them contained in the two following.

Now the sum total of the meaning intended to be conveyed by the two lines we have just examined, is clearly this: that no man should presume on his own *greatness* to scorn the *littleness* of another; because circumstances may arise which may put it into the power of the *little* man to "protect" or otherwise render "true service" to the *great* man. And this is manifestly the moral to be illustrated—to wit, the possibility of *the less* rendering true service to the *greater*. But how does Wordsworth illustrate this possible circumstance? Why, by reference to the daisy protecting the dew-drop. But which of these two is the greater, the daisy or the dew-drop? The protector or the protected? Clearly the protector—the daisy. Could its shadow cover the dew-drop if it were not? But the circumstance *to be illustrated* is one wherein the *protected* is *greater* than the *protector*, while the illustration is an illustration of a circumstance wherein the protected, viz. the dew-drop, is *less* than the protector, viz. the daisy. Nor do I think, with all deference to Mr. Wordsworth, that *nature* is capable of affording an illustration of a circumstance wherein the less protects the greater, inasmuch as the circumstance itself, although of frequent occurrence in *artificial society*, is an *unnatural* state of things.

What makes these lines so remarkable an example of the "false glitter," and of its power in cheating the judgment of the superficial reader, is the evident fact that the illustration on which their imaginary charm solely depends, is not simply a bungling illustration, nor an obscure, nor a weak, nor an unpoetical illustration, but it is an illustration of *exactly the contrary* to what the author *intended* to illustrate. These lines, therefore, must have been written *unthinkingly;* and I pay Mr. Wordsworth a compliment when I say so; for he who writes without thinking may be pardoned for writing nonsense occasionally; but for him who thinks a great deal, and writes nonsense after all, there is no excuse but that of stupidity.

Much that Mr. Wordsworth has written I admire exceedingly, and it is in no carping or ill-natured spirit that I have made these observations. But I think that much good, in the way of correcting false taste and false style, would result, if those who are competent, and have leisure, would take the trouble to analyze the popular writing of the day—to peel off the gilding which makes the gingerbread so attractive, and let the public see whether the cake beneath be really wholesome food or not.

I look upon public praise as public property—to be given only to those who have earned it by deserving it; and I have written these few remarks precisely in the same spirit of justice with which I should protest against a public vote of thanks, or a grant of public money to one who had either done the state no service, or who had only done that which he had better have left undone. In saying this, I allude, of course, only to this particular portion of Mr. Wordsworth's works, and not to his writings generally.

EDWARD JOHNSON.

LA BONNE VIEILLE.—IMITATED.

FROM DE BERANGER.

Life is a stream that swiftly ebbs away,
  Our days, alas! how fleeting and how few!
Your charms my loved Eliza must decay,
  And time shall stamp the marks of age on you.
But I shall go before, and you'll survive;
  Then in the twilight of your latter days
May you repeat my lessons, and derive
  Some passing solace from your poet's lays;
  And seated by the faggot's cheering blaze,
    Ah! think of me.

Pleased with the song, the young will then inquire
  The name of one thus mourned, and try to trace
Those charms which once could ravish and inspire—
  Now lost amid the furrows of your face.
And then let fond imagination rove
  Amid the Elysium of our youthful days;
Tell them the ardour of your poet's love,
  And dwell with rapture in that poet's praise;
  And seated by the faggot's cheering blaze,
    Ah! think of me.

They'll ask, did he possess your love? Reply,
  All that a heart enamoured could bestow;
Did aught affect his honour—probity?
  Touched to the quick, you'll proudly answer—No.
Say that, to nature and to feeling true,
  He shunned the throng, nor trod in folly's maze,
But sung of love, and joined the happy few
  Who tread in poesy's enchanting ways;
  And seated by the faggot's cheering blaze,
    Ah! think of me.

You whom I taught to mourn my country's wrongs,
  Say to the generation yet to be,
France and her glories e'er engrossed my songs;
  I urged her hopes—I soothed her misery.
Tell them the sad, the melancholy fate
  Our country's recent history portrays;
Tell them that patriots are compelled to wait
  Th' auspicious rising of more halcyon days;
  And seated by the faggot's cheering blaze,
    Ah! think of me.

Girl of my heart, may these poor songs assuage
  The cares, the sorrows of increasing age;
And, best beloved, at each returning spring,
  As on my pictured form you fondly gaze,
Its annual tribute let affection bring,
  And deck the portrait with a wreath of bays;
Then think of him who's gone before, and raise
  Your hopes, your wishes to eternity;
  And seated by the faggot's cheering blaze,
    Ah! think of me.

J. WARING.

Several of Beranger's songs are addressed to Eliza, and though not mentioned in the original of this, it may be inferred.

A RETROSPECT OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

About the close of the last century my troubles in this ever-varying life began, though if report be true, I had quite enough previous to my *debût;* in other words, I was born in the year 1777—the day and month still remain a secret. My father was of that class of men who generally contrive to spend a great deal more money than law or equity, in countries where the boundaries of *meum* and *tuum* were well defined, could give him any legal claim to. Be this as it may, as the song says, "he seldom wanted credit or chart."

The patrimonial property, though small, was yet, with economy, adequate to the wants of a moderate establishment. Unfortunately my family, of which I was the youngest, consisted of some fifteen or sixteen boys and girls, though many of them were already passed the dangerous epoch of thirty, and the rest fast approaching it. For such a family the paternal estate was but as a drop in the ocean. My father, as if too much occupied in the pleasing task of generation, forgot altogether the necessity of a future provision for any of us; nor did he seriously incline his thoughts that way, until quite certain that his productive labours as a parent were suspended. He, however, soon found an outlet for his overplus of population. The army afforded employment to some, the navy to others, the Indies both east and west also have had their share. "For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn." I too, had my age permitted, would have gone the same road; but my stars reserved me for other, but not less severe, trials.

My father's income was now so small, that my education, which commenced at home under the care of a private tutor, was soon changed to the humble but classic shed of a village oracle. Here I soon acquired a smartness in Latin phraseology, which procured for me many a cheerful welcome from my dear father, who in his boosy moments, took the greatest delight in my classic rhapsodies, the meaning of many of which I subsequently found I knew little about, verifying the phrase, "that ignorance is bliss;" for though I have since acquired a tolerable knowledge of most classic authors, I fare much worse.

The error which my father had committed with respect to my elder brothers, was too glaring to escape his notice; and, though he did not often waste much thought in speculations about the advancement of any of us, he determined, if possible, to avoid, in my case, a similar blunder. He now adopted a course of an opposite, but equally injurious, nature towards me. Before my education was even tolerably advanced, a consultation was held what was to be done with me. Each member had his favourite theory; and as the collective wisdom of the family was here assembled, every one maintained his own suggestion with considerable tenacity. Law, physic, and divinity, commerce, &c. passed rapidly before this learned conclave. One proposed law, and supported his view by the extraordinary abilities I

showed in quoting from authors; another proposed divinity, and hinted at a mitre; a third, with more success, unfortunately for me, dwelt at considerable length upon the advantages of physic. The rhetoric of this man, himself a miserable hypochondriac, sealed my fate; a doctor it was decreed I should be, and a doctor I was to all intents and purposes in my own estimation.

There is no occasion of life on which the animus of the boy should be so much consulted, as in the choice of a profession; in which, with but few intervals of relaxation, he is to spend the bloom of youth, the vigour of manhood, and the maturity of age. There are few who are capable of making any advances in the honourable but laborious professions, that do not evince a predilection for one in preference to another. If indulged in his choice, he will endure all the privations which his own selection may have induced, and ultimately reach the goal in safety.

After the usual course of medical study, I became *de facto* a doctor. I was then about twenty-six years of age, my person, manners, habits, education, were such as, in any other walk of life, would have gone far to advance my worldly interest; but in the one in which I was now unhappily settled, they were not only no advantage, but a positive injury. To think of making a practice at my age, was an experiment which even my most sanguine friends could not for a moment entertain. Many who gave me credit for a tolerable share of information, were yet unable to move contrary to the current of vulgar opinion, which considers good-looking doctors bad physicians. Some wished I was older, others said it would be of great advantage to have my head grey. Some proposed travelling, but though this was a plan quite in unison with my own feelings, I found one small objection—my funds were too low. A voyage in a South Sea whaler was calculated to produce one of the objects above alluded to—grey hairs, as I should be for three years at least constantly exposed to the twofold risk of starvation and drowning; but as these were hazards I did not choose to run, I kept my hairs a jet black some years longer than my best friends wished.

Having little to do in the medical way, I passed the greater part of my time in reading the Belles Lettres; French, Italian, and German writers also occupied much of my leisure hours. But this too, I was told, would be no great advantage, as many would imagine, that whilst engaged in their study, I ought to have been studying medicine; whilst others said it would be positively injurious, as affording a means of exercising greater control over the female mind, and thus forfeiting indirectly the confidence of the men. My situation was truly deplorable; I could find no outlet for my medical lore, and all other I was told was of negative value.

However, I determined to practise, and settled down with a resolution not to be alarmed either by my personal appearance, or my extensive information on general subjects. The scene of my debut was in what may be called a third-rate city of the kingdom. The first five years of my professional career were rendered somewhat easy by the kindness of a relative, who, for the energy with which he forced upon me the profession of physic, thought himself bound, I suppose,

to mitigate, in some degree, the evils which he was so instrumental in imposing. The expectation of a niche in this man's will, gave to his suggestions a weight and importance which no reasoning that he was master of could impart to them. Never shall I forget the first anxious years of my career. Day rolled on after day, week after week, and month after month, and yet the knocker of my door remained quiet as the grave—my finances low, my friends few, my expectations none. In my intercourse with the world of my own immediate neighbourhood, my position was, abstractedly speaking, good, the young and gay I found agreeable, but those of maturer age cold and austere.

I studied physic against my inclination, but cultivated it as an honourable calling, and having gone to a certain extent in it, I thought that with ordinary application I must succeed; but the ideas which a highly cultivated mind forms of the duties of a physician, are little in accordance with the vulgar but popular notions. I recollect the first family of distinction to which I was called in professionally, was one with which I was for some time on terms of intimate friendship, yet this was not sufficient to shield me from the shafts of slander. My attendance was soon at an end, caused by the mysterious insinuations of an old maiden aunt, who very much disapproved of admitting young unmarried doctors to the confidence of families. This was the first blow of any importance which I had yet received. The tocsin sounded, and the evil spread far and wide, involving friends and foes; the latter from motives decidedly hostile, the former, to avoid unpleasant remarks, yielded a silent assent. No efforts which I could now make were able to reinstate me in public favour. I found myself, without a shadow of imputation on my moral character as a man or a physician, completely ruined—so easy is it to whisper away the reputation of a physician. I now discovered that to remain longer in a community with whom I had so few feelings in common, would be not only unbecoming as a man, but at variance with my duties as a physician; accordingly, I broke up my connexion with it, and, determined to bear with fortitude what I had not power to alter, I retired to the continent.

In my retreat I recurred frequently to the scene of my former practice, and being still young, resolved to try my chances on other grounds. After a few years' absence I again entered on practice, but under circumstances of a different nature, and, as events have proved, better suited to the general end of all professional labour—wealth. Having failed as the gay, accomplished physician, I wore ship, as sailors say, tried my schemes on the other tack, and though with a long heavy swell against her, she answered her helm well. The course now before me was plain, but unambitious. I now began to feel that I must live on the emoluments of my profession, and quickly directed my thoughts to the shortest road to riches. I found this to be servility, meanness, abandonment of all independence of character, and an entire submission to the will of the rich and opulent. Without sinking into the servile adulation of my compeers, I adopted a mean between these extremes, and the once gay and fashionable physician now merged into the plodding, careless, and slovenly man of business. The vulgar notion that elegance of person, and a profound knowledge

of medicine are incompatible, obliged me to fall in with views and habits for which I have ever entertained the greatest contempt. I could here, however, satisfy my mind; for the path I was now about to move in, one so much at variance with the whole tenor of my life, was one to which the caprice of the world had forced me.

The metamorphoses of my dress, habits, and general appearance, were now so strange, that few who saw me in my palmy days of fashion could discover any likeness. My dress was suited in shape and colour to a man of seventy. Upon me, not yet thirty-six, it must have been grotesque; and upon any other than a doctor, it would have afforded strong grounds to doubt the existence of a *mens conscia recti* as a governing agent over this shapeless mass; but with men who are supposed to be more interested in the happiness of others than their own, any extravagance will pass for wisdom. I need hardly mention here, that to one naturally of a gay, cheerful disposition, there was no small difficulty in this transmigration. However, a little practice soon settles this. I have often laughed heartily at my own figure, and am sure I should have made a capital picture. A large buckled wig, with a pair of pendant asinine ears, a hat not unlike the modern bishop's, cravat more like a roller than a cravat, tied behind, with the ends projecting a little above the collar of the coat, no trace of those black whiskers which broke the peace and happiness of so many families—so that to suppose that any danger could lurk under such a guise, would be carrying suspicion to an extreme. My conversation was less impassioned, my language plain and abrupt, and a settled look of morose contemplation had now assumed the ascendant over a face once gay and animated. The public took the bait, and ascribed all to the abstruse nature of my studies. Business flowed in upon me, my name was noised abroad as the morose doctor, families whose doors would have remained closed against me under any other dress, now flew open, and honours, rank, and riches soon followed. In my readings I affected to despise every thing light or amusing, "Put on a smile and a deceit, and played the hypocrite 'mongst men." My fondest wishes were now realized to a certain extent. I became rich, for riches in the society in which I moved were sure to fix a man's position, yet I was not happy. The constant restraint under which I was forced to live, the complete *bouleversement* which had taken place in my life and habits, had so entirely changed my temper, that what I had adopted only as a means to an end—wealth—became the ruling passion of my life. Money was now the god of my adoration. With it alone could I hope to attain that station which renders people in some degree insensible to the shafts of envy or slander. With all the monotony of a mill-horse, but with few of his animal enjoyments, I moved on in my daily rounds, a stranger to all the pleasures of my time and age. Years grew upon me, and I became peevish and morose, at war with the world and myself, with few, if any of the kindly sensibilities of our nature. I began to retire from the business of life, and visited only attached friends; by degrees these dropped off, and I found myself at length desolate and neglected. It is difficult to give an idea of the privations which young physicians must endure, if narrowed in pecuniary resources.

For them the ordinary and legitimate pleasures are to hold out no charms, the bloom of youth, and too often the vigour of manhood, must pass away before they can hope to exist by the income of their profession. A grey head, with a face marked with the lines of care, are the sure criterion with a thoughtless public, for talent and understanding. By a strange process of reasoning, the mind is considered unfit for profound and accurate thinking, until it has lost its vigour and force; and at sixty or seventy the dreamy incoherent ravings of doating physicians are preferred to the sound inductions of a youthful vigorous mind. Such are a few of the prospects which the study of medicine holds out; can we wonder, then, that quackery should exist?

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

MELEAGER.

Δακρυά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς Ἡλιοδώρα. κ. τ. λ.

My Heliodora! deep in earth thou'rt laid,
And the last gift affection can bestow,
In Pluto's realms, to thy pale flitting shade,—
My tears, a flood of bitter tears, shall flow,
And wash thy tomb—memorial of my woe
And token of my love! And though it be
An empty off'ring in the shades below,
Yet still among the dead thou'rt dear to me,
And sorely I lament, and sorely weep for thee.

Ah! woe is me! where is my darling child?
Ah! woe is me! in Death's cold dismal shade,
In Death's cold arms, with mould'ring dust defil'd,
The fairest flow'r that ever bloom'd is laid!
O mother Earth! whose ever-bounteous aid
Is giv'n to all, oh! hear my humble prayer,
Clasp gently to thy breast this lovely maid;
Let thy turf lightly press her bosom fair;
For every kindly heart weeps that she's lying there.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

Two days had elapsed after my incursions upon the "wild Irishers," during which our surgeon had kept himself closely to his cabin, when he wrote a letter on service to the captain, requesting a survey upon his self-libelled rotundity of body. The captain, according to the laws of the service, "in that case made and provided," forwarded the letter to the port-admiral, who appointed the following day for the awful inspection. As I said before, the skipper and his first lieutenant had laid down a scheme of a counterplot, and they now began to put it into execution. Immediately that Dr. Thompson had received his answer, he began to dose himself immoderately with tartarised antimony, and other drugs, to give his round and hitherto ruddy countenance the pallor of disease. He commenced getting up his invaliding suit. It had been a great puzzle to his brother officers, to understand what two weasan-faced, mechanical-looking men from the shore, had been doing in his cabin the greater part of the night. They did not believe, as the doctor intimated, that they were functionaries of the law, taking instructions for his last will and testament: though the astute surgeon had sent a note to Mr. Farmer, the first lieutenant, with what he thought infinite cunning, to know, in case of any thing fatal happening immediately to the writer, whether his friend would prefer to have bequeathed to him the testator's double-barrelled fowling-piece, or his superb Manton's duelling pistols. Mr. Farmer replied, "that he would very willingly take his chance of both."

At twelve o'clock every thing was ready. The survey was to take place in the captain's cabin. Dr. Thompson sends for his two assistants, and then, for the first time for three days, he emerges, leaning heavily upon both of his supporters. Can this be the jovial and rubicund doctor? Whose deadly white face is that, that peers out from under the ghastly shadow of an immense green shade? The lips are livid—the corners of the mouth drawn down—and yet there is something like a triumphant sneer in their very depression. The officers gather round him, he lifts up his head slowly, and then looks round and shakes it despondingly. His eyes are dreadfully bloodshot. His messmates, the young ones especially, begin to think that his illness is real. There is the real sympathy of condolence in their greetings, in all but the hard-a-weather master, the witty purser, and the obdurate first. He was apparelled in an ancient roast-beef uniform coat, bottle-green from age. The waistcoat had flaps indicative of fifty years antiquity, and the breeches were indescribable. He wore large blue-worsted stockings folded up outside above the knee, but carefully wrinkled and disordered over the calf of the leg,

[1] Continued from p. 329.

in order to conceal its healthy mass of muscle. Big as was the doctor, his clothes were all, as Shakspeare has it, "A world too big," though we cannot finish the quotation, by adding, "for his shrunk shank!" Instead of two lawyer's clerks, the sly rogue had had two industrious snips closetted with him, for the purpose of enlarging this particular suit of clothes to the utmost.

"In the name of ten thousand decencies, doctor," exclaimed Mr. Farmer, "who made you that figure?"

"Disease," was the palsied and sepulchral reply.

"But the clothes—the clothes—these incomprehensible clothes!"

"Are good enough to die in."

"But I doubt," said the purser, "whether either they or their wearer are good enough to die."

There was a laugh, but it was not infectious as respected the occasion of it. He shook his head mournfully, and said, "The flippancy of rude health—the inconsiderate laugh of strong youth!"

With much difficulty he permitted himself to be partly carried up the ladder, and seated in all the dignity of suffering in a chair in the first cabin, the two assistants standing one on each side of him in mute observance.

It is twelve o'clock—half-past twelve—one—two. The captain is coming on board—tell the officers—the side is manned—the boatswain pipes—and the little great man arrives, and, attended by Mr. Farmer, enters the cabin. Prepared as he was for a deception, even he starts back with surprise at the figure before him.

With one hand upon a shoulder of each of his assistants, the doctor, with an asthmatical effort, rises.

"Well, doctor, how are you?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Matters have gone a great length, I see."

Another shake eloquent with suffering and despondency.

"I understand from my friend here," (Mr. Farmer and he *were* friends sometimes for half an hour together,) "that with christian providence you have been making your will. Now, my dear doctor, it is true, that we have hardly been three months associated; but that time, short as it is, has given me the highest opinion of your convivial qualities, your professional skill, and the great *depth* of your understanding. Deep—very deep! You must not class me among the mean herd of legacy-hunters; but I would willingly have some token by which to remember so excellent a man, and an officer so able, and so *unshrinking* in the performance of his duties."

"There is my tobacco-box," said the doctor, with a feeble malice; "for though chewing the weed cannot cure, it can conceal, a bad breath."

The captain winced. It was a thrust with a double-edged sword. He was what we now call an exquisite in his person, and one to whom the idea of chewing tobacco was abhorrent, whilst he was actually and distressingly troubled with the infirmity hinted at. For a moment, the suavity of his manner was destroyed, and he forgot the respect due to the dying.

"D—n the tobacco-box—and d—n that—never mind—no, no,

doctor, you had better order the box to be buried with you, for nobody *could* use it after you; but if I might presume so far—might use the very great liberty to make a selection, I would request, entreat, nay, implore you to leave me the whole *suit of clothes* in which you are now standing; and if you would be so considerate, so kind, so generous, by G—d I'll have them stuffed and preserved as a curiosity."

"Captain Reud, you are too good. Mr. Staples," turning helplessly to his assistant, "get me immediately an effervescing draught. Excuse my sitting—I am very faint—you are so kind—you quite *overcome* me."

"No, not yet," said the captain in a dry tone, but full of meaning. "I may perhaps by-and-by, when you know more of me; but now—O no! However, I'll do my best to make you grateful. And I'm sorry to acquaint you, that the admiral has put off the survey till twelve o'clock to-morrow, when I trust that you will be as well *prepared* as you are now. Don't be dejected, doctor, you have the consolation of knowing that, if you die in the meantime, all the annoyance of the examination will be saved you. In the interim, don't forget the old clothes—the invaliding suit. My clerk shall step down with you in the cabin and tack a memorandum on, by way of codicil, to your will, don't omit those high-quartered, square-toed shoes, with the brass buckles."

"If you would promise to wear them out yourself."

"No, no; but I promise to put them on when I am going to invalid; or to lend them to Mr. Farmer, or any other friend, on a similar occasion."

"I hope," said Mr. Farmer, "that I shall never stand in the doctor's shoes."

"I hope you never will—nor in Captain Reud's either."

The gallant commander turned from yellow to black at this inuendo, which was, for many reasons, particularly disagreeable. Seeing that he was bagging to leeward, like a west-country barge laden with a haystack, in this sailing-match of wits, he broke up the conference by observing, "You had better, doctor, in consideration of your weakness, retire to your cabin. I certainly cannot, seeing my near prospect of your invaluable legacy, in any honesty wish you better."

With all due precautions, hesitations, and restings, Dr. Thompson reached his cabin, and I doubt not as he decended, enervated as he was, but that he placed, like O'Connell, a vow in heaven, that if ever Captain Reud fell under his surgical claws, the active operations of Dr. Sangrado should be in their celerity even as the progress of the sloth, compared with the despatch and energy with which he would proceed on the coveted opportunity.

When he was alone he was overheard to murmur, "Stand in my shoes—the ignorant puppies! I shall see one of them, if not both, in their shrouds yet. Stand in my shoes! it is true, the buckles are but brass, but they are shoes whose latchets they are not worthy to unloose."

There was then another day for the poor doctor, of fasting, tartarised antimony, and irritating eye-salve. And the captain, no doubt

in secret understanding with the admiral, played off the same trick. The survey was deferred from day to day, for six days, and until the very one before the ship weighed anchor. It must have been a period of intense vexation and bodily suffering to the manœuvring doctor.

Each day, as he made his appearance at noon in the captain's cabin, he had to wait in miserable state his hour and-a-half, or two hours, and then to meet the gibing salutation of the captain, of, "Not dead yet, doctor?" with his jokes upon the invaliding suit. The misery of the deception, and the sufferings that he was forced to self-impose to keep it up, as he afterwards confessed, had nearly conquered him on the third day—that he was a man of the most enduring courage to brave a whole week of such martyrdom, must be conceded to him. Had the farce continued a day or two longer, he would have had the disagreeable option forced upon him, either of being seriously ill, or of returning *instanter* to excellent health.

At length the important day actually arrived on which the survey did assemble. The large table in the cabin was duly littered over with paper and medical books, and supplied with pens and ink. Three post captains, in gallant array, with swords by their sides, our own captain being one, and three surgeons, with lancets in their pockets, congregated with grave politeness, and taking their chairs according to precedency of rank, formed the Hygeian court. A fitting preparation was necessary, so the captains began to debate upon the various pretensions of the beautiful Phrynes of Cork—the three medical men, whether the plague was contagious or infectious, or both—or neither. At the precise moment when Captain Reud was maintaining the superiority of the attractions of a blonde Daphne against the assertions of a champion of a dark Phyllis, and the eldest surgeon had been, by the heat of the argument, carried so far as to maintain, in asserting the non-infectious and non-contagious nature of the plague, that you could not give it a man by inoculating him with its virus, the patient, on whose case they had met to decide, appeared.

In addition to the green shade, our doctor had enwrapped his throat with an immense scarlet comforter, so that the reflection of the green above, and the contrast of the colour below, made the pallor of his face still more lividly pale. He was well got up. Captain Reud nodded to the surgeons to go on, and he proceeded with his own argument.

Thus there were two debates at this time proceeding with much heat, and with just so much acrimony as to make them highly interesting. With the noble posts it was one to two, that is, our captain, the Daphneite, had drawn upon him the other two captains, both of whom were Phillisites. When a man has to argue against two, and is not quite certain of being in the right either, he has nothing for it but to be very loud. Now men, divine as they are, have some things in common with the canine species. Go into a village, and you will observe that when one cur begins to yelp, every dog's-ear catches the sound, bristles up, and every throat is opened in clamorous emulation. Captain Reud talked fast as well as loud, so he was nearly upon a par with his opponents, who only talked loud.

At the other end of the table the odds were two to one, which is not always the same as one to two. That is, the two older surgeons were opposed to the youngest. These three were just as loud within one note—the note under being the tribute they unconsciously paid to naval discipline—as the three captains. Both parties were descanting upon plagues.

"I say, sir," said the little surgeon, who was the eldest, "it is not infectious. But here comes Dr. Thompson."

Now the erudite doctor from the first had no great chance. Captain Reud had determined he should not be invalided. The two other captains cared nothing at all about the matter, but of course would not be so impolitic as to differ from their superior officer; and an officer too, of large interest, and the Amphytrion of the day; for when they had performed those duties for which they were so well fitted, their medical ones, they were to dine on the scene of their arduous labours. The eldest surgeon had rather a bias against the doctor, as he could not legally put M.D. against his name. The next in seniority was entirely adverse to the invaliding, as, without he could invalid too, he would have to go to the West Indies in the place of our surgeon. The youngest was indifferent just then to any thing but to confute the other two, and prove that the plague was infectious.

"But here comes Dr. Thompson—I'll appeal to him," said non-infection; but the appeal was unfortunate, both for the appealer and the doctor. The latter was an infectionist, so there was no longer any odds, but two against two, and away they went. Our friend in the wide coat forgot he was sick, and his adversaries that they had to verify it. They sought to verify nothing but their dogmas. They waxed loud, then cuttingly polite, then slaughteringly sarcastic, and, at last, exceeding wroth.

"I tell you, sir, that I have written a volume on the subject."

"Had you no friend near you," said Dr. Thompson, "at that most unfortunate time?"

"I tell you, sir, I will never argue with any one on the subject, unless he has read my Latin treatise 'De Natura Pestium et Pestilentiarum.'"

"Then you'll never argue but with yourself," said the stout young surgeon.

Then arose the voices of the men militant over those of the men curative.

"The finest eye," vociferated our skipper, "Captain Templar, that ever beamed from mortal. Its lovely blue, contrasted with her white skin, is just like—"

"A washer-woman's stone-blue bag among her soapsuds—stony enough."

Here the medical voices preponderated, and expressions such as these became distinct—"Do you accuse me of ignorance, sir-r-r?"

"No, sir-r-r. I merely assert that you know nothing at all of the matter."

In the midst of this uproar I was walking the quarter-deck with the purser.

"What a terrible noise they are making in the cabin," I observed. "What can they be doing?"

"Invaliding the surgeon," said the marine officer, who had just joined us, looking wise.

"Doubted," said the purser.

"What a dreadful operation it must be," said a young Irish young gentleman, (all young gentlemen in the navy are not *young*,) "but, for the honour of the service, he might take it aisy any how, for the life of him."

"The very thing he is trying to do," was the purser's reply.

But let us return to the cabin and collect what we can hear, and record the sentences as they obtain the mastery, at either end of the table.

"Look at her step," said a captain, speaking of his lady.—"Tottering, feeble, zig-zag," said a surgeon, speaking of one stricken with the plague."—"Her fine open ivory brow."—"Is marked all over with disgusting pustules."—"Her breath is—oh! her delicious breath."—"Noisome, poisonous, corruption."—"In fact, her whole lovely body is a region of . . "—"Pestilent discolorations, and foul sores."—"And," roared out Captain Templar, "if you would but pass a single hour in her company . . . "—"You would assuredly repent of your temerity," said the obstinate contagionist.

This confusion lasted about a quarter of an hour, a time sufficient, in all conscience, to invalide a West Indian regiment.

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Reud, rising, a little chafed, "have you come to a conclusion upon this very plain case? I see the doctor looks better already, his face is no longer pale."

"I tell you what," said the senior surgeon, rising abruptly with the others, "since you will neither listen to me, to reason, or to my book, though I will not answer for the sanity of the mind, I will for that of your body. My duty, sir, my duty, will not permit me to invalide you."

"Never saw a healthier man in my life," said the second surgeon.

"Never mind, doctor," said the third, "we have fairly beaten them in the argument."

The gallant captains burst out into obstreperous laughter, and so the survey was broken up, and the principal surgeons declared that our poor doctor was in sound health, because they found him unsound in his opinions.

The three surgeons took their departure, the eldest saying, with a grim smile to Thompson, "It may correct some errors, and prepare you for next invaliding day. Shall I send you my book, 'De Natura Pestium et Pestilentiarum?'"

The jolly doctor, with a smile equally grim, thanked him, and formally declined the gift, assuring him "that, at the present time, the ship was well stocked with emetics."

Now the good doctor was a wag, and the captain, for fun, a very monkey. The aspirant for invaliding sate himself down again at the one end of the table, as the captains did at the other. Wines, anchovies, sandwiches, oysters, and other light and stimulating viands were produced to make a relishing lunch. Captain Reud threw a triumphant and right merry glance across the table on the silent and discomfited doctor. The servant had placed before him a cover and glasses, unbidden.

"Bring the doctor's plate," said the captain. The doctor was passive—the plate was brought, filled with luxuries, and placed directly under his nose. The temptation was terrible. He had been fasting and macerating himself, for eight or nine days. He glared upon it with a gloomy longing. He then looked up wistfully, and a droll smile mantled across his vast face, and eddied in the holes of his deep pock-marks.

"A glass of wine, doctor?" The decanter was pushed before him, and his glass filled by the servant. The doctor shook his head and said, "I dare not, but will put it to my lips in courtesy."

He did so, and when the glass reached the table it was empty. He then began gradually to unwind his huge woollen comforter, and, when he thought himself unobserved, he stole the encumbrance into his ample coat-pocket. He next proceeded to toss about, with a careless abstraction, the large masses of cold fowl and ham in his plate, and, by some unimaginable process, without the use of his knife, he contrived to separate them into edible pieces. They disappeared rapidly, and the plate was almost as soon empty as the wine glass. The green shade, by some unaccountable accident, now fell from his eyes, and, instead of again fixing it on, it found its way to the pocket, to keep company with the comforter. Near him stood a dish of delicious oysters, the which he silently coaxed towards his empty plate, and sent the contents furtively down his much wronged throat.

The other gentlemen watched these operations with mute delight, and, after a space, Captain Templar challenged him to a bumper, which was taken and swallowed without much squeamishness. The doctor found that he had still a difficult task to play; he knew that his artifice was discovered, and that the best way to repair the error was to boldly throw off the transparent disguise. The presence of the two stranger captains was still a restraint upon him. At length he cast his eyes upon Captain Reud, and putting into his countenance the drollest look of deprecation mingled with fun, said plaintively, "Are we friends, Captain Reud?"

"The best in the world, doctor," was the quick reply, and he rose and extended his open hand. Doctor Thompson rose also and advanced to the head of the table, and they shook hands most heartily. The two other captains begged to do the same, and to congratulate him on his rapid convalescence.

"To prove to you, doctor, the estimation in which I hold you, you shall dine with us, and we'll have a night of it," said the skipper.

"Oh! Captain Reud, Captain Reud, consider—really I cannot get well so fast as that would indicate."

"You must, you must. Gentlemen, no man makes better punch. Consider the punch, doctor."

"Truly, that alters the case. As these dolts of surgeons could not fully understand the diagnostics of my disease, I suppose I must do my duty for the *leetle* while longer that I have to live. I *will* do my duty, and attend you punctually at five o'clock, in order to see that there be no deleterious ingredients mingled in the punch." Saying

which he bowed and left the cabin, without leaning on the shoulder of either of his assistants.

But he had yet the worst ordeal to undergo—to brave the attack of his messmates—and he did it nobly. They were all assembled in the ward-room, for those that saw him descend, if not there before, went immediately and joined him. He waddled to the head of the table, and when seated, exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Steward, a glass of half-and-half. Gentlemen, I presume you do not understand a medical case. Steward, bring my case of pistols and the cold meat. I say, you do not understand a medical case."

"But we do yours," interrupted two or three voices at once.

"No, you don't; you may understand that case better,"—shoving his long-barrelled Manton duellers on to the middle of the table. "Now, gentlemen—I do not mean to bully—I am only, God help me, a weak civil arm of the service,"—and whining a little—"still very far from well. Now, I'll state my case to you, for your satisfaction, and to prevent any little mistakes. I was lately afflicted with a sort of a kind of a nondescript atrophy, a stagnation of the fluids, a congestion in the small blood-vessels, and a spasmodic contraction of the finitessimal nerves, that threatened very serious consequences. At the survey, two of the surgeons, ignorant quacks that they are, broached a most ridiculous opinion—a heterodox doctrine—a damnable heresy. On hearing it, my indignation was so much roused, that a reaction took place in my system, as instantaneous as the effects of a galvanic battery. My vital energies rallied, the stagnation of my fluids ceased, the small blood-vessels that had mutinied returned to their duty; and I am happy to say, that though now far from enjoying good health, I am rapidly approaching it. That is my case. Now for yours. As, gentlemen, we are to be cooped up together in this wooden inclosure for months, perhaps years, it is a duty that we owe to ourselves to promote the happiness of each other by good temper, politeness, mutual forbearance, and kindness. In none of these shall you find me wanting, and, to prove it, I will say this much—singular cases will call forth singular remarks; you must be aware that if such be dwelt on *too* long, they will become offensive to me, and disturb that union which I am so anxious to promote. So let us have done with the subject at once—make all your remarks now—joke, quiz, jeer, and flaunt, just for one half hour"—taking out his watch, and laying it gently on the table—"by that time I shall have finished my lunch, which, by-the-bye, I began in the cabin, there will be sufficient time for you to say all your smart things on the occasion; but, if after that I hear any more on the subject, by heavens, that man who shall dare to twit me with it, shall go with me immediately to the nearest shore, if in harbour—or shoot me, or I him, across the table, if at sea. Now, gentlemen, begin if you please."

"The devil a word will I ever utter on the matter," said Farmer, "and there's my hand upon it."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

And every messmate shook him heartily by the hand, and, by them, the subject was dropped, and for ever. That evening Dr.

Thompson made the captain's punch, having carefully locked up, in his largest sea-chest, his invaliding suit.

Whatever impression this anecdote may make on the reader, if it be one injurious to the doctor, we beg to tell him, that he proved a very blessing to the ship—the kind friend, as well as the skilful and tender physician, the promoter of every social enjoyment, the soother of conflicting passions, the interceder for the offending, and the peacemaker for all.

The next day, at day-light, we weighed, and, by the aid of much firing of guns, and the display of unmeasured bunting, we got the whole of the convoy out of the cove by noon, with the two men-of-war brigs bringing up the rear. Shortly after losing sight of land, bad weather came on, in which poor Gubbins was drowned, as I have before narrated.

By the time that we had made Madeira, the ship's company had settled into good order, and formed that concentrated principle, which enabled them to act as one man. It was a young and fine crew, made up of drafts of twenties and thirties, from different vessels, thanks to the nepotism of the treasurer of the navy.

We also began to understand each other's characters, and to study the captain's. Mischief was his besetting sin. Malignant he was not, but inconsiderate to a degree, that would make you really think that his heart was bad. One of his greatest pleasures was that of placing people in awkward and ludicrous situations. He very soon discovered the fattest men, who were the masters of the merchant vessels; and, when we had run far enough to the southward to make sitting in an open boat very unpleasant, he would, in light winds, make a signal for one of his jolly friends to come on board, the more especially if he happened to be far astern. Then began Captain Reud's enjoyment. After two hours hard pulling, the master would be seen coming up astern, wiping his brows, and, when within hail, Reud would shout to him to give away—and just as he reached the stern ladder, the main-top-sail of the frigate would be shivered, and the boat again be left half a mile astern. Another attempt, and another failure, the captain meanwhile gloating over the poor man's misery with the suppressed chuckle of delight, in which you would fancy a monkey to indulge, after he had perpetrated some irreparable mischief.

However, he would generally tease his victim no longer than dinner time. The ship would then be effectually hove to, the half melted skipper would get on board, and the captain receive him with studied politeness. Much would I admire the gravity with which he would deplore the impossibility of stopping his Majesty's ship Eos, by any thing short of an anchor and good holding ground. No, she would not be hove to—go a-head, or go astern she must—but stand still she could not. During this harangue, the mystified mariner would look at his commodore, much wondering which of the two was the fool.

"But, Mister Stubbs," the tormentor would continue, "it is now nearly six bells—you have not dined, I presume; how long have you been making this little distance, Mister Stubbs?" with a slow accent

on the word Mister. "Six hours!—bless me—I would certainly ropes-end those lubbers in your boat. You *must* be hungry—so must they, poor fellows! Here, Mr. Percy, call them up, put a boat-keeper in the boat, and let her drop astern—tell my steward to give them a good tuck out and a glass of grog. Mister Stubbs, you'll dine with me." And the affair would end by the gratified hoaxed one being sent on board his own vessel about the end of twilight, seeing more stars in the heavens than astronomers have yet discovered.

But these skippers were, though very plump, but humble game for our yellow-skinned tormentor. He nearly drove the third lieutenant mad, and that by a series of such delicate persecutions, annoyances so artfully veiled, and administered in a manner so gentlemanly, that complaint on the part of the persecuted, instead of exciting commiseration, covered him with ridicule. This officer was a Portuguese nobleman, of the name of Silva—the Don we never could bring our English mouths to use—who had entered our service at a very early age, and consequently spoke our language as naturally as ourselves. He was surnamed "the Paviour," and when off duty generally so addressed. It must not be supposed that he acquired this sobriquet on account of the gentlemen in corduroys laying by their rammers when he walked the street, bidding God bless him, for he was a light and elegant figure, and singularly handsome. At this time, I was the youngster of his watch, and a great favourite with him. The misfortune of his life was, that he had written a book—only one single sin—but it never left him—it haunted him through half the ships in the service, and finally drove him out of it. He had written this book, and caused it to be printed—and he *published* it also—for nobody else could. His bookseller had tried, and failed lamentably. Now Don Silva was always publishing, and never selling. His cabin was piled up with several ill-conditioned cases of great weight, which cases laboured under the abominable suspicion of containing the unsold copies.

As much as ever I could learn of the matter, no one ever got farther than the middle of the second page of this volume, excepting the printer's devils, the corrector of the press, and the author. The book was lent to me, but, great reader as I am, I broke down in attempting to pass the impassable passage. The book might have been a good book for aught I, or the world, knew to the contrary; but there was a fatality attending this particular part, that was really enough to make one superstitious—nobody could break the charm, and get over it. I wish the thought had occurred to me at that time, of beginning it at the end, and reading it backwards; surely, in that manner the book might have been got through. It was of a winning exterior, and a tolerable thickness. Never did an unsound nut look more tempting to be cracked, than this volume to be opened and read. It had for its title the imposing sentence of, "A Naval and Military *Tour up and down* the Rio de la Plate, by Don Alphonso Ribidiero da Silva."

I have before stated, that my shipmates were all strangers to each other. We had hardly got things to rights after leaving Cork, when Mr. Silva began, "as was his custom in the afternoon," to *publish* his book. He begged leave to read it to his messmates after dinner, and

leave was granted. With bland frankness, he insisted upon the opinions of the company as he proceeded. He began—but the wily purser at once started an objection to the first sentence—yea, even the title. He begged to be enlightened as to what sort of *tour* that was that merely went *up* and *down*. However, the doctor came at this crisis to the assistance of the Don, and suggested that the river might have *turns* in it. The reader sees how critical we are in a man-of-war.

However, in the middle of the second page appeared the fatal passage, "After having *paved* our way up the *river*." Upon which, issue was immediately joined, and hot argument ensued. The objector, of course, was the purser, and on this point the doctor went over to the enemy. All the lieutenants followed, the master stood neuter, and the marine officer fell asleep—thus poor Silva stood alone in his glory, to fight the unequal battle; and, in doing so, after the manner of authors, lost his temper.

Five, six, seven times was the book begun, but, like the hackney coaches, the audience could not get off the stones. The book and the discussion was always closed together in anger, just as the author was *paving his way*. As he adopted the phrase with a parental fondness, the father was called the "*paviour*."

All this of course reached the ears of the captain. He immediately wrote to Don Silva, requesting his company to dinner, particularly soliciting him to bring his excellent work. Of course, the little man took care to have the doctor and purser. The claret is on the table, the Amphytrion settles himself into a right critical attitude, but with a most suspicious leer in the corner of his eye. Our friend begins to read his book exultingly, but at the memorable passage, as was previously concerted, the hue and cry is raised.

During the jangling of argument Reud seems undecided, and observes that he can only judge the matter from well understanding the previous style and the context, and so every now and then requests him, with a most persuasive politeness, to begin again from the beginning. Of course, he gets no farther than the paving. After the baited author had re-read his page and-a-half about six or seven times, the captain smiles upon him lovingly, and says in his most insinuating tones, "Just read it over again once more, and we shall never trouble you after—we shall know it by heart."

As it was well understood that the author was never to get beyond that passage until he had acknowledged it absurd and egregiously foolish, any body who knows any thing about the *genus irritabile*, will be certain, that if he lived till "the crack of doom," Don Silva would never have passed the Rubicon. It was thus that the poor fellow was tormented; and every time that he was asked to dine in the cabin, he was always requested to bring his Tour, in order that the *whole* of it might be read.

The best, and most imposing manner of writing, is to lay down some wise dogma, and afterwards prove it by example. I shall follow this august method.—It is unwise for a midshipman to argue with the lieutenant of the watch, whilst there are three lofty mastheads unoccupied. Q. E. D.

One morning, after a literary skirmish in the captain's cabin the overnight, Mr.Silva smiled me over to him on his side of the quarter-deck, just as day was breaking. The weather was beautiful, and we had got well into the trade winds.

"Mr. Percy," said he, "you have not yet read my book. You are very young, but you have had a liberal education."

I bowed with flattered humility.

"I will lend it to you—you shall read it; and as a youthful, yet a clever scholar, give me your opinion of it—be candid. I suppose you have heard the trivial, foolish, spiteful objection started against a passage I have employed in the second page," and he takes a copy out of his pocket, and begins to read it to me until he comes to, "After having *paved* our way up the *river;*" he then enters into a long justificatory argument, the gravamen of which was to prove, that in figurative phrases a great latitude of expression was not only admissible, but often elegant.

I begged leave, in assenting to his doctrine, to differ from his application of it, as we ought not to risk, by using a figurative expression, the exciting of any absurd images, or catachrestical ideas. The author began to warm, and terminated my gentle representation by ordering me over to leeward, with this pompous speech, "I tell you what, sir, your friends have spent their money, and your tutors their time, upon you to little purpose; for know, sir, that when progress is to be made any where, in any shape, or in any manner, a more appropriate phrase than paving your way cannot be used—send the topmen aloft to loose the top-gallant sails."

Checked, though not humbled, I repeat the necessary orders, and no sooner do I see the men on the rattlings, than I squeak out at the top of my voice, "*Pave your way* up the rigging—*pave your way*, you lubbers." The men stop for a moment, grin at me with astonishment, and then scamper up like so many party-coloured devils.

"Mr. Percy, pave your way up to the mast-head, and stay there till I call you down," said the angry lieutenant; and thus, through my love for the figurative, for the first time I tasted the delights of a mast-heading.

(To be continued.)

LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.—No. III.

BY J. F. FAULKNER.

SAUL.

UNSHEATH the sword!—the hour is come!
Bring me my glittering spear!
My stubborn spirit mocks at fear,
Though terribly the phantom-seer
Moaned low of wrath and doom;
Yet if 'twere crime to seek
The sorceress-spell, 'twere worse to break
The hope of Israel in her son:
Sound to the charge!—your chief leads on.

Unsheath the sword!—we dare the worst!
Though havoc's hour be rife
With slaughters, scattering myriad-life
As dust amid the whirlwind's strife;
Yet be each recreant curst,
Who deems not better far
To press the festering bed of war
Than live to feel a captive's chain,
To clutch the brand that smote in vain.

Unsheath the sword!—each scabbard now
Must be a foeman's heart!
Now, by our faith! those falchions start
To fiery light, as lightnings dart
Across Night's ebon brow;
Raise then the war-cry's breath:
On, to the victory or death;
For country, altar, love, and home,
On! like the rushing red simoom.

Scorn be to him who nerveless bears
A lance against the foe;
And honour be around his brow
Who foremost lays a Syrian low:
I lead!—on, he who dares!
And if your king should fall,
Strew corses for my gory pall;
For Israel be the battle won,
I reck not life!—your chief leads on.

PROPHET.

Unsheath the sword!—who bade thee, king?
A haughtier tone than thine I bring;
For signs of terror, sounds of fear,
Have rolled their burden on my ear.

Thou mightiest midst the human tide,
Of war waves heaving at thy side,
Hear the dark tidings Heaven hath sealed,
And to the prophet's ken revealed:

Woe on the brand that Israel draws!
Woe to the chiefs leagued in her cause!
And woe to him who—frown not king,
I heed not what thy wrath can bring—

I saw the eagle's sunward flight:—
The shaft had cleft his heart ere night:—
Then sheath the sword!—ay, fling it back,
Ere woe stalks lordly in its track.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS IN BELGIUM.[1]

Associations for distributing domiciliary succour or relief abroad.

THE central direction of all charitable institutions is established at Brussels, and consists of a commission of ten members, the burgher-master being perpetual president. The administration is divided into two branches. The one entitled "*Administration des Hospices,*" the other "*Administration des bureaux de Bienfaisance.*" In addition to this central commission, each commune, or section of a town, has its particular administration subordinate to the first. By an order in council of the Netherlands' government, dated 17 Jan. 1817, it was enacted that the members of these different administrations should be selected by the municipal authorities of each commune, when merely administering its own particular funds; and by the provincial states, when administering those of two or more communes.

The functions of the members are gratuitous, one-fifth of their number going out and being renewed by annual rotation. The estimates and accounts of each society are in the first place submitted to the revision of the authorities electing the members; they are then forwarded to the central direction, who are the general receivers and treasurers; and thence they are transmitted to the minister of the interior, who thus obtains a direct knowledge of the number of indigent, and the resources at the disposition of the various sub-commissions, who are charged with the immediate distribution of relief to the poor at their own dwellings, and have each a greater or less fund at their disposal.

These resources are of four kinds. One fixed, that is, derived from legacies and donations of landed property, sanctioned by various laws and edicts, some of which bear date as early as the eleventh century. Three fluctuating, that is, derived from municipal or provincial grants, from collections made in churches, or from door to door, by the "*maitres des pauvres,*" or parochial overseers. In the capital, or such towns as possess theatres, or other places of public amusement, a tax of five per cent. is levied on the receipts; and where public gambling is permitted, which is only at Spa during a limited period, the speculator is bound to pay a fixed sum for his licence. The proceeds enter into the municipal treasury, and are added to the resources destined for the relief of the indigent. *Troncs*, or charity boxes, are likewise placed in every church, hotel, and public-house, the keys of which boxes are deposited with the respective *maitres des pauvres*, who are bound to make quarterly visits. In order to encourage charity, medals or honorary garlands are decreed to the proprietors of those establishments whose boxes produce the largest sums. All testamentary donations made to hospitals or other charities are subject to the

[1] Concluded from p. 237.

legacy duty, land-tax, and other formalities, or charges affecting property.

At first sight, the revenues of these societies, of which there are upwards of 25,000 in Belgium, appear abundant, or at all events, sufficient to cover the demands; but on examining the list of registered poor, partially receiving succour, and on dividing the whole sum by that number, the average portion annually given to each individual is reduced to a mere pittance. In 1828 the number of indigent inscribed on the books of the societies, exclusive of foundlings, mendicants, &c., in the depôts or asylums, exceeded 564,500, the population of the nine provinces being then rated at 3,905,000 souls; which gives a proportion of 145 for every 1,000, or 14½ per 100, that is, about one-seventh of the whole. The aggregate funds at the disposal of the different societies, amounted to 2,258,000 florins. After deducting expenses of administration, the total sum actually received by the poor was 1,925,000; which makes the annual average for each individual 3½ florins, or about 5*s.* 10*d.* English.*

The distributions varied, however, not only according to individual cases, but in proportion to the wealth of the society in the different provinces. Antwerp, for instance, presenting an average distribution of 9.69 florins; and Namur not more than 1.79 florin. Of the above total of 2,258,000; 178.900 florins were derived from fixed resources: 77,500 from collections made during divine service; or from door to door: 380,500 from communal, and 2,000 from provincial grants.

Each parish has its *maîtres des pauvres*, selected from the most respectable householders, forming a commission of five members, presided by the curate. They are selected by ballot from a prepared list. Their functions are compulsory, but gratuitous. By a decree of the mayoralty *(régence)* of Brussels, dated 20th Oct. 1820, in conformity with the law of 6th March 1818; all persons refusing to act, are punishable with three days' imprisonment, and a fine of fifty florins. The duties of these functionaries are to ascertain the number of indigent in the respective parishes—to visit them at their own dwellings—to search into the immediate causes of their destitution—to receive complaints and petitions—to afford medical, pecuniary, or other assistance, according as the case may require; to make collections at stated periods from house to house—to apply for funds to the central commission, and to repress vagrancy and imposture. But however, great the zeal and Christian benevolence of some of the members, many of them exercise their functions with repugnance and negligence; as must ever be the case, where such duties are imposed upon unpaid, irresponsible individuals, instead of being the spontaneous impulse of their own benevolence.

Almost all distributions, except in cases of extreme emergency, are made in kind: such, for instance, as bread, fuel, and clothing. Bread tickets are given upon the bakers, who are contracted with by the administration; and measures are adopted to prevent abuse. Indigent persons registered on the lists are forbidden to beg. On the

* In the table given in our former article, the average was set down at eight florins, but this included the schools.

first contravention of this rule they are admonished; on the second they are struck off the lists; and on the third they are arrested and transferred to the mendicity depôts.*

Charitable workshops are also established, but they are more numerous in Holland than in Belgium; there are one or two in Brussels and other large towns, but since the revolution their numbers are reduced to insignificance. Where they do exist, the primary matter is furnished by the central administration, and independent of the poor being instructed in given trades, all the profits beyond actual expenditure are reserved for their benefit.

It is unnecessary to repeat figures, but enough has been shown to prove that one-seventh of the population cannot exist without extraneous assistance; and however moderate that assistance, that starvation would be the consequence of its being withdrawn. From these cursory details it will be seen that those evils which weigh so heavily upon England, are participated in by the inhabitants of other countries essentially favoured by soil and climate; and evidently arise, not so much from errors of administration, as from an excess of population, and other causes, that baffle the counteracting exertions of the wisest governments.

Hospices or Asylums.

It would require more space than we can afford, to give a minute account of these institutions; we must, therefore, confine ourselves to generalities. The total number of establishments classed under this head, and containing 22,000 inmates, amounted to 318 on the 1st of January 1830. The number is nearly similar at this hour. The funds, which at that period exceeded 2,055,650 florins, were derived from the same sources as those detailed in the preceding section. The revenue arising from property was estimated 1,599,720 florins; the collections at 70,290; the communal grants 276,900; and those of the provincial states 108,740.

The total expenditure, including charges of administration, repairs, &c. &c. was 2,306,830 The difference between the expenditure and the receipts, amounting to 351,170, arose from various unforeseen circumstances, and was met by loans raised on mortgage. The absolute maintenance of the inmates was 1,859,125 florins. On dividing the cost of keep by the number of the former, it will give an average of 104 florins annually, or about 28 cents. or 5½*d.* per day. But here, again, the different provinces vary: the maximum being 137 for Liége, and the minimum 69 for Antwerp. The mean proportion of the inmates to the whole population is as 5½ to 1000, or a little more than half per cent. But the numbers also vary according to provinces; for instance, in Antwerp they are as 12½ per 1000, and in Limburg as 3½ per 1000.

The whole of these establishments are strictly devoted to the

* Benevolent institutions exist at Brussels and in almost all the great towns, the members of which, whose subscription varies from a minimum of 5 to 100 francs, are empowered to send objects of charity to the central office, where they are examined, registered, and relieved.

reception of age, infirmity, and extreme youth. Several of them might serve as models for other countries, not only as regards their physical and moral condition, but as relates to the economy and prudence of the administration. The object of the latter is pre-eminently benevolent and useful, and must essentially answer its purpose. In every institution the inmates are warmly clothed, well fed, and comfortably lodged; their morals are carefully attended to, and such as are still able to occupy themselves, are furnished with employment. The children, after receiving a useful primary education according to their sex, are put out to service, or are apprenticed to some trade.

The most remarkable of these excellent institutions are, the asylum for aged men, called *les Alexiens*, and that for aged women at the *Grand Beguinage* at Brussels, and that entitled *des Messines*, near Courtray in Flanders. The latter, which is little known, merits peculiar mention. It was first founded in 1060 by Adèle, daughter of Robert of France, and wife of Baudouin, fifth Count of Flanders, as a retreat for thirty noble ladies, and was richly endowed by that pious princess. It continued on this footing until 1776, when the Empress Maria Theresa issued letters patent giving it a new organization, and converting it into an asylum, to be devoted solely to the reception of the daughters of indigent military men, either killed or invalided in the service of the prince sovereign of the Austrian Netherlands.

An order in council of the king, dated 1818, introduced some new regulations, and extended the admission to widows as well as daughters of soldiers. The principal features of the regulations annexed to the decree, were, that the inmates should be maintained and educated until their 18th year; that, on quitting the asylum, they should be furnished with a decent wardrobe, and 12 florins in money, and that the administration should diligently exert itself to procure situations for such as were not reclaimed by their parents, or otherwise disposed of. The education of the pensioners consists in the principles and practice of religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic, together with knitting, lace-making, sewing, and embroidery. The revenues of the asylum amount to 25,000 florins, which are administered with such prudence that they suffice for the maintenance and education of 200 pensioners, with their attendants and instructors. The sovereign is the immediate protector, and all matters concerning the internal economy of the constitution are submitted to his inspection and approval.

Charity Schools.

Prior to the revolution, the number of schools in Belgium amounted to 4,046; of these 489 were at the expense of the state, and under the immediate control of the minister of public instruction. They presented a total of 293,000 pupils, of whom 157,000 were boys and 126,000 girls, offering a proportion of 1 in 13 of the general population, but varying in a remarkable degree according to provinces. Namur and Luxembourg, the poorest and most sterile, giving 1 in 7, whilst the wealthy and luxuriant Flanders presented only 1 in 18. The sums allowed by the budget, under the head of public instruc-

tion, amounted, at the above-mentioned epoch, (1829,) to 79,624 florins, which gives $3\frac{3}{4}$ florins, or 6 shillings, annually for each pupil. The remainder was furnished by the different communes or benevolent societies. It has been stated that public instruction was formerly under the immediate control of government. The primary schools were not only under the inspection of commissioners appointed by the crown, but no schoolmaster or instructor could exercise his calling, or open a private academy, without a diploma from the minister. Even language masters, or others, desiring to give lessons in families, were subject to the same rules, and were bound to procure a licence—a grievance loudly and justly complained of by the Belgians, as an impediment to the freedom of instruction, and an arbitrary interference with the rights of individuals to instruct, or to be instructed according to their own pleasure, and an overt attack upon the religious faith of the people.

"But that which set the seal to the general exasperation, and confirmed the clergy in the idea that it was the intention of government gradually to protestantize the country, was the foundation of the philosophic college at Louvain; attendance at which was first declared to be compulsory, but, owing to the general clamours of the nation, was subsequently made optional or facultative. Here, as the term implies, the system of education was essentially philosophic, and under the immediate superintendence of Protestant superiors and professors; and although the course of education embraced the ecclesiastical history, which comprehends the canon law, the bishops, and the vicars, were excluded from all jurisdiction or power of interpretation. This was held to be a grievous hardship; for the ecclesiastical history being nothing more than that of the dogma, and the canon law merely the form, or vehicle, under which the dogma is publicly professed, it was argued that, if the government rendered itself master of the form, it also obtained command over the dogma."*

With the subversion of the Netherlands' government, not only the philosophic college disappeared, but all restrictions upon education were removed, and perfect liberty given to public instruction.† This alteration appears to have been attended with corresponding results, since, according to the following tables, the number of persons attending elementary schools has considerably augmented, although in some instances the local authorities have availed themselves of the abolition of the compulsory law, to refuse salaries to instructors, and consequently the children are left to chance, or at best to the caprice of the municipalities. A new law purporting to regulate public instruction is forthcoming, wherein proper provision is made to guard against negligence or abuse.

* The Belgic Revolution, by C. White, Esq., p. 70, vol. i.

† By an arreté of the King of the Netherlands, all young men educated out of the country, were declared ineligible to hold office, whether civil or military, and were excluded from the practice of the liberal professions.

Table of Schools and Pupils in 1832.*

Provinces.	Schools.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Population	Average.
Antwerp . . .	341	15,105	11,801	26,906	347,590	1 in 12$\frac{11}{12}$
S. Brabant . .	592	21,104	17,586	38,690	556,046	1 in 14$\frac{11}{12}$
W. Flanders .	547	19,949	16,997	36,946	603,214	1 in 16$\frac{11}{12}$
E. Flanders . .	875	30,710	24,284	54,994	733,938	1 in 13$\frac{11}{12}$
Hainault . . .	888	35,671	29,048	64,719	608,524	1 in 9$\frac{11}{12}$
Liége	492	17,912	11,977	29,889	371,568	1 in 12$\frac{11}{12}$
Limbourg† . .	404	16,973	12,419	29,392	338,395	1 in 11$\frac{11}{12}$
Luxembourg .	831	24,049	19,201	43,250	311,608	1 in 7$\frac{11}{12}$
Namur . . .	416	17,061	13,575	30,636	211,544	1 in 6$\frac{11}{12}$
General Total .	5,386	198,534	156,888	355,422	4,082,427‡	1 in 11

Thus we find, that one out of 11 persons, upon the gross amount of population, is receiving instruction, not including 1,039 students at the three great colleges of Louvain, Ghent, and Liége, and about 400 divided between the new Catholic university of Malines and the free university of Brussels, which latter have been founded since the revolution. To these must be added 669 boys, educated at the Athenæums of Bruges, Brussels, Namur, and Tournay, and about 1000 more who are instructed in the bosom of their families. This will swell the gross amount to about 357,000 in round numbers. But if we deduct from the amount of population the number of adults of both sexes, which may be taken at $\frac{8}{4}$, this will give about 1 in $3\frac{3}{4}$ children receiving education.

Savings' Banks.

The immense importance of these institutions to the welfare of the poorer classes has been so often and so ably treated, and from their being in England so well understood by the poor themselves, we shall confine ourselves to a few remarks upon this subject, extracted from a pamphlet of the same philanthropist whose works we have already cited.§

"In the greater part of the systems hitherto imagined to relieve and anticipate indigence, only one thing has been omitted, and this the most essential of all, viz. that of inducing the working classes themselves to participate in the efforts made to ameliorate their position, and to effect their ultimate well-being. It has been thought, in order to attain this object, that it was sufficient to create taxes, to distribute assistance, to open houses of refuge and penitentiaries, and to give chase to mendicants and vagabonds. In this manner, many unfortunate creatures have

* Extracted from Recueil de Documents Statistiquess de Belgique. Par P. Vander Maelen, Brussels.

† This does not include the population of the towns of Maestricht and Luxembourg, which amounts to 22,000, and 11,000 inhabitants respectively.

‡ Taking the annual increase of population at $\frac{134}{10000}$, it would give 150,000 for the three years, and allowing compound interest, would raise the gross population in 1835, to 4,250,000.

§ Des caisses d'Epargnes et de leur influence sur la condition des classes laborieuses. Par E. Ducpétiaux. Brussels.

been relieved, and the rich have been in some measure spared the hideous spectacle which constantly offered itself to their regards; but indigence itself has been perpetuated and has augmented by the very means exerted to destroy it. Instead of mounting to the causes, legislatures have paused at the effects. They have seen the working population struggling against want and the dearness of the first necessaries, and suffering from the reduction of wages. Instead of endeavouring to establish a proportion between their wages and absolute wants, subscriptions have been raised; charity has been exacted by law and compulsion. Instead of endeavouring to re-establish the balance of nature, it has been opposed. Unfortunate wretches who made, as it were, a parade of their misery, have been driven out of sight and concealed in hospitals, infirmaries, workhouses, and mendicant colonies, without considering that the recklessness which has given birth to their indigence, found a source of aliment and a premium of encouragement in this mode of relief. It is not long since improved science, and the labours of philanthropic individuals have brought to light the abuses resulting from this system, against the maintenance of which political economists so loudly cry out. The first duty of governments should be to endeavour to approximate the two extremities of the social chain, and to raise the people from their present state of dependence, and thus to transform the degraded, ignorant, and discontented proletary into a citizen interested in the maintenance of order, tranquillity, and property. This is the great problem that remains to be solved, and this can only be effected by interesting the people themselves in its solution. For the existence of the people is in their own hands. If they have the will they have the power. Hitherto they owe their utter subjection to their own carelessness, and it is only by prudence and care that they ever attain real independence. Instruction, economy, and sobriety, these, and these alone, comprise the secrets of their welfare. There is no system of benevolence, whether voluntary or compulsory, that can replace these essentials. It should be our constant study to inculcate these principles. For this purpose we must adopt a system totally different from that hitherto pursued. Instead of offering to the working classes the deceitful bait of charitable institutions richly endowed, instead of giving them a legal right to exact a participation in the economy of others, prove to them that they will find no efficacious remedy for their misery but in their own exertions; destroy that which is illusory and seductive, and reduce them to the necessity of relying upon themselves, this will generate prudence, and thence economy, if not spontaneous, will be the result of necessity; and providing this virtue be attained, it matters not whence it is derived."

It is from neglecting these principles, or at all events from not laying them down as the basis of its system, that England is indebted for her enormous poors' rates, which have, in some instances, swallowed up the whole value of the land, and reduced whole parishes to beggary.* It is from this cause that the poor of Holland cost twenty-six millions of francs to the nation, and that nearly a seventh of its population receive relief. One of the principal means of effecting the desired remedy is by encouraging to the utmost the existence of saving banks, whereby not only the moral but political condition of the poor must be augmented. Give them an interest in supporting public credit, let them comprehend that its maintenance is beneficial to themselves, and that uproar and riot will but tend to endanger their property, and we shall find them as ready to support the laws as they are now too often prompt to set them at defiance. This principle seems to be gaining ground in Belgium. At first (1820) there was a marked disinclination on the part of the working classes to intrust their savings to these institutions: they preferred hoarding their money, and thus losing the interest, to confiding in those who they

* This occurred in 1832, at Cholesbury, Bucks, where, in consequence of the enormous amount of rates, "the landlords gave up their rents, the farmers their tenancies, and the clergyman his glebe and tithes."—See Report of Poor Laws Commissioners, page 64.

imagined offered them no security. Of late, however, this prejudice has been vanquished, and at the present moment nearly eight millions are deposited, and this sum is daily augmenting, through the exertions of the local establishments. This is particularly applicable to the province of Liège, where the workpeople, who have been constantly employed since the revolution, appear embued with greater prudence and spirit of economy than those of the other provinces.*

At the epoch of the revolution, the Netherlands, for six millions of inhabitants, had 53 saving banks, of which only three were in Belgium, that is, at Ghent, Tournay, and Maestricht; since that period Liège, Brussels, and Verviers, have followed their example. These 53 institutions included 13,882 depositors, which in regard to the population was as $3\frac{41}{100}$ is to 1000. The sums vested amounted to 2,312,167 florins, which, divided amongst the depositors, gave 166.56 florins for each. The greater part of these banks gave four per cent., some go as high as five, and others only yield three per cent. The Liège bank, in the first six months of its establishment, received 42,500 florins from 228 depositors, of whom 115 were workmen, whilst the Ghent bank, which comprised four times that number of contributors, only reckoned 10 workmen. One of the principal motives assigned for the objection of these classes to invest their economies in the saving banks, is the unsettled state of affairs. The people do not deny their utility, but the majority are withheld from availing themselves of its advantages by fears that, in the event of convulsion, their deposits would be swept away by the victors. It is essential that the government should exert its utmost efforts to tranquillize the lower orders upon this subject, and to prove to them that no political eruptions could ever affect deposits, which it is the duty of civilisation and humanity, as well as the interest of all nations, to hold sacred.

Monts de Piété, or National Pawnbrokers.

The enormous exaction of usurers, especially in the Italian states, as early as the twelfth century, having attracted the attention of the Papal government, it was not only considered necessary to adopt vigorous measures against individuals whose avarice was the cause of misery and ruin to thousands, and whose demands increased in proportion to the danger and humiliation they incurred from their traffic; but to found establishments for the relief of such distressed persons as required the assistance of temporary loans. These institutions, in which the law of interest was submitted to a fixed standard, were essentially philanthropic and charitable in their object, and thence received the name of *Monts de Piété*. One of the earliest of these establishments was founded at Tresingen in Bavaria, under the direction of a charitable association, confirmed by a bull of Innocent III. in 1202. James de la Marche and Bernardin de Feltre, two distinguished and wealthy philanthropists, exerted themselves to increase

* The deposits in the saving banks in England in 1831 exceeded 13,350,000*l*., the numbers of depositors was about 385,000 for 16 millions population. France, in the same year, for 32 millions, had only 12 saving banks; that of Paris contained nearly 7 millions francs. The saving bank of Geneva contained 6 millions deposits.

the number of these speculations, and the latter succeeded in forming that of Padua in 1520. It was, however, principally under the pontificates of Paul II., Sextus IV., Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., and Julius II., who occupied the papal chair from 1464 to 1513, that they received their greatest extension. A bull of Leo X., dated 4th of May, 1515, makes mention of the opinion of these Popes relative to these institutions.*

The individual charity by which the *Monts de Piété* had been hitherto supported being insufficient for the gratuitous supply of the funds necessary for the purposes of loans, the Council of Latran authorised the commissioners to levy "an indemnity," or, in other words, to exact interest from the borrowers. The Council of Trent also took the subject in hand, and on the 17th of September 1562, recommended it to the solicitude of the bishops. The interest upon deposits was fixed at about two per cent.; but this was gradually augmented, and a bull of Gregory XIII., in 1580, fixed it at four per cent. A Belgian, named Wenceslaus Cobergher, who had resided many years in Italy, was so convinced of the advantages his necessitous fellow countrymen might derive from these institutions, that he obtained letters patent from the Arch-Dukes Albert and Isabella for the foundation of the Monts de Piété, which were successively established between 1618 and 1633, in sixteen of the principal towns of the Spanish Netherlands. The funds for which were derived from mortgaging the buildings converted to this purpose, and from the assistance of the monasteries and clergy, who evinced great readiness to advance money for which they were to receive 6¼ per cent. interest. The charges imposed upon the Monts de Piété being at first starting extremely onerous, the Governors General, by an ordonnance of 1618, permitted the interest to be raised to 15 per cent., and appointed the Archbishop of Malines and the Chancellor of Brabant conservators.

One of the first results of these institutions was the destruction of the usurious traffic of the *Lombards*, or licensed pawnbrokers, called *tenants tables de prêt*, who at one time exacted 66 per cent., until the interest was reduced by law to 22. The demands of these money lenders were calculated by the week, so that a person making a deposit on Saturday, and withdrawing it upon the Monday following, was compelled to pay two weeks' interest. The annual profits of these *Lombards*, in the Netherlands, was estimated at 500,000 florins; the consequence was, that they neither spared exertions nor bribery to counteract the benevolent views of Cobergher. Failing in their efforts they removed to France, where by letters patent, dated 1360, they were authorized to exact 4 deniers per week for every 20 sous,† or 86 per cent. Monts de Piété having been established at Arras, Douay, Lille, Valenciennes, and other towns prior to their cession to France by virtue of the treaties of the Pyrenees, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Nymeguen, they were continued after that epoch, and upon the 18th of July 1696, Marseilles, which had become the great central point of commerce, obtained from government a similar establishment.

* Avantages et Inconvénients des Monts de Piété, par D. Arnould, Secrétaire-Inspecteur de l'Université de Louvain. Mémoire couronné en 1829.

† Twelve deniers make one sou.

It was not, however, until 1777, that the Mont de Piété of Paris was first founded, authorized to lay 10 per cent. interest on deposits. These speculations continued to flourish until 1789, when the revolution put an end to their transactions. The result was the revival of unlicensed money lenders, who availing themselves of the distress of the times, placed no bounds to their cupidity and avarice. The evils arising from this state of things were felt in Belgium, the Rhenish provinces, Italy, and in short, in every country to which the revolutionary contagion extended, and were carried to such lengths, that the Directory found it necessary to interfere, and upon the 3rd Prairial (22nd May) Anno 5, issued an edict directing the re-establishment of the Mont de Piété of Paris. This was soon followed by their revival throughout the whole of the French dominions. A law of 16th Pluviose (4th February) anno 12, also directed all unlicensed money lenders' houses to be closed, and promulgated the statutes of the Monts de Piété. The principal features of these statutes, which have been maintained with little variation to the present hour, are—1. That they shall be placed under the inspection of the minister of the interior, and superintended gratuitously by commissions, of which the mayors are presidents.—2. That the acts of the administration should be exempt from stamp and register duties.—3. That the persons employed should give security, but not receive any profit from the operations.—4. The necessary funds to be raised by loans bearing four or five per cent. interest, mortgaged on the buildings and property of the institution.—5. Persons pledging goods to pay the interest on withdrawing the pledge—this interest to be calculated by the day. Pledges not withdrawn within fourteen months to be sold publicly, at the end of twenty months, which is the utmost term of delay. The sums arising, however, from the sale of unredeemed pledges, to be returned to the owners, after deducting the interests and other claims of the establishment. Divers other clauses regulated the preservation and security of pledged articles, and guarded as far as possible against the Monts de Piété becoming a receptacle for stolen property. The whole being open to public inspection, and subject to the control of central commissioners, to whom, in the event of a robbery, application may be made.

Such is the outline of these establishments, which, although they may have rescued the necessitous from the usurer's fangs, are admitted to be extremely defective as regards both the high rate of interest demanded on deposits, and as affects the general morality of the lower orders. The minimum of the first being ten per cent., but in most localities twelve or fifteen, it is evident that it must eventually entail the ruin of those who have constant recourse to this kind of relief—an evil that ought to be diminished, since the pledges are more than sufficient to cover all risks, and the establishments are liberated from various taxes and duties that affect other institutions. It appears, also, that the profits, which are allowed to be considerable, are applied to hospitals and other charitable institutions, instead of being reserved as a fund for paying off the mortgages, and thence diminishing the interest. Thus one class of poor, in some measure, derive their support from the money wrung from others in the shape

of exorbitant interest. It has been well observed that this system is nothing more than a prompt mode of conducting the poor to those workhouses or infirmaries, to whose support they have already so largely contributed. This evil is, however, preferable to that of the English system, especially as regards the sale of unredeemed pledges, which in the latter country are lost for ever to the proprietor. We recommend this clause to the consideration of the legislature, feeling convinced that it would be essentially beneficial to the needy, without diminishing the just profits of the pawnbrokers.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Οὔτε ῥόδων στεφάνων ἐπιδεύεται, ὄυτε σὺ πέπλων. κ. τ. λ.

No rosy crown, my lovely one!
No robes in folds of purple flowing;
No cluster rich of precious stone,
With twisted gold encircled glowing;
Dost thou require, my charming fair!
The pearl is not so bright as thee,
And paler than thy flowing hair
The lustre of the gold would be:
The Indian ruby—oh! 'tis bright;
But thine eye sheds a lovelier light!

Thy lip with dewy honey flowing,
And ruddy as the blushing rose;
And thy fair form with beauties glowing,
That Venus to her cestus owes:
When on these beauties thus I gaze
O'ercome, I seem to faint and die,
But when I dare a look to raise,
Methinks I see within thine eye,
In the bright sunshine, loveliest fair!
That laughing Hope speaks comfort there!

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

I SHOULD tire the patience of my readers were I to attempt to give an account of all the petty robberies in which I was concerned during the next three years and a half of my life; I will therefore only inform them that in the period named I was eleven times taken up and carried before a magistrate, endured six different terms of imprisonment, and was twice privately whipped; a punishment I did not at all relish: terrible, however, as it was, I cannot say that I thought so much of it after the first time, and I believe that all boys are made more hardened by it. When I came out of prison and got well of the first flogging, I thought myself most cruelly used, and went more desperately to work, thinking if they had me again, it should be for transportation. The pain occasioned by the cat is of course most at the first lashes, but after the skin is well broken, it is not so bad as people would imagine.*

The back to be sure is a little stiff after it, but when it is over few courageous boys think more about it, and would at any time exchange the punishment for a month's imprisonment; at least, such is my experience when a boy, and I have no reason to alter my opinion, from any thing I have seen of those who have come under my own observation. It

[1] Continued from p. 99.

* This opinion of Ketch's is borne out by the evidence of Sir Charles Bell, who writes—"The sensibility of the skin serves not only to give the sense of touch, but acts as a guard to the deeper parts; and as they cannot be reached except through the skin, and we must suffer pain, therefore, before they are injured, it would be superfluous to bestow sensibility upon these deeper parts. If the internal parts which act in the motions of the body had possessed a similar kind and degree of sensibility with the skin, so far from serving any useful purpose, this sensibility would have been a source of inconvenience and continual pain in the common exercise of the frame. The skin being thus made a safeguard to the delicate textures which are contained within, by forcing us to avoid injuries, really affords us a more effectual defence than if our bodies were covered with the hide of a rhinoceros. Such, no doubt, is the benevolent design of all pain, whether belonging to our corporeal or moral and intellectual constitution. A warning it is for our good, if heeded and obeyed. Mark, however, a more astonishing physical fact, that when the bones, joints, and all the membranes and ligaments which cover them, are exposed, they may be cut, pricked, or even burned, without the patient or animal suffering the slightest pain. A sensibility similar to that of the skin given to these internal parts would have remained unexercised: no injuries, such as pricking and burning, can reach them; or never, without warning being received through the sensibility of the skin. All pain, therefore, it may be concluded, has reference to a final cause."—(EDITORIAL REMARKS.)

is not the pain, but the kind of punishment, which is dreaded, therefore it is only effective in deterring persons who have pride, and when such are flogged they lose this property, and ever afterwards go on more desperately than they otherwise would have done if they had not been so punished—this is my firm belief, which I have often told the governor of Newgate, who never could, as he said, make the recorder sensible of the fact.

The last time I was in prison out of the six I have spoken of, I met with a young man, who advised me to give up my game of sneaking, and take to buzzing, (pick-pocketing.) His account of the profits from this course of life tempted me to accept his offer; as I was grown older, my expenses increased, and I wanted more money; besides, I was never now without a female to keep, although perhaps I was not more than fifteen years of age. As my time was up for being liberated from prison a month before my new acquaintance, he gave me a letter to his partner, with whom I lived, and received instruction in the art and mysteries of picking pockets. My first trial was on the day the king went to open the Parliament House; a gang of more than fifty joined together, upon an understanding that all they got should be divided equally among them. It was my business this day to go first, penetrating the crowd, and feeling as I went along for pocket-books, snuff-boxes, and watches, then to give the cue to those behind me to be ready, after which I either cut the pocket off with a pair of scissors, or introduced my hand for extracting the property; if I succeeded it was instantly taken by another, and passed on to four or five others, who were in a direct line behind me; by these means, if I were detected in the act of taking the property, the rapidity with which it was passed to another part of the crowd prevented its being found upon the thief, or, indeed, at all, when the hands were good and quick in their movements; few convictions, therefore, arose out of mob robberies, although many were sent to prison as known thieves, a practice of the magistrates which never yet had the least effect in checking the course of regular-bred rogues. A little reflection, we would think, might convince the government of the uselessness of imprisoning reputed rogues; a known thief is one who has been so long on the town committing crimes, that he cannot, if he were ever so much disposed, get his bread in any other way; he must go his length until taken, and found guilty of some robbery which will transport him. Putting him into prison, therefore, for one, two, or three months, only makes him more cautious, and in many instances delays for years effective and proper convictions. It harasses thieves a little, but produces no real good in making them give up their ways. Suppose, instead of keeping them in prison, they were placed upon a stage, day after day, in St. Paul's Churchyard, until they were known to all the town. It is evident, that if they were disposed, they never could hereafter obtain an honest living; what then could they do? If they went again into the street in broad day, the policeman would take them up, and the magistrate would commit them for another exposure on the public stage, or to close confinement, until the rogue saw the necessity of altering his course, not to honesty, for that his imprisonment or exposure would have rendered impracticable; he would be therefore constrained to abandon street plunder by daylight, and take to house-breaking by night, the only resource left him—he must do that or starve. If you have too many pickpockets upon the town, is it good judgment to drive one half of them into a worse course? and would it not be better to let them remain where they are, until they can be picked out upon proper evidence, and finally disposed of by transportation? The plan of short imprisonment can do no good in whatever way it may be viewed; it hinders the young, and drives the old ones on to seek new crimes, to avoid the petty annoyance of the magistrates; besides, see what a terrible list of criminals it makes appear upon the books of our gaols, one man or boy going in

three or four times every year; each time contracting fresh connexions, and planning new schemes of action; I very much wonder this mistake has not been seen before. The question is simply this, does imprisonment for petty crimes, and upon petty occasions, stop crime in its infancy, or increase its growth? I think the latter.

Almost every night while I was with this gang, I was at the play, dressed well, and was quite a swell in appearance; several times I went to country music-meetings, at Canterbury, Birmingham, and Chester, where we did well, and afterwards attended the races all round the country. I was noted for being a famous hand in a crowd, but rather clumsy at attacking a pocket single-handed in the street. One day I felt a gentleman's snuff-box, (or, as we used to call them, sneezers,) at the picture-shop at the corner of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, and being alone I thought I would have the prize to myself; following the owner, therefore, from place to place, I at length succeeded in cutting the box out with my scissors—which I always carried, ready for use—while he was talking to a female he met in the Haymarket. Just as I was about retreating, a man, who it appears had been watching me, seized me by the collar, and snatching the box, which was still in the piece of the pocket, held it up in triumph before the gentleman's face. Fully aware that my time was come for transportation, I said nothing: all the parties walked straight to Bow Street, from whence I was immediately committed to Newgate for trial. Although I frequently had been tried at the Quarter Sessions, at Clerkenwell, Westminster, and the Borough, yet I had never before been committed to Newgate; still, as I entered, all the turnkeys said I had been there twice before, and made me pull off my clothes to see if I had been ever flogged; when they discovered that I had, from the marks upon my back. One man went so far as to say I had been there four times; allowance, however, must be made for turnkeys, I have always found them the greatest liars of any body of men which have come under my acquaintance. They pretend to be acquainted with every body, and every thing, in order to appear knowing to their employers, and get higher places; through this they become so habituated to falsehood, that they never speak the truth, except it be by accident.

The mind, as one of my companions said, who was in the same ward with me, is like a piece of bamboo cane, you may bend it and twist it, you may split it into small threads, but it is with difficulty broken. The ease with which he who has been a regular child of misfortune can make up his mind to the worst, is but little understood by others who have travelled the smoother path of life, and for this reason it is, I believe, that our law-makers are so surprised when they find no punishment will stop crime. They forget that starvation is one of the greatest punishments, and that they have it not in their power to invent a greater. When in my ward, and sitting over the fire, my fellow prisoners found no trouble in soon persuading me, within a few hours after I came into their company, that it was good for me to be transported. They had, by a train of reasoning, convinced themselves that it would make men of them, and therefore were in a condition to remove the doubts of others. Such an effect had these arguments upon me, that my only concern while I was in prison was, for fear I should not be transported, so that when I heard the sentence of seven years beyond his majesty's seas, I could not resist saying, "Thank you, my lord." This was called a piece of impudence, but it was not; at the time I was really thankful, and went back into prison quite delighted. Often have I thought of this, and noticed how mistaken the judges and spectators have been, when they called such a prisoner hardened and saucy.

About a month after I received my sentence, the turnkey, when he locked us up, called over a string of names, among which was mine, in-

forming us that at four the next morning we were to prepare to go off to Chatham; this was joyful news to us, we were all tired of the sameness of a prison life, and began singing at our prospect of a change. Some said they were going to a country where it never rained, and the people were never ill; that the parrots and humming-birds hopped about quite tame in the trees over the head, and that peaches, apricots, and grapes grew in the hedges, where every body was allowed to gather them for nothing.

In this way did most of them keep up their spirits; for my part, I had one comfort, my curiosity was about to be gratified by travelling, and I knew, if I did not find friends, that I left none behind me; and as to want, I need not go abroad for that, I had met with it too often at home to let it concern me much in prospect, go where I might. When the hour of four came, we were called down, and chained together by the leg, twenty-five of us; after which some coffee and bread and butter were given us. We were then placed in a long van, drawn by six horses, guarded by four turnkeys and six light-horse soldiers; under this escort, by the middle of the day we reached Chatham, and immediately were conveyed on board the hulk, where all our bright prospects vanished like a pleasant dream on waking. After our names had been entered, we were stripped, examined by the surgeon, and washed from head to foot, and our hair cut close off—all but shaved. Three, however, were sent back to be cured of the itch, the officer on board saying he would not have them admitted in the condition they were in. We were then served out with a suit of coarse, slop clothes, and every one ironed and turned down elow, to see the berths which were marked out for us.

It may readily be supposed, that from the kind of life I had gone through, I was not over nice; but the scene I witnessed here when night came on, puts description to defiance. All strangers, whatever their previous life and knowledge may have been, are for a time held in astonishment at these scenes, but, like every thing else, in a few days it wears off. You cannot at first suppose you are living among men, their conduct, habits, and manners, are so totally opposite to that which is seen in any other place; and this difference I have been told is from their treatment, being all confined in one place, and rendered desperate by severity and despair. There were six hundred men and boys on board the hulk, (at that time there was no separate ship for boys,) all of whom turned out at six o'clock the next morning, put away their bedding, and immediately had breakfast, which consisted of boiled barley of the very coarsest kind, called *stoch*, or *burgoo*. By seven we were all taken to the dock-yard, where the men were divided into gangs for the performance of various kinds of labour; I was put into a gang which was employed in removing timber; this duty was performed by a kind of rope harness, which came over the shoulder and chest, fifteen or sixteen dragging one log to the place where it was wanted for use in ship-building. At noon all hands returned on board to dinner, which was one day beef, really nothing like so good as that meat wheeled about in London streets for cats and dogs, and of this a small quantity, with bread perfectly black. On alternate days four ounces of cheese, or a basin of soup, which is made of the water in which the beef was boiled the preceding day; after dinner the gangs are again put to work as before, where they continue until five or six o'clock, according to the season of the year, or the state of the weather. On their return in the evening to the ship, all hands are mustered, and the roll called as they go down below, when the hatches are closed upon them, and for their supper burgoo is again served out. This was very different from going into a fine country and picking peaches off the hedges. After I had been there a few months I was sent into a rope-walk to help a free workman, when my condition was much improved; he was a kind man, and I had the good fortune to please him.

The life of a convict is every day the same; I may therefore pass over the next five and a half years of my life, stating only, that I continued at the rope trade, and that in consequence of my steadiness, and the recommendations of those with whom I worked, I obtained a free pardon at the end of that period. Among other advantages I had by being on good terms with my employer was, that he lent me books to read when I could find time, and got the mate to give me leave to have them, and take them down below when the hatches were closed at night. The superintendent was induced to procure my pardon, because he thought I had now a trade at which I might work, and get a living, for he knew I had no friends. A suit of clothes was provided me, and five pounds were put in my pocket when I was discharged. Previous, however, to touching on my career as a man, (to which I was now grown,) I must detain the reader to offer a few observations upon the hulk system of punishment, especially as the government have not yet positively come to the determination of abolishing these receptacles for criminals; convinced also as I am, that none who have not gone through the ordeal are competent to form any judgment of its nature and effects upon men. As a mere question of punishment it is severe enough; but then it makes all men much worse than they were before they endured it, therefore it must be a bad one; it being evident that no punishment which does not compel the culprit, (at least, during the time he is undergoing it,) to think that it would have been better not to have offended against the laws, can be an efficient one. Under the hulk system this object is never accomplished; convicts now (no matter however much they feel the hardship) think of no subject so much as that of perpetrating fresh crimes; their common language being, "Won't I go a good one when my time is up?" meaning thereby, that they intend to rob more desperately than before. This is often, perhaps, said in bravado, but such conduct offers us a proof that they are not mended, and experience indicates that it is more frequently a genuine than a fictitious feeling. Moreover, I do think, if a man were to become penitent while in prison, before he was sent to the hulks, that he could not remain, when on board, a week in that state of mind; his hardships, which are his punishment, now commence; but his carelessness of consequences increases with them—desperation uniformly supersedes consideration, which arises from the mind being appalled with the horror of the situation, and the certainty that it cannot by the force of reason and reflection bear up against the shocking and unnatural scenes which are presented to the view in these receptacles of vice; especially when the prospect of its endurance for a series of years is contemplated, and the situation in which all who go there are placed. But, say our rulers, "this is punishment, and that is our aim." Yes, admitted; but then it is also corruption such as no mortal ever yet born can withstand. Ay, and such corruption as cannot be described in print, and which not only disgraces the criminal, but makes every man blush for the species to which he belongs. Now, cannot we have a severe punishment, which may, at the time the criminal is undergoing it, occasion him both to express and feel sorrow for his offence, whatever may be the result of his probation when again returned upon society, besides having a security at all times that the culprit shall never come out the worse man for punishment; if this cannot be accomplished, it may be asked what is the end and use of coercion? To remedy these evils the first object is separation after the hours of labour. None, whatever may be their rank in life, are morally better by herding together in large numbers. The most immoral spots on the globe are those where the greatest number are collected in masses; and this will ever be the case, whether we refer to the rich or poorer classes—at least, so I have heard sensible men affirm. Very serious errors become popular received truths by miscalling things; a returned transport is

considered a very desperate fellow, but there are very few returned transports in this country; the appellation is very improperly applied to returned *hulkers*, and these generally are very desperate characters. I very much question whether those men who do return after actual transportation, are ever so bad as they were before their exile. It is a palpable mistake to call a convict who was never sent out of the country, a returned transport, in reference to the badness of his character, as compared to what he was when convicted, and that which he is at the expiration of his time. In short, it is the home system which does the mischief in making men worse, and not actual deportation. On board the hulks men are totally destroyed both in quality and feeling; none do or ever can rise into the path of honesty out of them: or the numbers are so few that do, as to be nothing in the calculation.

By the advice of the first mate belonging to the hulk, I staid on board one night after my discharge came down, and the following morning started to walk to town; when I reached Gravesend, however, I was advised to take a passage on board the hoy, where there was a number of passengers of both sexes, and mostly of the lowest class. I joined a party which were engaged at cards, and imprudently taking a few glasses of gin and some bottled porter, I became insensible to all that passed, and was awoke by a sailor about five o'clock the following morning, who informed me all the passengers had landed some hours previously. On this hint I first rubbed my eyes, and then put my hands into my pocket, when I discovered that much of my money was gone, nearly three pounds, but by great good fortune I had sewed two out of my five into the collar of my coat, thus, as they had left me that garment, I was not quite a bankrupt. I now inquired for the rope walk, and at once went to obtain work, determined, if possible, to live an honest life; two causes, however, arose to frustrate this good intention, viz. my want of knowledge in that trade I thought myself so clever at; and the number of messages I had undertaken to deliver for my companions on my arrival in London. When I came to be examined by a ropemaker I was found wanting, and told that nobody would employ me. It is a great error in the boy's hulk system that they pretend to teach trades, which they never effectually perform. Shoemakers, tailors, bookbinders, &c. &c. I have known come from the boys' ship Euryalus at Chatham in scores, whom nobody would employ, because none of them ever did know their trade. I may therefore with truth say, that that ship, which on an average had eight hundred boys on board of her, during her whole time practised a deception on the government and the public. The boys do not learn their trade, but the deficiency in useful instruction is made up by their becoming proficients in every species of known roguery; the leading men in London crimes are all known as once having been Euryalus kids.

Finding that I could get no employment, and being without a home or a friend to speak to, I naturally clung to those who behaved kindly to me when I called to deliver my messages from those convicts I had left behind. These were dangerous quarters for me; in less time than a week I was reduced to my last shilling, and began to think of some measures which would keep me from starving. While in this mood, a man named Tom Stevens, the brother of a man who had been several years in the same ward with me on board the hulks, came up, and slapping me on the back, said, "Well, Jack, what are you after? A half-and-half fellow, you know, is no good; a man should be downright honest, or a slap up rogue; now we can make room for such a hand as you: only let us know to-night when you come to blow your steamer whether you enlist into our regiment or not." Up to this moment, although I suspected that my acquaintances were members of the cross family, I had not directly asked the question or been told so; this invitation therefore

settled the point, and I spent the remainder of the day without money or food, but still turning over in my mind every scheme imagination could suggest, by which I might, if possible, eat without putting my life and liberty in jeopardy.

In this state a thought came across my mind that I might as well go to St. Giles's workhouse and see if I could not get some clue to whom I owed my birth, and to the workhouse, hungry and faint, I went forthwith. The same assistant overseer was still there, who, when I told my story, gave me two shillings, and informed me that about a year after I had run away a very respectable gentleman came to inquire about me, and said that he wished to take me away and provide for me; I also learnt that I was a foundling, having been left in a basket at a tradesman's door in a cold winter's night, when I could not be many days old; thus ended my inquiries regarding my parents, when I heartily cursed them for abandoning me to so much misery. Unwilling to remain in the workhouse if they would allow me, I left the overseer, and again abandoned myself to chance; but not knowing what to do, I that night slept in the park upon one of the benches. The following morning, having reserved sixpence out of my two shillings, I got some breakfast, and was again pennyless; I then went to Covent Garden market to offer myself as a porter, but as I was not known, no one would employ me; and then it occurred to me that if I were known I should be worse off as to the chance of getting work. The day advanced, and I grew hungry, when I saw in its full force the truth of Tom Stevens' remark that I must make choice of some way of life; but fate seemed determined that it should not be an honest course. Vexed and hungry, therefore, in the evening I strolled to the house where I knew Tom and his companions every night met to regale themselves. Calling him out I told him I was without money. "What!" said he, "are you such a flat as to be without cash in such a place as London? Come, come, if you are not already engaged, join me and my *pals*, and you shall soon have some money; besides, we want a fresh hand, some of us are but too well known for the business; but come in and furnish your breadbasket, and I will then tell you our game." With this request I readily complied, and like a countryman with the recruiting officer, after taking the shilling and something to drink, considered myself regularly enlisted. Strangely unprosperous as all my efforts had been to redeem myself from the slavery of crime, I did not that night go to rest without making a secret oath to myself, that as soon as I got two or three pounds together I would purchase a basket and hawk fish about the streets for a living. This resolution more than once, I believe, prevented my destroying myself. Smile not, reader, at a man of my strange avocations now, and stranger life, laying claim to the common feeling of men. Whatever actions of desperation and wickedness the passions and the flood of circumstances may drive men to commit, they are still a part of humanity, the essence and nature belonging to which they can never dispossess themselves of any more than they can be alive and dead at the same time. I grant that a long course in any one path of wickedness works great alterations in men; I know this from myself; but I am stating the difficulties I had at every stage to encounter in getting over my conscience, which makes me flatter myself, although I do not know my parents, that I was intended by nature for an honest man. I was a wanderer and never knew a friend, and never shall, because my business sets men against me; but more of this hereafter. I will now proceed with my history.

I was connected with a gang of eleven, who were all passers of base money; a party of three was a working body, so that they had three sets every day employed, while the other two were either entirely off business for the day, or engaged in transacting the affairs regarding the supply of

counterfeit coins, &c. The three were employed thus: one carried the shan, (counterfeits,) and throughout the day did nothing else; another took a piece from him and then went to a shop with otherwise empty pockets, to purchase some trifle and obtain change; then instead of returning to the carrier of the base coins, he deposited both the goods purchased and the change with the third hand, who informed him where another piece of bad money would be placed for him to take: thus working all the day into each other's hands with as little communication together as possible for fear of being watched. By this arrangement, if the passer were suspected and apprehended, only one piece of money would be found upon his person, and in the absence of collateral evidence, few juries would convict, or magistrates commit, if a plausible defence were made. At the time I commenced my career a vast number of counterfeit guineas were in circulation, and I succeeded in passing three the first day. It is beyond the belief of young shan-ringers what business was done in former times in the smashing line. There were regular markets, where hawkers, gamblers at fairs, travelling horse-dealers, Jews, toll-gate keepers, hackney coachmen, publicans, market women, rabbit sellers, Irish labourers, &c. &c. came regularly for as much as they wanted; but then all the silver coins were plain, not like the new issue on the 3rd of February 1817, in which the king's head was highly relieved: we also dealt in foreign goods, louis d'ors, pagodas of Arcot, and such like: the value of the latter was eight shillings. I knew one man who used to make them for three halfpence each, and sell them at four shillings and four and sixpence per dozen of blanched copper double gilt, and the same person manufactured sequins for Turkey, value five or six shillings each. At this trade I have, within my own knowledge, reckoned upwards of a hundred hands employed at one time, and the managers of the mint had seven hundred names upon their books, of persons they had either prosecuted, convicted, or detected in smashing. The counterfeit silver coin was made from flats, cut out of a rolled metal made of copper, and a little silver. But the plated were the best sort, in which line there were very few hands. A great number of figs used to be sold, that is, a coin of sixpence or one shilling of inferior metal; halfpence were regularly sold to small shopkeepers, and boys were employed to buy up the old worn counterfeit shillings, with base halfpence, and sell them again publicly in the street.

Sometimes we would go into the country upon a stage-coach, down a long line of high road, passing our shan in various ways as we journeyed along, until one was refused, when we discontinued any further attempt until we got off the coach; we then did as much business as possible in the town, and immediately retreated from the scene of action. On the road we conducted ourselves as strangers to each other, and took especial care to have the man who carried the pieces lodged at a different inn to the one we who worked them went. I was in this line altogether about three years, during which period I was five times taken up, and once placed in the dock, but acquitted in consequence of my prosecutor dying suddenly, the very night before the day of trial; for his evidence being material, a conviction could not be obtained without it. Five of our party were however less fortunate, two being executed, and three transported. When I was discharged from Newgate, an officer, out of mere wantonness, as I conceive, took me into custody, and caused me to be committed to prison for three months, as a known bad character. I was now so well known, that I was compelled to think of another line of business; talking therefore one day with my fellow prisoners, upon the several difficulties we each encountered in getting on, one of them told me that if I liked to alter my game, he could put me up to a good move. Anxious for any change, I eagerly inquired what it was; he then informed me, that for

many years he had made a good living by supplying the surgeons with subjects; that he was now committed for three months, having for the first time been brought up; "and this, you know," he said, "is nothing, when you consider that you are liable to the same punishment at the caprice of any spiteful trap who chooses to lay his paw upon you. There were three of us," continued he; "a less number cannot carry on the work; one of our party is dead, and you may be sure we did not lose the opportunity of turning his body into cash. Well, if you like, we are palls when we turn up from this place." Unwilling to lose any chance by which I might obtain a living at the smallest possible risk, I was sworn in a *body-snatcher*, and pledged to perform my fair share of the work. Upon our liberation we were both without money; it was therefore requisite, if we intended to eat, that we should go immediately to business. In all the vicissitudes and adventures in which I had been engaged, I generally obtained credit with my companions for performing my duty well; yet I must candidly acknowledge, that I was at the bottom a coward, and never undertook any adventure without fear and trembling. I felt as I imagine a soldier does upon going into battle, every nerve in a tremulous state, but ashamed to show it to his comrades, being more in dread of their jeers and reproaches, than of the actual danger he is called upon to face. Thus, while conscience, and fear of punishment pulled me one way, the force of example drove me another, to which habit and necessity came in as auxiliaries.

No children, after hearing a ghost story just before they went to bed, could be more frightened than I was, even at the thoughts of touching the dead. For the first time I began to ask myself whether the present life had not been preceded, and would not be succeeded, by another—to think whether we began at our birth, and should end with our death; and then such a confused flood of ideas came across my head, that I could scarcely think myself the same man. This happened when I went to bed; still I followed on in the course which was, as I supposed, cut out for me.

The first morning after our discharge from prison, I was introduced to our third partner, and immediately proceeded to call upon a surgeon of some notoriety, who, the moment he recognised my companions, said, "You are come in the very nick of time; I have been sending every where to find you; there was a female buried yesterday, about ten miles from town, and by G—d I must have her, cost what it may; you will find some difficulty; the friends are aware I mean to have her, and have, I believe, put a watch in the churchyard; but the nights are dark as *Erebus*, and I need not instruct you further than to say where she is interred, and point out the spot."

He then sate down, and gave us all the particulars in writing; upon which my companions said it was an expensive job, and they must have some money in advance. He gave us five pounds, and declared if we failed, that he would never deal with us any more. Being thus both threatened and encouraged, we went resolutely to work. A hackney-coach was procured, one which had been frequently in requisition for similar purposes; oftentimes conveying the parents from the grave, and a short time afterwards carrying their children near the same spot, to be united in the holy bands of matrimony.

We started from town about ten o'clock the same night, having previously sent one hand forward during the day, to ascertain the precise spot where the body was interred, and to lay his plans accordingly. We were provided with tools, a sack, a hamper, and a knot; among the tools to open the ground was a peculiar kind of scraper, which enables the workman, after the top mound is removed, to scratch away like a mole, throwing the earth behind him from between his legs, until he obtains sight of the coffin, which is often accomplished in a few minutes; a tomahawk is

then used to split the lid, and a hook to draw the corpse up through the mound; all this is done in an incredible short space of time: the sack is used at the grave to receive the body; the hamper to pack it in when brought to the coach, tying it down in the manner wine is fastened, and the knot to convey it along the streets upon the head, as porters usually do heavy weights. We stopped about a mile from the scene of action, where our companion joined us; he had ascertained that the corpse had been in the ground two days instead of one, as stated by the surgeon, and that the first night the brother of the deceased had watched the grave himself, with a man he had hired for the purpose, both being armed, but now, considering the danger of theft lessened, the man was left to guard it by himself. The plan of operation being laid down, a task was assigned me, for which I was much better qualified than digging at the grave.

The churchyard was bounded by two roads, at the corner of which the church itself stood. The walls in front were low, but at the back, where the corpse we were in search after lay, they were very high; the man kept his post, we were aware, against this wall, with a loaded gun in his hand; our object was to draw him from this spot. Having therefore previously seen the coach drawn up in a by-lane, and my two companions provided and equipped for action, as the clock struck one, I went up in the front of the road, as nearly opposite the man as I could guess, for it was quite dark, and falling down called out murder—murder! As we expected, the man came running up across the churchyard walk to the front to see what was the matter, shouting out, "Who are you? where are you?" By the time he was with me I knew my companions would be at work, and therefore used every artifice to detain him. I said I had lost my way in coming across the country, and just as I found that road, somebody knocked me down; begging him to come out, and put me in the way to London, or direct me to some house, for I was almost afraid that I was too much injured to proceed to town on foot. I then asked him how he came there at that time, and what made him carry a gun, for he was now close to my side; he did not hesitate to tell me, when I took occasion to make some remarks upon his melancholy duty. "Come," he presently cried, "be quick! if I am to show you the next public-house, for I am pledged to maintain my post, and must return immediately."

I was flattering myself that it was now all right, when his eye caught the glimmer, for a moment, of my companions' lantern, which they had, for the first time turned to pick up their tools; it was a dark lantern. Away he bounded, but I was at his side, saying, "What's the matter? don't leave me." I then put my leg forward, and down he came among the tombstones, dropping his gun, which I took up and cast as far from me as I could; he was, however, soon again upon his legs, and shortly afterwards we were both together at the open grave. My confederates, who were just moving from the spot with the sack, in which was the corpse, called out, "Jack, we depend upon you." I now turned round and faced my antagonist; like a lion he sprung upon me, saying, "You false rascal." It was not, however, from choice he attacked me, he strove to follow in the track of those who had the body; but my interposing, and placing myself in the way, provoked a struggle. It was my intention again to throw him down and escape in the dark, but the opening of some passing clouds at the instant, gave us a clear view of each other, and then it was we were hand to hand, trying our strength, but I was over-matched in all but skill. A moment found us both rolling into the grave together; it was my foot which slipped; I, therefore, when in, was undermost, my opponent endeavouring to turn my face to the loose mould, and get his knee upon my neck, calling out all the time for help. One desperate effort, however, brought me uppermost, and as I never intended to do him any harm, I disengaged myself, and sprang up the

sloped end of the grave, where the mould had been cast up in scraping as before mentioned: but he caught hold of my leg, and brought me down against the adjoining upright stone. Both recovering our feet at the same time, we once more grappled. It was now I recollected, that by suddenly slipping the hands down to the waist, (if your opponent have clothes which will afford you a good hold,) you may obtain a decided advantage in over-balancing your adversary, because you remove the prop, against which the upper part of his body is directed, in order to preserve a balance, and this, if adroitly performed, gives a short man an advantage over a tall one. Putting forth all my strength, I succeeded in this manner in throwing him some distance from me among the numerous upright tomb-stones, at the moment that several lights surrounded the churchyard. I paused for a moment to take breath, then dropping upon my hands and knees, I crawled as far away from the spot as I could, where I lay some minutes to recruit my strength, being perfectly sensible that my work of escape was but half performed, the whole village being upon the move. Some one having heard the watchman's cries, but afraid to enter the churchyard alone, had stopped to wake as many of his neighbours as could make up courage sufficient for the purpose. Whilst I lay behind a stone, a man passed with his lantern in front; there were a dozen in the churchyard at this time, but the major part were assembled round the open grave, examining some tools which were left behind, and listening to the story of the watchman, who said he was severely hurt, concluding with, "It's that false rascal I should like to catch hold of, and he can't be far off now." I immediately got up, and proceeding to the front low wall, stepped over it into the road, where there were other persons standing in the dark, talking about the affair. They were not many yards from me, and hearing my footsteps, called out, "Who are you?" I could perceive the lights coming up to the spot where I was. As I made no answer to their question, "Who are you?" they all called out, "A stranger! seize him!" Thinking to gain a few more yards of the party, I was about to step forward, when a man called out, "Here he is," and sprung at me. At the moment he was the only one I could see, and I brought him down with a life preserver, which I always carried in my pocket, but which I was unwilling before to use. The reason I had not before made a run of it was, that I had not collected, after my struggle, a distinct and clear notion of the high road, and as I heard voices in every direction, I was afraid of rushing into the arms of an enemy. The general cry, however, now was, "Here he is," from some, and "Where? where?" from others. No sooner, therefore, did the approach of a light show me the centre of the road, than I was off, amidst one general shout of "Stop him! stop him!"

(To be continued.)

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Melanie; and other Poems. By N. P. Willis. Edited by Barry Cornwall. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This work is introduced to the public notice by a most well-meant, injudicious, harassing, and friendly preface, by Barry Cornwall. Though it may provoke censure, surely the writer did not suppose that it would disarm criticism, or that Mr. Willis desired it. We should like to hear the prefator explain himself upon several points. Those who represent the English literature of the day, have been just to American merit, and eager to find occasion for extolling it. The best writers of our kindred nation have found quite as much encouragement among us as among their own countrymen. American authors have looked to this country for fame, and they have found it. If Mr. Willis required an English writer of reputation to bespeak for him consideration—consideration in a country where talent of all sorts is so plentiful—consideration he did not deserve. But deserve it he does, and amply too; though he has founded no school of poetry of his own, but has simply upheld and beautified the literature common to both countries. Excepting in his minor poems, the author has been very unfortunate in his subjects. He has hung pretty garlands upon very revolting shrines. His wish to produce an effect has led him into the error of being unnatural, disagreeable, and melo-dramatic. We speak only of the construction of the tales, and of their catastrophes. Through very pleasant places, and passing among beautiful flowers, we are led at last to a corpse, to a horror, or to a disgust. The reader purchases this excitement at too high a price. Then it is so easy to make a person drop down dead. Exaggeration is always the besetting sin of the youthful poet. We do not say that Mr. Willis would have treated a better subject better, for he has treated these so well, that he leaves us but little to wish for. But better subjects would have given the reader more pleasure, and the writer more reputation. The first piece, "Melanie," speaks of the progress of the loves of a brother and sister, their consanguinity being unknown to each other. The secret is disclosed at the altar, and the bride "Melanie" drops down dead. All this is clothed in exceedingly pretty verse; and though the perusal of it pleases, the after reflection that

arises from it, gives but little satisfaction. The scope of the next piece, "Lord Ivon and his Daughter," is more lofty, and its style less meretricious. It abounds with excellent thoughts, which are according to their complexion, forcibly, acutely, or tenderly expressed. As to the fact, it is scarcely more natural, though much more original, than that which constitutes the story of "Melanie." The "Alchymist" is also bad in conception, though abundant in poetical beauties. Many of the minor pieces are of rare excellence. We have no space to specify them. Were we asked if we thought Mr. Willis will be a new and permanent light in the poetical hemisphere, we should say, perhaps. Such he certainly is not yet. His tastes are poetical and refined, his longing for and sense of the beautiful, intense. Every feeling, every sentiment, he refers to something consonant in loveliness, in goodness, or terror, in the natural world; and in its turn, the material world, from the rolling orbs to the ripple in the pool, and the blade of grass in the field, flings beauty back upon his soul, and that beauty he strives to, and often does, express lucidly and nobly. His style savours a little too much of the modern school—is too redundant in pretty words, and the common places of verse. We have great hopes of him if he would read, think of, and imitate L. E. L., and the verses of those who fill the annuals less, and study the older poets more. Let him think less of the graces of his phrases, and more of the volume of his matter; let him sometimes refuse a pretty image, or comparison, when it only encumbers his thought by a useless bravery; let him do all this, and much more than we have the power to tell him to do, but which he still can do, and he will become, not only a pretty poet of the day, which he certainly now is, but a great name to posterity. We would not have him waste genius such as his, by becoming the tame singing bird, sing he ever so sweetly, of the literary coteries of this country; but let him away with himself over to his own grand and vast country, and, after he has nursed the energies of his soul for a time in the deep solitudes of its magnificent scenery, we may hope to see an eagle arise into the clouds in the far West, whose soarings shall be with the highest and the noblest, both of the country that produced, and of the nation that will know how to honour, him.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or, Tales of the Middle Ages. By Agnes Strickland. 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

We have experienced real and unmixed pleasure in the perusal of these volumes. The authoress appears to us to have taken the very impress of the times in which the scene is laid. The language is quaint without being obsolete, and the humour of ample breadth without being at all coarse. We are at a loss to know to which of the two parts to give the preference, the tales themselves, or the narrative of the pilgrimage that gave rise to them. The blustering, burly Harry the Eighth, who was a very pleasant fellow when neither hungry nor in a bad humour, to say which, is giving very great merit to a despotic king, travelling in the palmer weeds, preserves his incognito in a very ludicrous manner, and gets many a hard rub, which he richly deserves. Perhaps Wolsey lacqueys his absolute master a little too much, and oval-faced Anna over-acts the coquette. As all the tales are merely embellished historical facts, they will be found as instructive as they are interesting; and will give, even to the most fastidious judge, a very high opinion of the talents of Mrs. Strickland. We know that the captious may think the lady open to the imputation of too closely imitating Walter Scott; but such a charge is both invidious and unjust; for when two clever per-

sons are both endeavouring at a similar species of excellence, there can be but little surprise, should a similarity of effect be discernible. We shall not tarry any longer on this pilgrimage, but conclude by saying, if it should ever be our fate to turn Catholic, and we be induced to mount the cockle shell, we only hope that our weary journey may be lightened by tales as amusing as those which beguiled the way of the royal and courtly pilgrims of Walsingham.

The Descent into Hell. Second Edition. Revised and Arranged, with an Analysis and Notes. To which are added, Uriel, a Fragment, and Three Odes. By JOHN A. HERAUD. James Fraser, Regent Street.

We do not say it sneeringly—we cannot, as well from the honesty of our nature, which we have a right to assert, as on account of the evidence of the great authorities produced in favour of this singular production—we assert, we say it in good faith, we can comprehend but little of these poems, and the greater part of what we do comprehend, we dislike. It may be the fault of our organization—we have not the power in us to follow Mr. Heraud either through his complicated and inverted verse—the mystical metaphysics in which we see almost all doctrines mingled, and in which his characters and events are involved; or through those wild and incongruous regions of imagery, that may be sublime, but in which we can discover nothing but chaos, chimera, and hideous phantasma. In the lofty fields of the unapproachable essences, we wish not to go beyond Milton, nor, in the dark profound, to descend beneath him. Him, we humbly think that we can understand, yet not always without effort and without study. As we have said before, to us Mr. Heraud is almost totally incomprehensible, and yet this is our candid opinion of him; we think that he has as much of the divine inflatus of poetry as any man now living, be the other who he may. He has power in a high degree, but in the art of employing and directing it he is utterly deficient. Few people will believe, and still fewer understand, how ardently we wish to commend this author; we think we see in him a glorious light, expanding itself fruitlessly; he will not descend near enough to our earth, to be either properly discovered, and much less to be appreciated in all his brilliancy, and felt in all his glow. He is proud to burn above the temperature of humanity—he ascends into an air so rarified, that he almost destroys himself in the immensity that surrounds him; and the little that we do see of him, is like an *ignis fatuus*, discovered through mists, and dark fogs, and hideously-shaped clouds. Open his book where we will, we find affectation—if not affectation, ambiguity; and when neither of these exist, absurdity fills up the measure. We well know that the snip-snap, short-cut and dry phraseology, which we call affectation, Mr. Heraud and his admirers will call originality. What strikes us as ambiguity, they will assert to be sublimity, to us, incomprehensible; and that which we have designated as absurdity, they will extol as the clearest expositions of the divinest mysteries. When we first opened his book, we found our heart throb in unison with him. The first lines of his ode to his departed son, Robert Southey Heraud, thrilled through us; we were ready to lay out ourselves in mourning with the bereaved father—to weep tear for tear with him—for we also have little ones—and have lost them; but we soon, too soon, turned away disappointed—nay more—we said to ourselves sorrowfully, the grief cannot have been very heart-rending that can take refuge in such a metaphysical maze as the following.

> "Yet what art thou, my Soul?
> Art thou not even I!

I whose wide energy
Contains the mystick whole?
The Comprehending but Uncomprehended!
Yet whence the Law that even thus am I?
And ever by that Law am thus attended?
O'erruling, circling, as the Earth, thou, Sky!
Our God is in the Heavens! his types are they—
And His includes our Spirits, as his hand,
In its deep hollow, holds the seas and hills.

Being of Beings! 'tis his Law alway
All Liberty—all Love—all Life, fulfils.
Our Being is the Word of his Command:
His Being is the Law to what he doth,
Pure Power and Being, Will most absolute!
Whose gracious Word is Law and Being both,
Coeval Image! Oracle ne'er mute!
By Angels seen Thou art,
Heard in the beatings of the human heart!"

This animadversion may appear cruel, heartless—we would not have it thought so. We might say, that, if a man choose to weep before the public, every one has a right to pronounce whether those tears be natural or not, each according to the best of his ability. We make our strictures, however, not in this light, but in the spirit of friendship to Mr. Heraud. We feel how much he might achieve, if he would be content not to achieve so much. Open his work where we will, it is the same thing; we see similar faults abounding. Let us take, and we have taken it at random, the beginning of his poem.

"Oh! for the weeping verse of Jeremy,
The Prophet of the Lord!—for Zion mourn,
A childless Widow in captivity!

Death in her palaces hath made sojourn,
For all Creation with her suffering God
Suffered. So Hades from his secret bourn,

And Earth phantasmal from her gross abode,
With Visions of the Crucified, ere long
Transpierced and buried, on the Air forth rode,

Above her Temples, uttering doleful Song
Unto the World of Spirits. There dwelt Fear,
Dwelt in the Land of Hope, the Elect among,

There Darkness dwelt in Light's eternal sphere,
And Hell and Satan, speeding their account,
Over the Holy City, hovered near."

Who but Mr. Heraud would have been so temerarious on a sacred subject, as to have hazarded the first line as it appears? We might say to him, why will you provoke the ribald, by offering something so nearly approaching the ludicrous?—had we wished to turn this into ridicule, what better opportunity could you have offered us? Let us transpose this metre into prose, and see of what it really consists, and what it really says. "I wish I possessed the power of writing such weeping verse as did Jeremy, that prophet of the Lord. Mourn for Zion, (who mourn?) who is now a childless widow in captivity. (Why childless, why *now* in captivity?) Death hath made a sojourn in the palaces of Zion, for all creation suffered with her suffering God." If Mr. Heraud means by this, that the ghosts of the departed saints were seen in the streets of Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion, he has expressed himself very badly;

we only think that he means to be mysterious, and he has succeeded. "So Hades, coming from his secret bourne, accompanied by phantasmal earth from her gross abode, rode forth on the air, attended by visions of the ere long transpierced and crucified: all then rode forth on the air above Zion's temples, or the Earth's temples, uttering doleful song unto the world of spirits." We really must pause. We cannot make it out. Even the first word of the sentence is a puzzle to us. The little monosyllable "So," has bewildered, conquered us. We say in despair, "Why, so?"

This passage, to us so incomprehensible, is actual plainness to the general tenor of the work. But, darkly dense as we conceive the "Descent into Hell" to be, it abounds with sublime passages, and beautiful, very beautiful ideas. The author will not permit us to remain long in disgust, or long in rapture. Fervently do we wish that he would give the world the whole benefit of his genius, and would he but do so, how gladly would we give him the hearty tribute of our independent commendation. But, if much of the writing of Mr. Heraud is incomprehensible to us, how much more so is the unlimited praise bestowed upon it by the periodical press, and the high encomiums of Mr. Lockhart. It would almost make us suspect, not that Mr. Heraud is so much above us, but that we are a little beside ourselves.

Tremaine; or, the Man of Refinement. By ROBERT PLUMER WARD, Esq. 3 Vols. Henry Colburn, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

This beautifully written, and moral-inculcating novel, forms the fourth and fifth volumes of "Colburn's Modern Novelists. This undertaking has been begun with spirit, and, as far as it has advanced, in all things, merely material, that make a work acceptable, this is pre-eminent. The merits of "Tremaine" are well known. The public have accepted this elaborate fiction graciously, and it has become, by the right of genius, a denizen in every good library. It is certainly a production suited to amuse, and beget a serious turn of mind, but that will be, with those who reflect, no detriment to its popularity. To pass a second-hand judgment at great length, on a work so well known, would be but idle. We have only to tell the public that it has been got up cheaply and very elegantly by Mr. Colburn, in two volumes, that it contains a well executed portrait of the author, and a clearly engraved vignette title-page, which we think must be an irresistible temptation to purchase.

The Sacred Classics; or, Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLE, D.D., and the Rev. B. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; Talboys, Oxford; Deighton, Cambridge; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Cumming, Dublin.

The Sixteenth Number of this national work contains Sermons on the Resurrection, particularly adapted for Christian consideration, during Easter, selected from the works of the most eminent English writers; with an Introductory Essay by Mr. Stebbing. We shall speak of the essay first, and pay the just tribute due to the author, for the very effective manner in which he has treated his subject. He has well descanted

upon the desolation of heart, the universal despondency of spirit that pervaded the heathen world before the promulgation of the glorious doctrine of the Resurrection. Such a deplorable night of the human mind as must then have existed, could afford but small sources of real pleasure, and none for stable happiness. The glorious privilege of being able, upon the best of all possible authorities, of laughing to scorn the horrors of annihilation, has been reserved for us, let us appreciate it, and enjoy it with humility and in the blessedness of faith; and take care by our lives not to lose the glorious advantages of our prerogative. Nothing could be better than the manner in which Mr. Stebbing has insisted upon all this. Then follow, South's celebrated "Sermon on Easter Day," and "Barrow's Two Sermons from the Texts—'He rose again from the Dead,' and, 'The third day he rose again.'" We have also one on the Resurrection, from Archbishop Tillotson, three from Dunn, two from Beveridge, two from Horne, two from Horsley, and one from Wesley, forming altogether an aggregate of sound doctrine, pure faith, and inspiriting piety, acceptable at all seasons, and most appropriate at the present time. This work is really most ably conducted.

Diseases of the Skin; a Practical Compendium, with Cases. By Jonathan Green, M.D. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

Although works of this kind do not come immediately within our province, we notice the present, (which has been long a desideratum,) for its intrinsic merit, as the result of many years' extensive practice, and of laborious research; and as exhibiting in a concise form all that has hitherto become known on the interesting subject of which it treats. The high encomiums which have been already passed upon this work, by the leading periodicals of the day—literary as well as medical—offer the best guarantee of the simple, novel, and efficient manner in which Dr. Green has framed his Compendium. This work is the fruit of nearly fifteen years' practice, almost exclusively devoted to the investigation and treatment of cutaneous complaints. In these the author has been eminently successful, and his work presents such a mass of curious, as well as practical, information, all ably digested and supported by cases in point, as renders it an important acquisition to medical literature, as well as to every reader who takes pleasure in observing the progress of science, and the successful application of new remedies to a class of diseases which have hitherto been considered as the *opprobria medicinæ*. Since the time of Dr. Willan, little has been done to elucidate the subject in England; while on the Continent it has been prosecuted with eminent zeal and success, the results of which Dr. Green has briefly, but lucidly, stated in conjunction with those of his own established and highly successful practice. We take leave of this work with the full conviction, that by its seasonable publication, the author has rendered an important service to the public, furnished the practitioner with a most valuable book of reference, and evinced in his elucidation of an obscure class of diseases, a thorough knowledge of their causes, treatment, and method of cure.

The Faust of Goëthe; attempted in English Verse. By the Hon. Robert Taylor. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Another, another, and still another! And why not? We think that these repeated attempts are equally honourable to Goëthe, and to the many excellent writers who enter so deeply into his sublime spirit. We

detest exaggerated expressions, and we trust that our readers will understand us that we state a simple fact when we say that, of all the translations that have yet appeared of this singular poem, next to Hayward's prose one, we think this the best, and that it *is* the best of all the metrical ones. Mr. Taylor has certainly fully availed himself of the licence of a translator, but he has used it well. We find some of the lyrical parts exquisitely well "done into English," an old, but we think a very expressive phrase. But we do not in this generality of our commendation, mean to infer, that Mr. Taylor has not been surpassed in some isolated passages by other authors; we vouch only for the uniformity of the excellence of the whole. The spirit of the drama, as it appears in this translation, is truly Goëthe-like, mystical, and German—it teems with that mingling of the dramatic, the grotesque, and the sublime, that throws us at once, and familiarly, into the world of shadows. We believe that such is the singular composition of our natures, that no horror is ever truly complete to our comprehensions, without a little mixture of the ludicrous; we are sure that this mixture always renders a horror more horrible. The opening prologue on heaven, with the songs and choruses of the archangels, is the part of Faust that has been the most frequently rendered into English, and may, therefore, in some measure, be looked upon as a sort of touchstone, by which to ascertain the bardic powers of the translator. In our opinion, Mr. Taylor's version comes next in power, fidelity, and music, to that of Shelley's—yet, we think that we descry a blemish in the fifth line—perhaps a misprint. The word "His," would seem to apply to the antecedent, the sun, whilst we know that it refers to the Deity himself. But our limited space must not be occupied by mere verbal criticism. In that truly awful scene of "Margaret with the Evil Spirit in the Cathedral," Mr. Taylor has shown a highly discriminating genius, in casting off the shackles of rhyme. Her short, broken sentences of agony, and the cruelly sharp and heart-piercing taunts of the derider, harsh and abrupt, contrast wonderfully with the still occurring harmonious rhyming of the monkish Latin of the celebrated chorus. We cannot read it without finding our ears ringing at intervals, nay, almost stunned, by the echoing music of the loud organ and the many-voiced choir. As it will be long before we see a better versified translation, we recommend this one to the notice of our friends. When that better one appears we shall unhesitatingly say so.

Hector Fieramosca; or, the Challenge of Barletta, an Historical Tale. By the Marquis D'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

This tale having made some noise on the Continent it has been very properly translated into English. It is founded upon an historical fact, very honourable to the Italian nation, and gives a faithful picture of the manners of several of the great family of the European people, who flourished in the middle ages. The opening of the narrative is well managed, the progress of the action is rapid and entertaining, and the catastrophe highly wrought and melancholy. The fidelity that the author owed to history, has made the conclusion but little satisfactory to the novel reader, for neither poetical, or any other sort of justice, is done to the best, and the most amiable characters, whilst we see some of the worst, not only of this romance, but that ever disgraced human nature, Cæsar Borgia for example, sinning all through the piece with impunity, and finally triumphing in the accomplishment of their villainies, and remaining safe in the inaccessibility of their power. Notwithstanding the high

interest that this "Challenge of Barletta" must always excite, it reads dryly and hard. There is a want of polish and finish about it, that will grate upon the feelings of those accustomed to study our best authors of fictions. Not but that it is a faithful picture, and one well deserving examination; but the drawing is harsh and angular, and the colouring coarse in the detail, and but little harmonious in the blending. Does this fault arise from getting the picture at second hand? Or has the translator been too faithful to, or too free with, the original? But this roughness of execution will be no detriment to it with the greedy reader; and the more refined one will overlook or pardon it, for its power, its patriotism, and its apt elucidation of the manners of an iron-clad race, in iron and almost barbarous times.

Memoirs of Mirabeau, Biographical, Literary, and Political. By Himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his adopted Child. 2 Vols. E. Churton, 26, Holles Street.

This biography, the child of many parents, ought, just now, to excite intense interest. Much of its contents bear strongly upon the present state of affairs, and display a moral, which "those who run may read." We have just now in the political arena, too many Mirabeaus, without his talents. Agitation is often, as it ought to be, fatal to its author, and we lament that the mischief cannot be confined only to its originators. Mirabeau was an agitator of the first water; ambitious, restless, talented, he delighted in troubled waters, though they be effervesced with blood. Even by the accounts of his partial biographers, he was never an amiable man—one of those unquiet spirits that are born to be a torment to himself, and a scourge to his species. Yet even Mirabeau lived long enough to discover that he had precipitated the moral movement too fast, and assisted to carry it too far. We believe that the man was honest, as far as the egotism of an inordinate and unpatriotic ambition can be; but this fiend-like passion of pushing aside every thing that ought to be stable and sacred, in order that one wretched individual may stand out confessed in all the vain-glory of self-consequence, destroyed Mirabeau, and greatly assisted to accelerate the ruin of his country. It appears by these memoirs, that the Mirabeau family was always a headstrong, self-willed race, highly aristocratic and feudal in their notions. This biography, though evidently compiled by a hand too friendly, has many good points, and is vividly, and not inelegantly narrated. We call attention to it. People may talk about a pacific and moral revolution, but they may be assured, if it be accelerated but the least too rapidly—if the momentum be but a trifle too great, it will become physical and sanguinary. Time, and the quiet course of events, are the safest and surest reformers; and the revolutions that these agents bring about, are the only ones that can be looked forward to without fear, and contemplated without dismay. The volume before us is the best commentary upon political agitation, and morbid restlessness under authorities, that we ever wish to put into the hands of the most violent radical. Any man who *will* not understand the inferences that may be deduced from it we despise, who *can* not, we pity.

Rhymes for my Children. By a MOTHER. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

We like them so well, that they shall be given to our children—by a father.

History of Europe during the French Revolution, embracing the Period of the Directory and the Consulate, from the Rise of Napoleon in 1795, *to his Assumption of the Imperial Crown in* 1804. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, Strand, London.

From a press of other, though much less important matter, we have been compelled, for a space, to silence on the subject of this excellently written and philosophical history; and, after all, we can but very inefficiently repair our neglect. We profess to give but mere notices of works, not elaborate criticisms, for ours is a magazine, and not a review. When we have works like this before us, we regret that it is not the latter, for it would be a task pleasant to ourselves, and a tribute worthy of Mr. Alison's talents, to travel with him through the whole course of the exciting events he so eloquently narrates, examine with him those causes that have involved consequences so important, admire his diction, and applaud his acuteness. But all this we must deny ourselves, and can only say, that the book is good—extremely good. Without at all wavering in that patriotism which we hope every Englishman will ever esteem a first virtue, the author knows how to honour an enemy. This, the fourth volume, has brought down the history of the revolution to the accession of Napoleon to the royal diadem, and a more eventful period, or one more fraught with matter of the deepest reflection, was never offered to the historian. We well know that such is the nature of human affairs, that institutions and nations never can be stationary—movement is the natural order of things; but those who have the power of directing it, should take care that it progress in the right course—that is, in the direction of order, morality, and social improvement; that such has not been the case with France, this history shows in colours the most striking, and brings many important lessons home to the bosom of every person capable of thought. We give the following extract as a specimen of the author's mode of handling his subject.

"Great changes in human affairs never take place from trivial causes. The most important effects, indeed, are often apparently owing to inconsiderable springs; but the train has been laid in all such cases by a long course of previous events, and the last only puts the torch to its extremity. A fit of passion in Mrs. Masham arrested the course of Marlborough's victories, and preserved the tottering kingdom of France; a charge of a few squadrons of horse, under Kellermann, at Marengo, fixed Napoleon on the consular throne; and another, with no greater force, against the flank of the old guard at Waterloo, chained him to the rock of St. Helena. Superficial observers lament the subjection of human affairs to the caprice of fortune or the casualties of chance; but a more enlarged observation teaches us to recognise in these apparently trivial events the operation of general laws; and the last link in a chain of causes which have all conspired to produce the general result. Mrs. Masham's passion was the ultimate cause of Marlborough's overthrow, but that event had been prepared by the accumulating jealousy of the nation during the whole tide of his victories, and her indignation was but the drop which made the cup overflow; Kellermann's charge, indeed, fixed Napoleon on the throne, but it was the sufferings of the Revolution, the glories of the Italian campaigns, the triumphs of the Pyramids, which induced the nation to hail his usurpation with joy; the charge of the 10th and 18th Hussars broke the last column of the Imperial array, but the foundation of the triumph of Wellington had been laid by the long series of his Peninsular victories, and the bloody catastrophe of the Moscow campaign."

We may also be allowed to say, that all the battles are described in the most vivid colours, and with a gusto that would make us think that the author himself has borne him bravely in the headlong charge, and partaken of the fierce rapture of victory. That these volumes must become

a part of the classics of the country, there can be no doubt; we observe in them every requisite for ensuring fame, which is a much more noble meed than mere popularity.

Chances and Changes; a Domestic Story. By the Author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

There is in this pleasingly narrated tale nothing either very original or very rich in its materials, but they are happily placed and well descanted upon. The contrast between the heartlessness and the insufficiency for real happiness of those who exhaust themselves in fashionable frivolity, and the fallacy of those who hope for mundane applause by seeking to do all things in the purity of a virtuous spirit, are very forcibly worked out. Nor is the perusal devoid of interest, though we find in the work nothing that we can call plot, and it is wholly devoid of the startling, or even the striking, in incident. A half-repentant, half-reforming *roué*; a virtuous clergyman and his virtuous daughter; a positive and rich old uncle, who would marry cousins, who will not be married; an Alpine Lutheran pastor, with a Swiss tale; and many other common-places, are the rudiments of the novel, which are as ancient almost as novel-writing itself; but these being skilfully united in very elegant language, and relieved and adorned by many highly beautiful reflections, constitute a pleasing whole that is really surprising, when we consider the poverty of the instruments by which it is produced. Indeed, some of the sentences are so eloquent, and so epigrammatical, that they might be quoted and preserved as aphorisms, and the moral tendency of the work is so pure and exalted, that that alone should recommend it to an extended patronage. There is, however, one slight, yet all-pervading fault, that tints the volumes from first to last—it is a little too blue—cerulean and clear, we allow it to be—but blue in a novel is no recommendation; however, it is a fault that no one but a scholar can commit.

The Present Condition of the Merchant Service, with Suggestions for the Amendment thereof, by the Legislative Enactment of a Maritime Code of Laws, that shall effectually provide for those glaring evils which involve in great danger and difficulty the Commercial Interests of the British Empire. By CHRISTOPHER BIDEN, late Commander of the Hon. East India Company. J. M. Richardson, 23, Cornhill.

Without being a remarkably well-written, this is a very useful and a very sensible pamphlet. Many of the suggestions should be immediately acted upon. It certainly is a great grievance that a seaman should be permitted, at any time, to violate his contract with impunity, with his commander of the merchant service, provided he enter on board a man-of-war. But this evil must be submitted to cheerfully, for the sake of the public good, until some remedy may be discovered. Recruiting depôts to supply the consumption of men in the navy, may perhaps answer, but we fear the expense would be found a great objection. Certainly some mercantile maritime code should be forthwith promulgated, which should contain the power of inflicting instant corporeal chastisement. By the common law of the land, the master of the merchant vessel has now the power; but the privilege that the seaman now has, of bringing his action after it, is a terrible engine of revenge, and makes him more than

quits with his commander. This should not be permitted in its present form, involving great pecuniary sacrifices, and much waste of invaluable time. The judges of the land lay it down to be law, that the seaman has an undoubted right to recover damages, if the punishment be improperly inflicted, or in the least excessive. What is the consequence? Jack is hard to be convinced, with an a-long shore attorney at his elbow, that any chastisement that he has been unlucky enough to receive, is either exactly proper, or exactly just enough; nor can the nice question be decided until the cause be tried; and then commences another farce—two shoemakers, three bakers, one man milliner, and so on, as the case may be, are empannelled as a jury, to decide whether twelve lashes were too much for a breach of discipline or a neglect of duty, involving lives and property, under circumstances about which they know as much as a snail does of travelling by steam. Seamen should have a court of redress—but it should be of naval men, summary, and decisive at once, and without delay. If such a tribunal saw matter grave enough to be sent to the Court of King's Bench, or the higher criminal jurisdictions, it should be empowered to do so—but should clap a stopper over all, to use a seaman's phrase, to frivolous and vexatious proceedings. We like Commander Biden extremely for his adherence to grog. We are sure that he means to advocate temperance, though he has not stated the quantum. Give the merchant service a code, and a court of its own, and the good ship will right again.

Literary Fables from the Spanish of Yriarte. By RICHARD ANDREWS. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Not pretending to any great knowledge of the Spanish language, we must confess to the ignorance of the existence of these fables, until we saw them thus ably translated. We do not think much of the fables themselves; they are apposite enough, but they have not that epigrammatic point that we look for in similar productions, and in which consists the essence of their beauty. We find here nothing more than self-evident truths lowed through mouths of oxen, or whistled through the beaks of birds. So facile an operation does not deserve a high measure of applause. We should think that the translations are superior to the originals, as we never read more tuneful verse, met with greater ease of expression, or enjoyed more felicity of phrase. It is a barren office this, of translation, and it is a great pity to see so much good metre thrown away upon it. It is not true that every man knows his own talent the best, and we feel assured that Mr. Andrews, with the humility of worth, thinks much more highly of the matter of these fables, than he does of the manner in which he has narrated them. Our impression is exactly opposed to this, and thinking thus, we should be happy to see some original effort from so fluent and musical a pen. Bad it could not be, and very good it might be, for the translator has those powers that can decorate a bad thought, and dignify a good one.

Agricultural Distress, its Cause and Remedy. A Letter to the Most Noble the Marquis of Chandos. By a COUNTRY BANKER. J. W. Parker, West Strand.

He sees it—this country banker sees it—and so do hundreds more of the most influential of our legislators, but they are too timid to do what is right, or too proud to own themselves in the wrong. This country

banker, though clever, must be a vain man, to think that he, and Truth, though he may enlist with himself and his associate, the most noble the Marquis of Chandos, can break down that heavy phalanx, heavy with molten gold, of Jew capitalists, and capitalists that are only Jewish, and of all that class who prosper by the hocus-pocussing of money out of one pocket into another—with all those rogues who fatten upon an uncertain, contracted, and fluctuating circulation. Does he think that all those heavy brained senators who voted for Peel's bill, or that any of them will turn round and proclaim their folly to the world, and assist him in his plan of giving relief to the country? Never believe it. The majority will never be convinced until some fine morning, we all get up, not with our throats cut, but a nation of bankrupts. To this complexion we must come at last—but, such is the wonderful resources of the empire, that we believe the day is still distant, though the intervening time will be one of increasing misery.

Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, April 2, 1835, *on the Motion of Lord John Russell.* John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This argumentative, elequent, and, considering all circumstances, wonderful speech of Sir Robert Peel, was made against the motion of Lord John Russell, "That this house do resolve itself into a committee, in order to consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland, with a view of applying any surplus of its revenues, not required for the spiritual care of its members, to the general education of all classes of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion." There are but few persons in the country, who can read at all, that have not read this speech. Any remarks of ours upon its force and beauty, would be superfluous. It deserves to be handed down to posterity as one of the records of which the present age ought to be most proud. The form of a pamphlet, in which it appears on our library table, is hardly worthy of it—but we have no doubt, but that it will hereafter hold a dignified place in the future biography of the patriotic and highly-gifted statesman who delivered it so eloquently.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Reverend Reginald Heber, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By THOMAS TAYLOR, Author of "The Life of Cowper." John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This biography may be called, in some sense, a scriptural one. It takes a review of the life of the pious and learned divine more as he was of spiritual service to his fellows, than on any other account. It will be a very acceptable work to all classes, and highly prized by the serious-minded. It is very consolatory to find how cordially the bishop worked in the labour of salvation with the nonconformist. He did not allow a few slight shades of difference of faith to overcloud that sun of charity, which so beautifully enlightened his mind and warmed his heart. If ever there was a purely amiable character, it was Bishop Heber's. We can well conceive that Mr. Taylor, in compiling the life, was employed upon a work of love, and, as a work of love, he has completed it, with single-mindedness, with fervour, and with affection,—but the object richly deserved all this—and the author has honoured much himself, in much honouring his subject.

Provincial Sketches. By the Author of "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," &c. &c. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

These *soi-disant* "Provincial Sketches" are highly-finished miniatures; pretty, brilliant, and exact. They have all the accuracy of detail of some of Teniers' elaborated rural paintings. Indeed, so far from being sketchy, the art of the simplicity is too apparent. They are good things. Who, that has seen any thing, has not met with such characters as Simon Growse and Jedediah Stott, the rival farmers? And, to those who have not seen them in their proper living persons, the mere descriptions of their moral and personal characters are convincing, that these identical beings have lived, are living, or will live. Then the sunny sleepiness of a country town—so well portrayed, that the very eyelids close in perusing it, with a fanciful weariness—and we feel inclined for a sofa and soda water. The "Village Choristers" is a piece replete with quaint yet high humour, and a continual picture from the beginning to the end. We are heartily sorry that the author has only written one volume, and that a short one.

The Works of Alexander Pope; with a Memoir of the Author, Notes, and Critical Notices on each Poem. By the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D. Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We are pleased to see that the public taste is reverting to our really English classics, and that Mr. Valpy has taken advantage of this indication of good sense, in giving the world a complete edition of the works of Alexander Pope. It cannot be expected that we should launch out, in attempting to say many fine things in praise of this great writer. Every one is familiar with the eulogies of Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron, two men, in many respects, the very antipodes to each other; but both uniting to praise the same man, almost in the same terms. We think that Pope's works are imperishable—their very polish, which has been looked upon by some as an objection, will secure them from the corroding effects of time. Mr. Croly has performed his editorial part well. The memoir is finely-written, and many of his notes to the "Essay on Man," and "The Rape of the Lock," are judicious and acute. The type, the paper, and the binding are all good, and the volumes extremely cheap. The only blemish that we can perceive, is the frontispiece, and the "head and front of its offending" are monstrous.

The Sketch Book of the South. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

A very pleasing miscellany of no great pretensions. What is done is well done, and the book contains some really elegant writing. It is true that we see nothing striking throughout; but there is much to amuse, and throw the reader into a placable humour both with himself and the author. We think the Journal of the late Countess of * * *, the most interesting portion of the book, as it bears that stamp of reality that always gives such spirit and freshness to description. We would certainly recommend our friends to read this "Sketch Book" when it may come in their way, though we cannot conscientiously say that it deserves any great effort to procure it.

Old Maids: their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions. ANON. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

To say that all that could be said upon this very peculiar and delicate subject, has been said by the author, would be a bold saying; but we can safely say, that he has said more upon the subject than we thought the subject was capable of, and said it well too. Indeed, we are often reminded in the pages of this pleasant work of the quaintness and humour of melancholy old Burton. The little personal narratives, too—for they are too short to be called tales—are a great relief to the scientific handling of the subject, with its various classifications and exemplifications, for the mystery of old maidenism is treated *secundum artem*, as it richly deserves to be. We well know that privileged virginity is generally literary, among the more educated classes; but as there are very many worthy spinsters who will assuredly buy this work, who are only in the rudiments of their classical studies, we think the learned author has been a little too abstruse; and may, peradventure, scare some gentle, solitary soul, by his long Latin quotations, or make his crabbed Greek characters sit heavily on their innocent bosoms in their first sleep. However, we like so much all that is the author's own, that we shall make no further cavil at his erudite quotations; and we only put in our protest, as gallantly dictated in behalf of that sex, and that division of the sex, whose cause is so ably advocated in this little treatise.

Thaumaturgia; or, Elucidations of the Marvellous. By an OXONIAN. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

This is an excellent *exposé* of what may be termed, "heroical humbug." Magic, and magical rites, augury, aruspices, and oracles, are all descanted upon in a manner truly oracular. Then we have all manner of mysteries unmystified, with a little touch of alchymy, and a large dose of astrology. About charms, amulets, and talismans, there is sufficient to set up three beggars, and make the fortune of ten old women, if they can understand it. We predict that this book will be generative of many romances in five volumes, and of some romantic novels in three. Every body should read all about this, for the book is to magic, what was the curse that Corporal Trim read to Mr. Shandy; as the latter gentleman observed of the malediction, you could not curse out of it; so it would be almost as impossible to conceive any jugglery not treated of in this work.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c., and Notes by various Hands.* 8 Vols. Vol. II. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

The second volume of this work has been published, and it is truly embellished by two engravings after Stanfield, by E. Finden. The frontispiece is a View of Lichfield Cathedral, and the title-page a vignette of Pembroke College, Oxford, both of which are really gems of art. Nothing could be better got up and arranged than the letter-press of this volume. The details are most minute; but even the frivolities of a man like Johnson have an interest.

A Selection of Games at Chess, actually played by Philidor and his Contemporaries. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts, with Notes and Additions. By GEORGE WALKER. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

Who has not heard of Philidor, the phenomenon, the Paganini of Chess? in a word, the greatest player that ever lived. If his fame only rested on the extraordinary faculty he possessed, in so eminent a degree, in the art of conducting one, two, or three games of chess at once without seeing either of the boards, little chance would there be of its suffering obscuration—but when, in addition, we know that he could give odds to every player of his day, and was the author of the then best treatise on the subject—when we know that his fame was greater than that attained by any other chess professor in any country, or at any time—when we read that kings were glad to hail him as their guest, and nobles felt honour at being invited to witness his wonderful performance, then we say the conviction becomes certain that his chess-laurels will never fade, and that the bright light of his glory shall shine to the end of time upon his liege followers and subjects.

The book before us is a selection of games actually played by Philidor and his contemporaries, and this publication adds another obligation to those already incurred by the chess-world, to Mr. George Walker, the well known chess-player, for his uniformly persevering exertions to extend the knowledge of chess in England. We have gone through some of the games, and fully appreciate the exquisite skill and genius frequently elicited. About fifty of them were played by Philidor himself, and are all well worthy of his fame. In this work he may be said to live over again. We see him as he took up his daily position in Parsloe's Coffee House, "his soul in arms, and eager for the fray," while Bowdler, Bruhl, Lord Harrington, and others of equal note, stand reverently around, and hang upon their master, to catch some sparks of his inspiration. "Peace to the souls of the heroes—their deeds were great in fight." Let no one smile at this enthusiasm, which, by-the-by, is not ours, until they have won a game at chess of one worthy of the great contention.

Mr. Walker's notes are voluminous, and always to the purpose. He breaks new ground in chess, by dismissing, in some manner, the formal conventional style in which previous chess authors wrote, and adopts a more pleasant manner of communicating instruction. As a fireside companion in the country, or by the hearth of a road-side inn, on a pelting wet day, his book would be a real treasure, and in packing our portmanteau for our annual run in July, deeply do we vow to remember its merits. We would close with an extract from Mr. Walker's preface were we not so straitened for room.

We beg to point out to the author, that a gross error of the press occurs in Game ix. p. 12—in which Mr. Bowdler's eleventh move should precede the ninth and tenth.

An Essay on the Nature of Diseases. By A. GREEN, LL.B. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co, Stationers' Hall Court.

This is a very little book, indicative of very great things. We have seen the principal ideas that it contains started long before, but never till now found them followed out so far as to be reduced into a system. Mr. Green's hypothesis is, that all parts of the human frame are subject to a morbid, animalizing, and vegetating process, but of so minute a nature, that the microscope has been yet unable to discover either the animals or the herbs. He supposes, for example, that a cancer has something analo-

gous to a vegetable existence, if it be not actually a plant, and that extends its eradicable roots in the frame, and flourishes in proportion as the patient fades, and comes to perfection when he dies. Consumption, he opines, may be masses of insects congregated in the tubercles attendant on this disease, which, propagating their species with incredible rapidity, thus, ultimately exchange one life for myriads, and destroy all by the consummation. This is a theory that it would be as difficult to subvert, as it is to establish. It is a modification of the system of Monades, which would establish all matter to be replete with inert life. We think that the learned should leave these abstruse matters until the mechanical arts give them glasses of sufficient power to put a decided affirmative, or negative, on similar speculations. Should Mr. Green, by accident, be right, the whole system of medicine must be changed; for to preserve human health, we must discover what will most effectually destroy animal and vegetable life.

A Voyage Round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australia, America, &c. &c., from 1827 *to* 1832. By JAMES HOLMAN, R.N., F.R.S., &c. &c. Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

These volumes will be for ever a monument of how much, energy and industry can effect, when directed by talent, and stimulated by a laudable ambition, against disadvantages that are usually thought insurmountable. These travels are highly interesting, and are narrated in that pleasant, colloquial, yet elegant style, that almost defies weariness to the reader. In a work so voluminous, we hardly ever met with so little to which to object. Mr. Holman sees, he will pardon the expression, every thing with the equanimity and discrimination of a philosopher, without in the least departing from the character of the good companion. Thus, he relates almost every thing in a fair and friendly light, and those vices at which he cannot laugh, he condemns. This volume is almost entirely devoted to a description of, and adventures in, the East Indies. It is replete with anecdote, and by no means wanting in humour. We found the facts concerning the habits of elephants particularly interesting, and they will add greatly to our knowledge of the natural history of these more than instinctive animals. Indeed, the book can be opened in no place, without affording great amusement, and some valuable instruction. We hope that the enterprising traveller will meet with more than an ample reward, in the extensive sale of his work, and profit be added to what he now possesses—a well-earned reputation.

A History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. *Illuminated by Wood-Cuts of all the Species, and numerous Vignettes.* John Van Voorst, 3, Paternoster Row.

The more we see of this publication, the more we like it. We did not suppose that the British coasts possessed so great a variety of fish, until we had examined the work, and we also confess to so much ignorance, that we did not know till now, that when, as a little urchin, we caught sticklebacks, *vulgice* tittlebats, with a crooked pin, that we were landing fish of such magnificent names as Gasterostei brachycentri. What a fund of happiness we have lost—but we must bear it with philosophy, and console ourselves with the idea, that it was a good thing we had not had this temptation, as it might have cost us many hard tasks and severe flogging. The wood-cuts in this work come but little short of the beauty of copper-plate engravings, and tend to make the work complete.

Curatives versus Palliatives, being a Short Treatise on the fallacy of preferring Temporary Relief to Radical Cure; with a few Hints on Self-Treatment, in the extensive Class of Diseases known as bilious. By HOWARD STYLES, late Surgeon in the East India Company's Service. Albert Attwood, 15, Frith Street, Soho Square.

Who would not prefer a radical cure to a palliative? But in this lies the misfortune—how is the patient to know whether he be under the curative or palliative system?—for he will naturally look upon the least palliation of his disease, as the first step towards its removal. Instead of one medical adviser, he must have recourse to two, that he may learn of the second, if the relief that he has found from the first be not illusory. As to self-treatment, we will quote the aphorism that Mr. Styles so much approves of—"He that is his own doctor, has a fool for his patient." To the good-humour, the spirit, and the intelligence of this treatise, we can bear ample testimony. We can learn from it, that Mr. Styles is a man of much science and experience, and that he is strictly honest; but after all, we think that he should have gone farther, and directed his powers against that portion of his fraternity who disgrace themselves, and bring the profession into evil repute, by quackery. Generally speaking, the patient is merely passive in the hands of his medical adviser—who either cures, relieves, or kills him—as it pleases God.

Pelham; or the Adventures of a Gentleman. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ. Henry Colburn, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

This forms another of Mr. Colburn's volumes of "Modern Novelists." "Pelham" is well known and appreciated. It is a beautiful romance of modern gentlemanly life. Power is the principal characteristic of this production, and satire the principal ingredient. Mr. Bulwer has a keen relish for, and a just notion of, the grand and beautiful; and his high philosophical ideas are continually intruding themselves, unawares, it would appear, among the many frivolous scenes that it is his taste to display and to ridicule. When he sometimes plays the exquisite and the coxcomb, or, we should say, makes his characters play them, he seems to do it in mockery; and, whilst he is drawing a character, or a caricature, cannot forbear eliciting a moral. The world has not yet seen the greatest things of which this author is capable, though he has already performed great ones.

Practical Observations on the Physiology and Diseases of the Teeth. By JOHN MALLAN, Surgeon Dentist. The Author, 9, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly; A. Schlos, 2, Great Russell Street.

The author has made as much of his subject as it is capable of. It is addressed, not only to the practitioner, but also to the patient, in a clear and convincing manner, and it contains the best, and, we believe, the most disinterested advice. When we consider how much of our personal comfort, as well as appearance, depends upon our teeth, and how continually they are in requisition, too much care cannot be bestowed upon these elegant little instruments of utterance and mastication. Mr. Mallan's book is well worth buying and preserving.

Sturges' Guide to the Game of Draughts, in which the whole Theory and Practice of that Scientific Recreation is clearly Illustrated; including One Hundred and Fifty Critical Positions. By JOSHUA STURGES. *New Edition, Revised and Improved,* by GEORGE WALKER. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

We love all games which depend on fine skill for their conduct, and in devoting ourselves "imprimis" to chess, leave a nook in our recollection for the simpler science of draughts, at which many a desperate combat have we sustained, "in our young days," before we were compelled to fight those battles in real life, in which too often both parties lose. Draughts contain quite enough of difficulty for simple minds, and may be acquired in one tenth the time it takes to obtain even a slight mastery of that finely complicated sport—chess. Mr. Sturges was the best writer on draughts that ever appeared. He was frequently sent for to exhibit his wonderful skill in the game before George IV., when Prince of Wales, aud his companions, Lord Yarmouth, Sheridan, and Fox. We have here a reprint, in a portable form, of Mr. Sturges' work, with a clear, clever introduction to the rudiments of the game, by Mr. Walker, and considerable improvements in the manner of giving the critical positions of Sturges, which are here displayed on diagrams, to the number of one hundred and fifty, and thus afford a pleasing source of amusement in their study, without the essential accompaniment of board or men. In the preface, Mr. Walker makes several allusions to another favourite game of ours, Polish draughts. We have long regretted that this fascinating recreation is not introduced in England, and shall be glad if the present notice lead to an earnest, however tardy, acknowledgment of its merits by the British public. Once more we say, the community is indebted to Mr. Walker for his energy in the cause of scientific disport.

The Universities and the Dissenters. James Fraser, Regent Street.

This is an ably written pamphlet, contraverting four articles in the Edinburgh Review, all ably written likewise, as far as special pleading can entitle them to the praise of ability. There is much expenditure of learning on both sides, and we hope we may say it without offence—unprofitably. Whilst the erudite antagonists are counting the cobwebs on the walls of these ancient institutions, the adversary is battering at their foundations. It is useless to go back anterior to the Reformation. At that period the grand settlement of ecclesiastical property took place—and from thence the universities must derive their rights and immunities. May they preserve them!

A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmiester. By W. E. SHEPHERD, M.E.S. *With Additions by the Author, and Original Notes by the Translator.* Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We have now got to the third number of this useful and scientific work, and find it every way worthy of its English costume. The system of classification that it establishes, is at once comprehensive and clear, and its superiority to the others before in use may be seen at a glance on page 90, on which a synopsis of the various existing systems are given.

Questions and Exercises adapted to Hiley's English Grammar: to which is added, A New System of English Composition. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Stationers' Court.

We may fairly suppose, that, as this work has reached its second edition, the public are beginning to appreciate it as it deserves. The latter end of the work will be found sufficiently deep and scientific to form the taste of any person who wishes to become an accurate grammarian, and may assist the author also. If ever good writing can be created by rules, those rules will be found in this grammar, and their exemplification in these exercises.

The Resources and Statistics of Nations, exhibiting the Geographical Position and Natural Resources, the Area, and Population, &c. &c. &c. of all Countries. By JOHN MAC GREGOR, Esq., of London and Paris, &c. &c. A. H. Bailey and Co., Cornhill.

This fourth number treats both of France and the United States of America, and contains a vast body of information, very judiciously arranged. The number of useful facts that are brought under our view, are really astonishing. As a book of reference, this work must be highly valuable, and we recommend it heartily to all classes.

Knickerbocker's Magazine. New York.

We have received several numbers of this talented periodical, and rejoiced in them. They would do credit to any country, or to any state of civilization to which humanity has yet arrived. To make comparisons between them, and those produced in the old country, would be extremely invidious; we shall not, therefore, test their merits by any proceeding so unhandsome. We shall only assert, that this American miscellany is well conducted, the articles are in general of a superior kind, and that part devoted to critical notices, is candid, acute, and discriminating. We presume that its success is great in the country to which it owes its birth, as we trust its reputation will be in this, where it is only on a visit.

The Comprehensive Representative Chart of England and of Wales, deduced from the Census of 1831, *the Reform Act of* 1833, *Parliamentary Returns, Official Documents, and other Sources of Authentic Information.* By the Author of the "Chronological Chart of Inventions and Discoveries." Samuel Bagster, 15, Paternoster Row.

This is a very large sheet, full of very important matter, and an uncommonly good article for reference. We think it would have been much improved if it had been pasted upon a piece of slight linen or cotton of suitable size, for it is almost too large to hang up, and the rolling and unrolling of the paper will soon destroy it.

Winter Leaves. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

These poems are inscribed to Professor Wilson, by two of his former pupils, from which we may presume, that they are the production of two hands. Whoever wrote them, they do credit to the authors, and to the distinguished tutelage that formed their minds. When poetry becomes again a prevailing fashion, the "Winter Leaves" will enjoy at least a summer's prosperity.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Poet's Portfolio, or Minor Poems. By James Montgomery. 12mo. 8*s*.
Letters on the Nature and Duration of Future Punishment. 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Outlines of Phrenology. By G. Coombe. 5th edition, 8vo. 1*s*.
Practical Sermons. By the Rev. D. Kelly, B.A. post 8vo. 5*s*.
Debrett's Baronetage of England. 7th edition. Edited by W. Coulthorpe, Esq. post 8vo. 28*s*.
Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty. By Hugh Miller. fcp. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Fifty-two Short Sermons. By the Rev. Joseph Jowett. 12mo. 5*s*.
Submission to Divine Providence on the Death of Children. By the Rev. Dr. Doddridge. 32mo. 1*s*.
Prayers in Verse. By a Clergyman's Son. 32mo. 2*s*.
Rhymes for my Children. By a Mother. 12mo. 2*s*.
Dalzel's Analecta Græca Minora. cr. 8vo. new edition. 7*s*.
A Short Atlas of Modern Geography for Schools. By J. Dower. 8vo. hf.-bd. 4*s*. plain; 5*s*. coloured.
Scottish Angler, or the Art of Angling as practised in Scotland. By T. T. Stoddart, Esq. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Reflections on Unitarianism. By the Rev. W. J. Kidd, of Manchester. 12mo. 4*s*.
The Descent into Hell. 2nd edition; to which is added, Uriel, a Fragment, &c. By J. Heraud. 12mo. 5*s*.
Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Joseph Ivimey. By G. Pritchard. 8vo. 8*s*.
Sketches, in Prose and Verse. By G. F. Richardson. 8vo. 12*s*.
Poems. By the late Hon. Wm. Spencer. New edition, with Memoir. fcp. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Family Prayers. By the late H. Thornton, Esq. 2nd edition, 12mo. 2*s*.
The Young Minister's Guide, or Outlines of Original Discourses. 18mo. 4*s*.
The Instructor. 18mo. Vols. IV., V., and VI. 6*s*.
Ballads in the Cumberland Dialect. By Anderson. 32mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Melanie, and other Poems. By N. P. Willis. Edited by Barry Cornwall. 12mo. 7*s*.
The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages. By Agnes Strickland. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Dean Prideaux's Directions to Churchwardens. 10th edition. By R. P. Tyrwhitt, Esq. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Memoirs of Sir Matthew Hale. By J. B. Williams, Esq., LL.D. New edition, post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Hector Fieramasca, or the Challenge of Barletta. fcp. 8*s*. 6*d*.
The Captive, a Tale of the War of Guienne. By the Author of "The Pilgrim Brothers." 3 vols. post 8vo. 28*s*. 6*d*.
Abdallah the Moor, and the Spanish Knight. By Dr. Bird. 4 vols. 12mo. 24*s*.
Memoirs of Mrs. Judson. By James D. Knowles. 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
The Cruise. By R. N. Dunbar. fcp. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Taylor's Life of Bishop Heber. 2nd edit. 12mo. 8*s*.
The Beginner's French Book; Life of Alfred the Great, with a Grammatical Vocabulary, &c. By N. Lambert. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Marshall's Naval Biography, Vol. IV. Part II. 8vo. 15*s*.
The Irish Farmer and Gardener's Magazine, Vol. I. 8vo. 15*s*.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Miss Landon has just sent to the Press a new Poem, entitled "The Vow of the Peacock," the subject of which is illustrated by a beautiful Painting, which is to appear in the ensuing exhibition at the Royal Academy, by M'Lire.

Captain Marryat's new work "The Pasha of Many Tales," is now nearly ready for publication; also a new and revised Edition of his last popular work, "Jacob Faithful."

Mr. Montgomery is about to publish a new and revised Edition of his "Satan," a Poem.

The Third Volume of the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's Complete Edition of Cowper, which is just ready, contains a beautiful View of Huntingdon, the scene of the Poet's happy residence, during his first acquaintance with the Unwins; and a Vignette of the Picturesque Village of Hertford, near Huntingdon, to which he so feelingly alludes in one of his Letters to Lady Hesketh. It is pleasing to find that this valuable work is taking that high standing in the public estimation, to which it is so justly entitled.

Mr. Bulwer's new work, "The Student," a series of papers, will be published in the course of the ensuing week.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton's Novel, "The Wife and Woman's Reward," is announced for publication immediately.

The new work, by the author of "The Collegians," entitled "My Neighbourhood," will, it is confidently expected, be ready for publication by the 10th instant.

The admirers of Coast Scenery will be gratified to learn that Mr. Stanfield, the eminent Marine Painter, is now preparing for publication a series of highly interesting Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European Continent. This splendid series will be unrivalled for beauty of execution, fidelity, and diversity of character,—no painter of the present day can equal Stanfield in such scenes, and every effort of our best engravers will be exerted in giving effect to his admirable and characteristic drawings. The first number will appear in June.

Mrs. J. K. Stanford, the talented Author of "The Stoic," has a volume in the press, under the appropriate title of "A Lady's Gift, or Woman as she ought to be," exemplifying the same refined principles, and in the same purity and simplicity of language as distinguished her former production, the inestimable value of all female attainments.

Lieutenant Allen of the Navy, has just completed "A Series of Picturesque Views in the Island of Ascension, accompanied by a highly interesting description of its singular aboriginal Inhabitants,—its Mountains,—Caverns,—Precipices, and the various Productions of this extraordinary portion of our Globe.

The Rev. A. Smith has a work in the press entitled "An Essay towards a more exact Analysis of the Moral Perceptions:" with a view to determine the ultimate Essence of Right and Wrong, and illustrate the principles of Theology, Jurisprudence, and general Politics.

By the author of "Old Maids," "The Husband's Book, or the Book of Married Life." This work is composed of three divisions:—First—The moral, social, and domestic duties of husbands. Second—Age, rank, and genius, as influencing married happiness. Third—Beauty, hereditary diseases, and bodily deformity, considered in relation with marriage.

Plebeians and Patricians, an attractive novel in 3 vols., is now preparing for early publication.

We are happy to hear that Mr. G. I. Bennett, the author of "The Albanians," is about to publish a novel in 2 vols., entitled "The Empress."

All those who are interested in Emigration, will be gratified to learn that Mr. John Murray, an intelligent Settler in Montreal, has sent home a little Work for Publication in this Country, the contents of which will be of the greatest utility to every person intending to visit Canada. It is entitled, "The Emigrant and Traveller's Guide to and through Canada, by way of the River St. Laurence, as well as by way of the United States of America: with some Friendly Advice on Embarkation; the detailed Cost of Travelling on each Route, and much other Useful Information to the Settler."

A little volume in foolscap 8vo., of devotional poesy, will appear next week under the title of "A Voice from the Dormitory," chiefly selected from old authors, and certainly containing many exquisite pieces.

Early in May will appear a pious effusion, entitled "Spiritual Food for the Spiritual Mind," well worthy the serious attention of all who humbly hope for Salvation through the Redeemer alone.

It is with very cordial feelings that we announce a very prettily illustrated, and well-written little work for the Nursery, under a genuine title of "Rhymes for my Children, by a Mother." It will require only inspection, to ensure its favourable adoption by every one who has the welfare of the young at heart.

The Rev. R. Spence Hardy, having recently returned from the Missionary Station at Ceylon, by way of the Red Sea, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, &c., has just produced a most interesting volume with plates, entitled, "Notices of the Holy Land, and other places mentioned in the Scriptures;" which from the well-known experience and talent of the writer, cannot fail to demand the public attention.

Lieutenant H. Lister Maw's Statement in reply to a letter from Captain James Scott, R. N., which appeared in the United Service Journal for April, will be published on the 5th instant.

Shortly will appear, in 1 vol. crown 8vo., "The History of the Assassins," by the Chevalier Joseph Von Hammer, translated from the German, by Oswald Charles Wood, M.D. &c.

The Steam Engine, explained and illustrated in a familiar style, with its application to the Arts and Manufactures, more especially in transport by Land and Water; with some Account of the Rail Roads now in progress in various parts of the World. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. Fifth Edition. One vol. 12mo. Illustrated with numerous Engravings and Wood Cuts.

A Narrative of the Visit made by the Deputies to the American Churches from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D.D. and James Matheson, D.D.

Noble Deeds of Woman. In 1 vol. crown 8vo.

A new edition of "Albut's Elements of Useful Knowledge."

An Oration, illustrative of the Advantages derivable from Literary and Philosophical Instruction, delivered at the First Anniversary of the Verulam Philosophical Society of London, by its President and Founder, Mr. H. W. Dewhurst, and published at the request of the Society.

The Earth; its Physical Condition, and most remarkable Phenomena, by W. M. Higgins, F. G. S., &c.

Memoirs of John Selden; and of the Political Struggle during the Reigns of the first Two Monarchs of the House of Stuart, by G. W. Johnson, F.L.S.

Coghlan's Guide up the Rhine; with Maps.

Ullsmere, a Poem.

Every Englishman his own German Master, by J. S. Reisender.

By Carey, Lea, and Blanchard's list, Philadelphia, February, we observe the following American novelties announced as in the press:

Horse Shoe Robinson, a Tale of the Tory Ascendancy, by the Author of "Swallow Barn."

The Order-Book, or Naval Sketches, by Jonathan Oldjunk.

Miss Kemble's Journal of a Residence in the United States.

Annals of Laycock Abbey, in the county of Wilts; with Memorials of the Foundress Ela Countess of Salisbury, and the Earls of the Houses of Sarisbury and Longespé. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Canon of Sarum.

The Ninth Number of the Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica, will contain, among other articles, the valuation of Bishops' Lands throughout the Kingdom, temp. Charles I. now first published from the Rawlinson MSS.

The New Translation of the Bible from the Hebrew Text only. Just published the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Parts. By J. Bellamy, Author of the history of all Religions, and Biblical Criticisms in the Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Journal.

FINE ARTS.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

Though the author and the artist can still display ever-varying beauties to the public, it is a much more difficult matter for the commentator on their successful labours to vary the terms of his eulogium. When we say that Nos. 9 and 10, of Zwitzerland, which are now published, equal in every thing the merits of their predecessors, we bestow great praise upon them: we can only say, in continuation, that we can but enumerate the plates as they appear, and by doing so, repeat that we are but count-

ing so many pieces of the fine arts, that are honourable to all concerned in their production, even in this age of improvement. The view of Cluse, on the Arve, Savoy, with its peaceful stream and rural bridge at the foot of the cloud-enveloped mountain, is a scene on which no eye can dwell but with delight. The Castle and Valley of Misocco have bold attributes and a sterner yet still beautiful appearance. The engraver has managed the plate well, and the mountains recede into the faintness of the atmosphere with correct effect. The foreground is well and accurately marked in, and the distribution of the shadows excellent. The two plates of the Castle and the Place de Palud in Lausanne, are good in all their details. The Lake of Lausanne, which commences the tenth number, is a delicate and pure engraving of a most romantic scene, and the view of Basle equals it. The Valley of Grindelwald, with its stupendous mountains, gives us an adequate idea of the vastness and sublimity of Alpine scenery. In the plate called L'Hôpital, the rocks behind the house are not sufficiently detached; and we think the square tower too dark and brought too forward; for the rest, it is good. As for the descriptions in the letter-press, we can but say, if the plates are almost as good as they can be, the narrative is quite so. Forcible without exaggeration, copious without being diffuse, the learned doctor says just what he ought, and just where he ought to say it. His style is the triumph of good taste.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Author of the "Landscape Annual." *Embellished with highly-finished Engravings, by* W. Radcliffe, *from Drawings made expressly for this work, by* Cattermole, Cox, and Creswick. Simpkin and Marshall, and Charles Tilt, London.

This second number contains three Views after Cox, and the plates are creditable to the designer and engraver. The bridge over the Lluguy is a wild scene of romance; and Harlech Castle, with its stormy sky and sea-girt horizon, is managed in an artist-like manner. The letter-press, by Mr. Roscoe, is amusing and to the purpose. No country more deserves illustration than North Wales, and this romantic country is happy in its illustrators.

New Water Colour Exhibition, Exeter Hall, Strand.

We have attended this exhibition, and have been much gratified by several of the pictures. It would be ungenerous to pass a harsh sentence upon it, struggling as it is through the weakness of infancy. The room is lofty and well lighted, and nothing is wanting, as far as the locality is concerned, to make it one of the most attractive resorts at the West end of the town. Several of the drawings would do honour to any society of artists, whilst many of them are of that inferiority that they should not have been hung up at all. But as the society gains strength, and strength it will gain, we shall not have occasion to make a stricture so sweeping. Among the pieces that are particularly good, we may enumerate those of Messrs. G. J. Shepherd, Mr. Downing, and some beautiful specimens of still-life by Mr. Lance. The view of Canterbury cathedral and St. Augustine's close, the united efforts of Miss Rix and Mr. Chase, is a good performance. Having visited this exhibition but the day before we are forced to go to press, the deserving artists will, we trust, pardon us for not going more into the detail of their various merits. We may resume the subject in our next number. But we must say a friendly word in parting to J. A. Cahusac, as we really think that he has talent, though he has a queer method of displaying it. He should reflect that if he has not yet recovered from the effects of *scarlet* fever, most other persons have. His pictures quite blush cabbage-red for his taste. We hope seriously that this society will meet with a sufficient patronage; and that all those who visit the other Water Colour Society will do this one the justice to examine it also.

"Dedication of the Temple," and "Christ Walking on the Sea." Alfred Martin, 30, Alsop Terrace, New Road.

Of these engravings we like the first the best. In the "Dedication" we can almost recognize the invisible presence of the Deity, and the mind acknowledges the progress of a miracle. The whole is a scene of massive grandeur, and speaks as much to the heart as to the eye. There is in this conception a happy blending of the poet

and the painter. The second is a moonlight scene, but the effect is not sufficiently clear to our taste; it is in fact too black, and there is great heaviness in the general aspect. The drapery about our Saviour is far from elegant, and the action of the picture takes place too near the shore.

Burford's Panorama of Jerusalem and the surrounding Country.

This magically painted panorama has excited an interest almost universal—yet, great as it is, not more than it deserves. It is taken from drawings by Mr. F. Catherwood, and we have no doubt of the fidelity of the representation. The sameness of tone about the painting we look upon as a proof of its accuracy, as it is apparent that the artist would not sacrifice truth for the sake of effect. We might expand our notice into a treatise, did we attempt to specify all the good points of this exhibition. The best homage to the talent of the painter, and the person who drew the original sketches, is in the crowds of carriages to be seen daily at the north-east end of Leicester-square. Every one should see this panorama, so intimately are the associations to which it gives rise blended with our religion, and those sentiments which we most cherish and venerate.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery.

We have been indulged with a view of some of the engravings that will constitute a part of this truly national work. They are the perfection of the art, both as regards the originals designed by the splendid pencil of the Royal Academician, and the exquisite touch of the burin of those artists who have so ably assisted him. After the public have seen two or three of these numbers, many plates that now enjoy something like reputation will scarcely be tolerated, as far as maritime scenery is concerned.

Hogg's Kilmeny. By J. B. Leyland.

We have been much gratified with Mr. Leyland's embodied conception of Kilmeny, which indicates a degree of power and originality not often met with in an individual who has yet to make his name known. One of the principal charms in the performance is the *nature* and *reality* of its appearance, which has none of that hardness and want of expression about it, so frequently met with in modern sculpture; and, in addition to this, there is a great degree of intellectual expression in the face, and intent, earnest listening breathed over the whole attitude, which adds a high degree of beauty to this sweet creation of Mr. Leyland, with whose name and productions we hope to meet again in the same field.

The statue of Mr. Kean that is about to be placed in the lobby of Drury-Lane Theatre is from the chisel of Mr. Carew, and not only a striking resemblance to that great and original actor, but also, as a piece of art, highly honourable to the talented sculptor, and a great acquisition to the country. We understand that the funds for the purpose of completing and erecting this statue have received a most liberal assistance—indeed an assistance without which it could not, at least for some time, have been completed—from a gentleman well known for taste and for generosity. This acquisition was made at one of the theatrical fund dinners.

Colosseum, Regent's Park.

This attractive resort has lately increased its attractions, by several judicious additions and improvements. We certainly think this the noblest exhibition of the metropolis, and that it combines more sources of rational amusement, with greater variety, than any other.

Heath's Gallery of British Engravings, containing three beautiful Engravings on Steel, with letter-press descriptions. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, London.

This spirited work has been undertaken in self defence, by the highly talented engraver whose name it bears. Finding his best plates pirated, and the piracy, by its inferiority, likely to deteriorate from his deserved reputation, he publishes these

engravings, three in each number, for the inadequate price of twelve pence, every one of which is worth five times the money, to say nothing at all of the letter-press. This number contains the "Bride," after Leslie; a View of Dieppe, after Stanfield; and the "Rival Waiting Women," after Smirke; all plates well known, and duly appreciated by the public. This undertaking must succeed, and success we heartily wish it.

British Atlas, comprising separate Maps of every County in England, and the Three Ridings of Yorkshire. J. and C. WALKER. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

This first number contains the counties of Leicestershire and Gloucestershire, upon a large scale, and very clearly and accurately marked in, and embracing at the same time much useful information, at the low price of 18*d*.

Illustrations of the Bible, from Original Paintings, made expressly by RICHARD WESTALL, *and* JOHN MARTIN, Esqs. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

The twelfth number of this cheap publication is now before the public, and sustains the reputation of its predecessors. We have no space to expatiate on the eight impressions of which it consists, but we think that they improve in execution, and therefore become more worthy of the excellent drawings from which they are taken.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

IT is a merciful dispensation of Providence that to the political evils with which we are now affected, is not added the horror of any great commercial distress. The steam-engine, with its astonishing power, enables us still to compete with and undersell foreign nations in many important manufactures; thus, the reports from Leeds, Huddersfield, Bradford, Manchester, and other manufacturing districts, are all favourable—the manufactures are looking up. Towards the latter end of last month there has been, in some markets, a slight improvement in the price of agricultural produce, but the rural prospects of the country are still most dismal. We are glad to see that those connected with the farming interests are beginning to bestir themselves on the question of the currency. Until that be placed upon a more just and equitable footing, they must despair of any effectual relief. The shipping interest is still depressed. Our foreign commerce, if not in a state of great prosperity, is still respectable, though inadequate to so great an empire as is England.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 27th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock for Account, 218 half, 218.—Consols for Account, 93, 92 seven-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 100 half, five-eighths, half.—India Bonds, 18s., 21s. pm.—Exchequer Bills, 1000l. 36s., 37s. 36s. pm.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian Bonds, Five per Cent., 87 three-quarters, 8.—Columbian Six per Cent. for Account 47, 46.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 58 quarter.—Mexican Six per Cent, 49 half, 48 half.

SHARES.

Brazilian Macaubas and Cocaes united, 25, 4 half, 4 5.—Real del Monte, unregistered, 35 half, 34.

THE MONEY MARKET.—The fluctuations in the English securities have not been so great, as, from the strange political revolutions that have taken place, we might have been led to suppose. Much curiosity has been excited by three government bills, all duly accepted, having been in a state of dishonour for some hours, by some accident at the Bank. We presume that it was a mistake, but mistakes, such as these, ought never to be committed, especially when we pay so much for accuracy. There has been much, and wild, speculation in the foreign funds. Above is quoted the state of the funds from the "Morning Herald," on the 27th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 24, TO APRIL 25, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

March 24.—G. Williams, Union Court, Old Broad Street, merchant.—F. Thompson, Sloane Street, Chelsea, wine merchant.—C. Bevan, Great Portland Street, Marylebone, glass dealer.—W. Allen, Holt, Norfolk, grocer.—R. Owen, Carnarvon, draper.—T. York, Northampton, carver.—T. Kennington, Wrawby, Lincolnshire, horse dealer.—R. Williams, Trederwen, Montgomeryshire, nurseryman.—T. Wadley, Liverpool, merchant.—W. and R. Wilkes, Shrewsbury, drapers.—T. Harbutt, Tynemouth, Northumberland, brewer. — J. Bayley, Manchester, commission agent.

March 27.—J. Leonard, Rugeley, Staffordshire, bookseller.—H. Swan, Great Knight Rider Street, money scrivener.—B. Eyre, Well Street, Oxford Street, blind maker.—C. Campbell, Arundel Street, Strand, subscription housekeeper.—W. Spicer, Tower Street, Seven Dials, licensed victualler.—R. Johnson, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, lace manufacturer.—S. Glover, Idle, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Whitley, Liverpool, money scrivener.—T. Allison, Manchester, warehouseman. — J. S. Smith, Manchester, merchant. — W. B. Mitchell, Sheffield, merchant.—J. Knight, Hastings, Sussex, innkeeper.—J. Cunnington, Spalding, Lincolnshire, ironmonger. — R. Hackworth, Moulton, Lincolnshire, wheelwright.—H. Andrews, Bristol, paper hanger.—E. Hardy, Purbeck, Dorsetshire, innkeeper.

March 31.—A. Neirinckx, Hammersmith, builder.—M. Arnold, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, bookseller.—G. Baker, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, ironmonger.—T. Waterfield, Dunstable, straw hat manufacturer.—S. F. Gray, New Bond Street, chemist.—J. Glossop, Victoria Theatre, printer.—T. Idle, Manchester, fishmonger.—W. Hankes, Macclesfield, brewer.—J Brown, Workington, Cumberland, mercer.—J. White, Burton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire, druggist.—J. S. Witherden, Margate, blacksmith.

April 4.—W. Robson, George Street, Mansion House, printer.—J. Mallett, East Street, Walworth, grocer.—J. Tayler, Coleman Street, merchant.—T. Smith, East Grinstead, Sussex, chemist.—J. Thomas, Coles' Wharf, Surrey, granary keeper.—D. Byas, Oxford Street, upholsterer.—J. G. Maddox, Bristol, druggist.—W. Fox, Weston Hill, Norwood, Surrey, victualler.—R. Nichols, Wakefield, Yorkshire, bookseller.—C. Cowderoy, Mansion House Street, Kennington, grocer.—B. Boardman, Norwich, tailor.—J. Hill, South Milford, Yorkshire, teasel dealer.—J. S. Smith and J. G. Bird, Manchester, merchants.—J. Booth, Shirland, Derbyshire, corn factor.

April 7.—J. Ruddock, King Street, Portman Square, livery stable keeper.—R. W. Gratwick, Goswell Street, tea dealer. — R. Russell and W. P. M. Croft, New Tothill Street, Westminster, tobacconists.—J. and J. Morris, Upper St. Martin's Lane, auctioneers.—R. Dyson, Gloucester Street, Queen Square, tailor.—F. P. Couch, Launceston, Cornwall, horse dealer.—J. Morris, Carmarthen, ironmonger.—J. Bailey, Tynemouth, Northumberland, farmer.—C. Salsbury, Hull, hatter.

April 11.—R. Caley, Queen's Row, Walworth, merchant.—J. Styles, Elizabeth Place, North Brixton, Lambeth, lodging house-keeper.—R. Hall, Paradise Street, Rotherhithe, general dealer.—G. Green and A. Lynn, Golden Lane, Barbican, leather sellers.—W. Ward, Coventry, riband manufacturer.—J. Edmundson, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—R. Veryard, Bristol, flax dresser.

April 14.—A Goodbody, Ludgate Street, tailor.—J. Clayton, Buxton, Derbyshire draper.—W. Dix, Burslem, Staffordshire, draper.—J. H. Seward, Leominster, wine merchant.—J. Marchetti, Torquay, Devonshire, victualler.—S. W. Harrison and W. Harrison, Tynemouth, Northumberland, scriveners.—J. Sheldon, Walsall, Staffordshire, publican.

April 18.—T. Kirtlan and W. Bruce, Blackman Street, Borough, woollen drapers.—J. S. Wilson, Milton, Kent, miller.—W. Gorton, Gutter Lane, Cheapside, fishmonger.—R. Tardieu, Berners Street, Oxford Street, dealer in lace.—R. W. Johnson, Gloucester, merchant.—G. Pell, Weston Favel, Northamptonshire, victualler.

April 21.—F. R. and C. Massina, Turnham Green, schoolmasters.—W. Sayers, Horsham, baker.—W. Harris, Farehem, Hampshire, cattle salesman.—R. Ord, Bishopthorpe, Yorkshire, dealer.—T. Smallwood, Birmingham, grocer.—W. Williams, Panteague, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.—T. Rayner, Manchester, victualler.

April 25.—R. W. Savage, Great Ryder Street, Westminster, dealer.—T. L. Terrey, Cornhill, vintner.—D. Tye, Weybridge, cattle salesman.—T. Browett, Northampton, tin-plate worker.—W. Hogarth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder.—T. Backhouse, Wakefield, plumber.

NEW PATENTS.

ENGLISH.

J. Kay, of Pendleton, Lancaster, Flax Spinner, for a heckling machine of a new construction. February 24th, 6 months.

J. H. Hallett, of Haven Cliff, in the Parish of Axmouth, Devon, Esquire, for an improvement in the construction or manufacture of cocks or taps for drawing off fluids. February 25th, 2 months.

W. Aitken, of Aberdeen, in the County of Aberdeen, in North Briton, Esquire, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages to be propelled by animal or other power. February 25th, 6 months.

P. S. Hynes, of Paddington, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in

wheels, in axletrees, and boxes, and in apparatus for retarding or locking carriage-wheels. February 25th, 6 months.

J. Aldous, of Clapton, Middlesex, Smith, for certain improvements on steam-engines. February 25th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in preparing fibrous or textile plants, either indigenous or exotic, to be used in place of flax or hemp. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 25th, 6 months.

R. Prosser, of the Parish of Aston, near Birmingham, Warwick, Civil Engineer, for improvements in making nails. February 25th, 6 months.

W. Davis, of Leeds, York, Engineer, for an improvement in machinery for dressing of woollen or other cloths requiring such process. February 25th, 6 months.

J. T. Beale, of Church Lane, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Engineer, for a simplified and economical steam-engine, which engine may be used for other purposes. February 27th, 6 months.

J. Levers, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, and J. Pedder, of the same place, Lack Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin net lace. February 27th, 6 months.

F. L. H. Danchell, of Great Marlborough Street, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for certain improvements in piano-fortes. Communicated partly from his partner, F. G. Greiner, a foreigner residing abroad. February 27th, 6 months.

R. Wolf, of Cornhill, in the City of London, Musical Instrument Maker, for an improvement in piano-fortes, consisting in the new construction, on the principle of acoustics, of a sounding body applicable to every description of piano-fortes. March 2nd, 6 months.

T. F. Bergin, of Fair View Avenue, Dublin, Gentleman, for improvements in railway-carriages, which improvements are applicable to other purposes. March 4th, 2 months.

J. Prince, of Bread Street, Cheapside, in the City of London, Agent, for an improved mould and apparatus to be used in making paper. March 4th, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Walworth, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in the several processes of saccharine, vinous, and acetous fermentation. March 9th, 6 months.

H. Hendriks, of Grove House, Esq., Blackheath, for improvements in dyeing. March 11th, 6 months.

J. B. Bacon, of Sidmouth Street, Regent's Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of locomotive steam-carriages, applicable to railways and common roads. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 11th, 6 months.

W. Hale, of Colchester, Essex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements on, or additions to, boilers or apparatus for producing motive power. March 11th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for a method of preparing animal milk, and bringing it into such a state as shall allow of its being preserved for any length of time with its nutritive properties, and capable of being transported to any climate, for domestic or medicinal uses. March 11th, 6 months.

R. Jupe, of New Bond Street, in the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square, Middlesex, Upholsterer, for an improved expanding table. March 11th, 6 months.

J. Sylvester, of Great Russell Street, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for improvements in apparatus used in the communication or transmission of heat to aeriform liquid and solid bodies. March 11th, 6 months.

W. B. Adams, of Long Acre, in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, Middlesex, Coach Maker, for an improved construction of wheels for all kinds of carriages in which springs are commonly used. March 13th, 2 months.

W. Church, of Heywood House, of Bordesley Green, near Birmingham, Warwick, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus to be employed in the conveyance of goods and passengers by land or water, parts of which said improvements are also applicable to the ordinary purposes of steam-engines and other steam apparatus. March 16th, 6 months.

R. Hill, of Birmingham, Warwick, Merchant, for an improvement in door and other locks, and in staples used therewith. March 18th, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Belpor, Derby, Millwright and Engineer, for a certain improvement or improvements in printing machines. March 18th, 6 months.

H. W. Wood, of Austin Friars, in the City of London, Merchant, for an improvement in obtaining certain oils. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 18th, 6 months.

J. Hunter, of Ley's Mill, Arbroath, Forfar, North Britain, Mechanic, for certain improvements in the art of cutting, or, what is commonly called, facing and dressing certain kinds of stone. March 18th, 6 months.

W. Weekes, of Kingstanley, Gloucester, Clothier, for improved machinery for cleansing, plaining, polishing, and dressing woollen and other cloths. March 25th, 6 months.

J. Barker, of Southampton Street, Camberwell, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improvement in the constructing of umbrellas and parasols. March 25th, 6 months.

J. Berrie and D. Anderson, both of the City of Glasgow, in Scotland, Manufacturers, for certain machinery for making a new or improved description of heddles or healds. March 25th, 6 months.

J. Brunton, of West Bromwich, Stafford, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of retorts for generating gas for the purpose of illumination. March 25th, 6 months.

W. Houston, of Fleet Street, in the City of London, Printer, for certain improvement in tools, implements, or apparatus, which are either used in, or subservient to, the art of letter-press printing. March 25th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
March					
23	37-47	30,21-30,19	N.E.	,025	Cloudy, with frequent intervals of sunshine.
24	35-48	30,20-30,29	N.E.	,025	Rain in the morning, otherwise generally clear.
25	30-46	30,40-30,47	N.E.		Clear.
26	25-47	30,43-30,30	N.		Clear.
27	27-49	30,27-30,24	N.		Clear.
28	31-49	30,18-30,19	E. b. N.		Clear, except the evening.
29	30-46	29,99-29,90	N.E.		Cloudy, sunshine at times.
30	28-50	29,86-29,79	S.		Clear generally.
31	31-55	29,78-29,74	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times in the afternoon.
April					
1	36-62	29,70-29,79	S.W.	,075	Cloudy, rain frequent.
2	41-66	29,89-29,91	E.	,025	Generally clear.
3	47-62	29,90-29,80	S.W.		A heavy thunder storm, in P.M. accomp. by hail.
4	40-51	29,95-30,04	N.	,05	Cloudy.
5	41-54	30,16-30,17	E.	,05	Cloudy, rain at times.
6	35-58	30,21-30,29	S.E.	,05	Generally clear.
7	40-63	30,34-30,35	S.		Generally clear.
8	45-64	30,30-30,23	S.W.		Generally clear.
9	37-66	30,14-30,10	S.W.		Generally clear.
10	43-64	30,05-29,93	W.		Generally clear.
11	32-58	29,95-30,04	N.		Generally clear.
12	25-59	30,07-30,10	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
13	32-64	30,12-30,15	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
14	34-62	30,17 Stat.	S.W.		Generally clear.
15	38-59	30,13-30,00	N.		Cloudy; rain in the evening.
16	30-44	30 04-30,12	N.E.		Cloudy, snow falling in large flakes during P.M.
17	27-43	30,16-30,18	N.W. & N.		Cloudy, snow and sleet at times during the P.M.
18	26-46	30,08-30,01	W. & S.W.		Cloudy, except the morning.
19	36-50	30,06-30,16	N.E. & E.		Generally clear.
20	33-53	30,21-30,25	S.W.		Generally clear.
21	42-51	30,25-30,30	W. b. S.		Cloudy.
22	39-61	30,32-30,34	N. b. W.	,025	Cloudy, except P.M.; rain dur. preceding night.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

After years of unparalleled industry, directed by no common talents, Lieut. Rodger has brought his patent anchor to as great a degree of perfection, we believe, as it is capable of receiving, without being too expensive. It is true that a much lighter anchor, with the same, or even greater strength, may be obtained by adopting the inventor's hollow shanks, but, in the present distressed state of the shipping interest, it cannot be hoped that they would become generally adopted, as the shipowners are compelled to reduce their expenditure by all possible means, in order to enter into any thing like competition with foreign mercantile navies. The progress of improvement (the more especially when it runs counter to long established prejudice) is always, even in these march-of-intellect times, peculiarly slow. Individual sagacity, and private self-interest, are often in the advance of the public bodies in patronizing beneficial discoveries; this is precisely the case with Rodger's patent small palmed anchor. They have become general among the colliers, and made great way with the West India trade, yet are still looked upon with a distrustful eye in our naval yards. Experiment upon experiment have been tried with the most convincing success, yet the adoption of those safeguards to our wooden towers is still postponed. We can only offer the indefatigable officer the consolation which, we are sorry to say, is too common-place, that the truths of science must sooner or later prevail. His anchor will become general; we only hope that those also who are opposed to it, may live to see it. We will not fatigue the reader by entering into a dry and hacknied proof of the mechanical advantages derived from this anchor; figures are convincing arguments, yet experiment is still more convincing than figures. We only hope that this anchor, and its talented inventor, will receive a due share of attention, and that well directed perseverance, though late, may meet with its just reward.

United Service Museum.—The rapid rise of this establishment to great eminence, by the accession of valuable contributions from every point of the compass, is a subject of national congratulation. The fourth annual report has just appeared, and it is surprising to think what zeal and liberality have done in only four years! There are within a score of four thousand members, the museum has increased very considerably, local committees in distant parts of the world are co-operating effectively, lectures are instituted, and the funds are flourishing. What more could be desired by its best friends? To whom it must be further agreeable to know, that the attractions of the museum have induced above seven hundred visitors a month to obtain admission.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—April 1, 1835.

We brought our parliamentary proceedings in our last number no further than March 5. From that time until the beginning of April the Upper House seemed to be at a stand-still, looking with amazement and dismay on the proceedings in the Lower House, where nothing of importance took place, saving the initiative of several beneficial measures, the originators of which were not allowed to carry out their views, by the clamour of faction.

House of Lords, April 6.—Leave was given to Lord Brougham to give evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on Education.—A short conversation ensued on the presentation of petitions relative to the Church in Scotland.—The Duke of Wellington, in reply to a question from Lord Ward, said that he had no knowledge of the presentation of an address from Dudley in favour of the present administration.

April 7.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from Shepton Mallet, praying for an inquiry into the present state of the endowed charities of that place.—The

Bishop of Bath and Wells said a few words in support of the petition from Shepton Mallet.—The Bishop of Exeter observed that, as the Chairman of the Board of Education for Ireland was present, he considered it necessary to give him notice of his intention of presenting a petition from the Rev. Mr. Doney, of the county of Mayo, complaining of the treatment of the Protestants.—Lord Brougham replied that he was no longer Chairman of the Board; by the Act the office was filled by the Lord Chancellor for the time being.—Lord Brougham wished to know whether it was the intention of his Majesty's Government to advise his Majesty to grant a charter to the London University, in compliance with the address of the other House of Parliament.—The Earl of Roslyn replied that no steps had as yet been taken.

April 8.—Petitions were presented for and against the granting of public money for the building of churches in Scotland.—Lord Brougham gave notice that he should bring on his motion on the subject of general education next Tuesday.—The Duke of Wellington announced that his Majesty's Government had tendered their resignations, and that they held their offices only until their successors were appointed.—Lord Brougham said that as it was quite immaterial to his motion who were on the opposition benches, he (Lord B.) should still persist in his notice for Tuesday next, notwithstanding the announcement of the noble duke.

April 9.—The Duke of Richmond moved that the copy of the Report of the Select Committee of 1831, appointed to inquire into the best mode of giving efficacy to secondary punishments, brought up from the Commons, should be referred to the Select Committee of the Lords sitting on the subject.—The Mutiny Bill was brought up from the Commons, and read a first time; when the Duke of Wellington gave notice that he should to-morrow move the suspension of the Standing Order, for the purpose of enabling their Lordships to hasten the stages of the Bill.—The Oaths' Abolition Bill was read a third time, and the Witnesses' Indemnity Bill was committed.—The Bishop of Exeter, at the request of Lord Duncannon, postponed the presentation of a petition complaining of the conduct of the Irish Education Commissioners.

April 10.—The Mutiny Bills were read a second time and committed.—Lord Brougham postponed his motion on the subject of general education, of which he had given notice for Tuesday next, to the first convenient day after the recess.—The remainder of the sitting was taken up with the presentation of petitions.

April 13.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Mutiny Bill, the India Officers' Indemnity Bill, and several private Bills.—Several petitions were presented, praying for protection to the Established Church in Ireland.—The Bishop of Exeter postponed the presentation of a petition against certain members of the Irish Education Commission until a new Government was formed.

April 14.—The Duke of Buckingham presented a petition from High Wycombe, praying for an alteration in the Poor Law Amendment Bill.—The remainder of their Lordships' sitting was occupied in the presentation of petitions for and against any additional grant to the Established Church in Scotland.

April 15.—Several petitions were presented, chiefly in reference to the Established Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland.—After a short conversation on the subject of adjourning for the holidays, which led to no distinct understanding, the House adjourned till Thursday.

April 16.—Petitions were presented for and against the grant of additional church accommodation in Scotland.—The Westminster Improvement Bill was read a first time, and certain papers relative to the slave compensation question were laid on the table.—The Duke of Wellington then moved that the House should adjourn until Saturday, which was agreed to.

House of Commons, April 6.—Mr. Baring brought in a bill for the more effectual prevention of the surreptitious introduction of foreign corn through the medium of the channel islands.—The adjourned discussion on the Irish Church was resumed in a Committee of the whole House. After speeches had been delivered by Mr. Borthwick, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. F. Bruen, the Marquis of Chandos, and Mr. Scarlett, against Lord J. Russell's resolution; and by Mr. S. Maxwell, Mr. Baines, Mr. Roche, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Warburton, in favour of it, the House divided, when there appeared—for the resolution, 262; against it, 237; majority, 25. Lord John Russell then gave notice that he should on Tuesday move, "That it is the opinion of this House that no measure relating to Irish tithes will lead to a satisfactory adjustment without its embodying the foregoing resolution."—The House then went into a committee on the navy estimates, in the course of which a

smart conversation took place on the Devonport election. After several votes had been agreed to, the Chairman reported progress.—The Mutiny Bill was read a first and second time, and the House adjourned.

April 7.—Mr. Bernal brought up the report of the Committee on the Irish Church resolution.—Mr. Sinclair asked whether it was the intention of Lord J. Russell to communicate his resolution to the House of Lords?—Lord J. Russell in reply stated that he would not communicate his resolution to the House of Lords, but when it had received the sanction of that House he was quite sure that the House of Lords would not refuse to pass a measure calculated to secure the church of Ireland and the peace of the empire.—Sir R. Peel said that, as the first resolution of the noble lord had already been discussed, he would not divide the House again upon it; but when the noble lord brought forward his second resolution, that no tithe bill would give satisfaction to Ireland unless embodying the principles of that resolution, he should certainly take the opinion of the House upon the subject.—The first resolution of Lord J. Russell was then put and carried.—Lord J. Russell then brought forward his second resolution, "That it is the opinion of the House, that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment unless it includes the principle contained in the resolution come to by that House." The resolution was opposed by Sir H. Hardinge, (who declared that if the motion were carried he could not undertake to embody it in the Irish tithe bill which he had proposed to bring forward,) Mr. Baring, Mr. Sinclair, Lord F. Egerton, the Attorney-General, Mr. Serjeant Jackson, and Sir R. Peel; and supported by Mr. H. Grattan, Sir H. Verney, Mr. Serjeant Perrin, Mr. S. Rice, and Mr. Gisborne. Upon a division there appeared—for the resolution, 285; against it, 258; majority against ministers, 27.

April 8.—Sir R. Peel, on moving the third reading of the Mutiny Bill, communicated to the House that all the Ministers had felt it to be their duty to tender their resignations to his Majesty, and that they now only held the seals of office until successors should be appointed. The Right Hon. Baronet fully and temperately described the motives which had led all the Ministers to tender their resignations. They were founded on the continued majorities against them, and on the final adoption of a principle to the carrying of which into effect the Ministers could be no party. Further, the vote of Tuesday night was tantamount to a declaration of want of confidence in the Ministers, for it assumed that the House had no confidence in any measure that the Ministers might bring forward on the subject of tithes in Ireland. They had continued in office as long as they saw any chance of effectually and honourably promoting the public service, not allowing disgust, disappointment, or the consideration of private feelings to have any weight with them. That submission, however, had its limit; that limit they had now approached; for looking to the little progress made with public business, and the decisions on the last four debates, they saw that the time had come for them to withdraw from further contest. The motion of Tuesday night not merely went to declare want of confidence, but positively to recommend a change of system in the government of Ireland. To the introduction of that change the Ministers could be no party; they, therefore, under all these circumstances, and believing that the Government of the country could not continue beneficially to act against decided majorities, felt that perseverance would be fruitless. He suggested that there should be an adjournment to Monday, except as regarded Thursday, there being a ballot for an Election Committee.—Lord J. Russell (who entered the House only a few minutes before the Chancellor of the Exchequer concluded his speech) briefly observed that all must admit that the course of the Right Hon. Baronet had been marked with perfect honour and propriety.—The Mutiny Bill was then read a third time, and the House adjourned.

April 9.—The House took the ballot for the Cork Election Committee, and the Members were sworn.—The petition of Mr. Villiers against the election of the sitting Member for Canterbury was fixed to be tried on the 30th of May.—Adjourned.

April 13.—Mr. Denison brought up the report of the city of Worcester Election Committee. The present Member, Mr. Bailey, was declared duly elected.—Sir R. Peel stated that he had received an intimation from his Majesty that arrangements for the formation of a new Government were in progress, but were not finally completed. He accordingly moved that the House at its rising should adjourn till Thursday next, which was acceded to.—A new writ was moved for the northern division of the county of Essex, in the room of Mr. A. Baring, now Lord Ashburton.—The House then adjourned.

April 16.—Mr. Maxwell obtained leave of the House for the Committee on the

Dublin Petition to adjourn until the Speaker do direct them to reassemble, a Commission having been appointed to examine evidence.—Leave was granted to the Ipswich Committee to adjourn until the 18th of May.—Sir R. Peel said that in consequence of an intimation from his Majesty he considered it to be his duty to move the adjournment of the House till Saturday.—Mr. Sinclair wished to ask any Hon. Member on the other side of the House whether any arrangements had been made for the formation of a new Ministry, or whether they were in such a state of forwardness as to justify the expectation that they could be announced to the House on Saturday? The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the country. After the course pursued by the Noble Lord, he must say that he was very long in producing any ministerial arrangements calculated to allay that excitement. The Noble Lord having from day to day thwarted the Government—having told them that they did not represent the feelings of the House of Commons, and that they had not a leg to stand on, had endeavoured, in the shape of two resolutions, to persuade the House that a new Ministry could immediately be produced, but Hon. Members on the Opposition side of the House would now see that it was more easy to overthrow an edifice than to re-erect it. It was more easy to destroy the Doric column of Conservative erection, than it was to build up an edifice of the composite order. The course pursued by the Right Hon. Baronet had made a profound impression on the country, and he was inclined to think that the country would have more confidence in him at the head of the Opposition than in any Administration of which Lord Melbourne was the head.—Lord John Russell replied, that his Majesty had sent for Lord Grey on the resignation of the late Ministry, and that, by the advice of the Noble Earl, Lord Melbourne and the Marquess of Lansdowne had been sent for; that subsequently a communication had been made by those Noble Lords to the King, which he (Lord John Russell) was not at liberty to mention, and that before Saturday the list of those who were to form the new Cabinet could not be submitted to the House.—After disposing of the orders of the day, the House adjourned till Saturday.

The House of Commons met on April 20, when the Marquess of Chandos gave notice that on the 18th of May he would call the attention of the House to the distress of the agriculturists.—A short conversation took place on the question of adjournment, which Mr. F. Baring proposed should be to the 12th of May.—Colonel Sibthorp objected to the length of the adjournment, and the faces of the Ministers, which he believed to be the index of their minds.—Mr. Sinclair, after alluding to the Ionic column which composed the new Ministry, prophesied a speedy dissolution of their power.—Mr. Sheil gave notice for a future day, "That no person who should be appointed to an ecclesiastical dignity should be considered to have any vested interest in it which would entitle him to compensation in case it should subsequently be suppressed."—Sir R. Inglis stated that on the Hon. and Learned Member's making that motion he should move that the oath he had taken should be read.—The House then adjourned to Tuesday the 12th of May.

Married.—At St. George's Hanover Square, Lord John Russell to Lady Ribblesdale.

In Kells-Church, John Young, Esq. M.P. for the county Cavan, to Adelaide Anabella Tuite Dalton, step-daughter of the Marquis of Hertford.

At the house of Ralph Abercrombie, Esq., Chargé d'Affaires de sa Majesté Britannique à Berlin, Ellen, second daughter of the late John Dickens, Esq., Judge and Magistrate of Prince of Wales's Island, to Theophile Wysogother de Zakrzewski, Noble et Chevalier de la Croix Militaire d'Or de Pologne.

At Florence, according to the rites of the Greek church, and the following day at the villa of Sir George Seymour, Resident Minister of his Britannic Majesty at the Court of Florence, Demetrio Corgialegno, a noble of Cephalonia, to Louisa Harriet, fourth daughter of C. Scott, Esq., residing at Pisa.

Died.—Accounts have been received at the residence of the Russian Ambassador, announcing the death of Prince George Lieven, third son of Prince and Princess Lieven, which took place at St. Petersburgh, after a short illness, from scarlet fever. The deceased was in his 17th year. He was born in this country, and baptised after his late Majesty George IV., who stood sponsor at his baptism.

In Berkeley Square, Lady Julia Hobhouse, wife of Sir John Hobhouse, and sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

Lady Isabella Thynne, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Marquis of Bath.

At her seat, Compton Place, Eastbourne, Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Burlington, at an advanced age. The deceased Countess was heiress of Spencer, Earl of Wilmington.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Pacha of many Tales. By the Author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Shortly after the demise of Voltaire, all the French *savans*, at that time present in Paris, met together in full conclave—for our neighbours delight in effect—to celebrate, by a succession of orations, the *universal genius* of the departed great man. The first mathematician took the lead. He spoke a great deal of the mathematics, and still more of himself, and he ended his elaborate speech by pronouncing with an air of the most sovereign certainty, that, of the exact sciences, Voltaire was totally ignorant, but, with that exception, he was truly a *universal genius*. A famous jurist next rose, and dwelt upon the mere pretensions of Voltaire to any thing like a knowledge of civil laws, but, with that exception, pronounced him a *universal genius*. A famous prose writer next followed, and proved that, all that this wonder of France had written which was not verse, was beneath contempt, yet, with this slight exception, he did honour to his *universal genius*. A manufacturer of metre succeeded the proser, but really could not allow the man, whose memory they had met to commemorate, was, in the strict sense of the word, any thing resembling a poet, but with that slight drawback, he assuredly was a *universal genius*. A physician, a painter, a botanist, a geologist, and several other professionals ending in *ist* followed; but Voltaire did not fare a bit the better in their hands. At length the president, who was neither poet, painter, lawyer, doctor, or any thing at all ending in *ist*, but merely a man of sense, and an admirer of talent, rose with a sly gravity, and told the learned assembly that he was very sorry to have given them all so much trouble, as it was very apparent that they had met to commemorate the greatest blockhead in a country that shows so little toleration to the stupid.

The moral of this may, in the degree, be applied to the author of these tales. Much as we admire him, let us not be misunderstood, that we wish to insinuate that he has proved himself, like Voltaire, to be a *universal genius*. All that we contend for is, that he has succeeded in every thing that he has essayed; and, that by the critics of the day, he has been used a little after the manner in which Voltaire was used by his orators. A few naval authors were very invidious against his first naval novels; they could not tolerate a writer so superior in their own line; however, the captain was consoled by the avidity with which his works were purchased. He then, leaving salt, had recourse to fresh water, and

giving them in a body to the public. As yet, the world does not sufficiently understand this author, and the limits of his own strength are still unknown to himself. That strength we often think he employs to a splendid disadvantage; in the pursuit of the ideal, in the embodying of the visionary, and in exploring depths in which he sometimes loses his readers and himself. The knowledge of the true, ought to be the only legitimate pursuit of genius—the true in morals, in politics, and in poetry. Now it may be said, that Mr. Bulwer seeks the light, not so much for his own direction, and for the light's sake, as to be able to grasp it, and to wield it above his head, in order to dazzle those around him. He is less solicitous to discover a plain principle, than to establish a striking theory. There are two sorts of genius, the one which removes difficulties, and is a genius of discovery, the other, which piles up thoughts and images, and is a genius of creation. The latter is the more dazzling, and is Bulwer's—the former, the more noble, because infinitely the more useful. To elucidate this, let us take any one of the author's papers, "On ill health and its consolations;" or the first in the volumes, "The difference between Authors, and the impression conveyed of them in their works." In the former paper he labours to show that there is much happiness in ill health. The proposition is singular—the difficulties to prove it infinitely greater than if he had taken the other side of the question—there is more gladiatorship required. To prove his theory he does not attempt to clear away from the question the errors or the false impressions that surround it; but he brings to the subject the felicities of diction, the sparkling metaphor, the illustrative simile, and a glowing eloquence. He overlays and obscures it with the beauties of literature—he builds up an idol of silver, and gold, and ivory; and exclaims, "behold it is accomplished." But, after all, it is not the statue of truth—it is a theory for the occasion. The reader says, what profound thoughts! what exquisite writing! but after all, he is not convinced that there is much consolation in illness. In the second paper, his theory is, that the temperament of authors is identical with their writings—in a word, that the author and the man are the same. In this essay we also see the cunning use of weapons displayed, and the brilliant struggle for conquest. He has asserted what the world does not believe generally to be true, and which, notwithstanding this essay, will never be believed. Mr. Bulwer asserts flatly, that "in the mind of man there will be always a resemblance to his works;" in other words, that productions must be like that which produced them. However, this argument has produced a dazzling paper, and one with which writers, for their own interest, should not quarrel, since it enables any one who has produced a tolerable work to say, "Do not judge me by the general course of my conduct; I am not, as by my actions, you may believe me to be. My character is in my book." To what degree Mr. Bulwer is right, it is not our purpose here to inquire—we only say, that he has not sought to show that he is so by disquisition, but, as is usual with him, to convince us by the force and grandeur of his eloquence. To speak of the pieces of which this publication is composed, we anticipate that the lighter ones will be most pleasing to the general reader, the critical ones to the learned, and the allegorical ones will excite, generally, more admiration than pleasure. There is a high and rich *tone* about the "New Phædo," just such a one as the fancy would give to communings of beings without the pale of mortality, yet it is full of startling, and very disputable asseverations—the effect of a courage, and a reliance on a genius that dares every thing. The remarks upon the "Night Thoughts" of Young are extremely valuable, indeed, they are precious, as they point out to the world a mine of richness, not wholly unknown, but hitherto too much unheeded. Our remarks must be taken in good part, for we admire the high talents of this author, and think him second to none of the living writers. But as yet, he is but in the morning of his day. The gorgeous clouds that now hang about his horizon, with their

many-coloured tints, prevent as yet the meridian of his genius from being fully disclosed. We expect hereafter to receive much and pure light from him—when the splendid mists with which he is now so prone to surround his ideas shall be no longer so pleasing to his yet young imagination. We shall then have more light, and less display—less of imagination, but infinitely more of the serene beams of truth.

A Critical and Fac-simile Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, founded on a correct Developement of the Nature, the Number, and the various Properties of all its simple and compound Sounds, as combined into Syllables and Words. By JAMES KNOWLES, Author of, &c. F. de Porquet and Cooper, 11, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Webb, Dublin.

This dictionary keeps pace with the wants of the times. As science is continually developing new principles, and combining and modifying former discoveries, they have necessarily created a vast number of new terms—not one of them do we think that Mr. Knowles has omitted. The explanatory part is succinct, and to the purpose—giving us the best and most generally accepted meaning of a word, and leaving its remote inflections to be used or invented by those who wish to employ them. We conceive that this judicious and indefatigable lexicographer has now more than half completed his very arduous task, as he is already in the middle of the words that acknowledge R for their captain. We really think, that in this dictionary he has done good service to literature, and deserves to be remembered by his country. We look upon his labours like those necessary ones performed by the pioneers of an army; so useful, and so greatly undervalued. We never read of their names in the Gazette after a victory prepared by their labours, whilst all their gay followers, in gold, blue, and scarlet, are lauded to the very echo; it is thus with the pioneers of literature, the levellers of difficulties, the writers of rudiments, and the compilers of dictionaries—poets, historians, essayists, and novelists follow in their track, and reap all the glory. However, we will, as far as in us lies, repair this too glaring injustice, and we accordingly gazette in our Magazine, James Knowles, as one who has achieved good things in the field of literature—which reads quite as well as the field of honour—and is really honour's best field.

Excursions in the Mediterranean. Algiers, and Tunis. By Major Sir GRENVILLE T. TEMPLE, Bart. 2 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

We can bestow on this work no higher commendation, than by giving the reader a brief sketch of where the author went to, what he saw, and how well he related the things seen. Sir Grenville chartered for the purpose of this expedition a brig, and fitted it up most scientifically and beautifully, seeing that it carried a French artist and Lady Temple. Thus excellently provided, the author, in the first place, repaired to Algiers. The description of that place is vivid, and just now doubly interesting. To use a vulgar adage, in seizing Algiers the French, in conquering the Turk, have "caught a Tartar." They do not know how to hold what they are ashamed to let go. The circuit that they boast to possess round the city is gradually narrowing, and we do not

think that the French can just now afford to carry on a war of extirpation against those Arab hordes that surround this African colony. From Algiers our author sailed to Tunis, and spent there and in its vicinity a considerable time. We think that his personal adventures are by no means the least amusing parts of his volumes. We have also described to us much of the present domestic economy of a Turkish household, with all the mysteries of the harem fully displayed through the means of Lady Temple, who was an honoured visitor to the seraglio of the Pacha of Tunis. This account equals in interest the famous one given to the world by Lady Montagu. Much of the second volume is devoted to the examination of the classic remains that abound in the neighbourhood where once stood imperial Carthage. This portion of the work shows the author to be a ripe and judicious scholar. Indeed, had he given nothing to the world but the mass of inscriptions that he has accumulated, he would have done a high service to literature, and have merited the gratitude of the antiquary.

History of the British Colonies. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.S.S. Member of the "Asiatic," and of the "Medical and Physical Societies of Bengal," &c. &c. &c. In 5 Vols. James Cochrane and Co. 11, Waterloo Place.

The fourth volume of this excellent work, containing the history of our possessions in Africa and Australasia, is now published; and we find it, in no respect, to deteriorate from the former volumes that have already been so well received by the public, and so productive of honest fame to the author. The first chapter treats exclusively of the Cape of Good Hope and its adjoining territories; and owing to the disturbed, and even endangered, state of this colony at present, must be of paramount interest to the general reader. The Isle of France occupies the whole of another chapter, and forms a very interesting portion of the work. That division of the volume that treats on our penal colonies, has been maturely considered, and is elaborately and carefully compiled. No one can suppose that Mr. Martin can repeat all that has been said, or display all that is known, of the several subjects that compose the matter of his work; but the judicious selection, and the lucid condensation, are all his own. Much, too, he relates from personal observation, for he has been a great traveller; and his official statistics, as they are corroborative of his statements, are of great value, and is as satisfactory to the mind as when a position is proved by mathematics. We have said the above in justice to the author; we have now a few words to say, and we say them, impelled by a sense of the justice due to the public. Mr. Martin has indulged too much in amusing, but insignificant, even idle detail. What has the Flying Dutchman, and some more trivial anecdotes, and the squabbles among and against officials, to do with the grave records of history? Even if a weed be indigenous to any country that he describes, we allow that it is necessary to mention it, for it is a letter, a small one perhaps, written in the imperishable book of nature; but a story that may enliven a party over the bottle, is of too local and transient a nature to be admitted in a work of this general description. We would advise Mr. Martin to expunge all these minor matters in a future edition. The maps are really an ornament, as well as a useful addition, to this volume, for they are accurately and clearly engraved, and not too minute to be confused in the detail.

The Wife, and Woman's Reward. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

It would appear to the little reflecting, that the highest order of composition should naturally claim the highest degree of commendation, and, that it would not only be unjust, but ridiculous, to lavish as much and similar panegyric upon a tale or a novel, as upon a tragedy or an epic poem. "Well," may say the misjudging, "commend the work as you will, after all it is only a novel, and it does not require so elevated an intellect to write a work of that description, as to produce a specimen in the higher kind of literature." Now, the lyre and the harp are very noble instruments; they have with them all the advantages of classic associations, and the fiddle, even under its more gentle title of violin, has nothing epic, nothing heroic about it—in many senses, it is used almost as a word of contempt, yet, if it could discourse a music more exalted and excellent than either the harp or the lyre, would we not listen to it in preference? The modern fiddle is the modern novel. Genius delights to study it, and if the fiddle excels the lyre, there is nothing to be said for it; let those who dislike such a desecration, study the loftier instrument with more success; all that we care about, is getting the best harmony. If one person can produce sweeter sounds from a green reed, than any other can from the most elaborately manufactured flute, we do not say that we should prefer the reed to the flute, considering both as instruments, but we must be allowed to praise the music, and mightily to extol the performer. Now, Mrs. Norton has written for us two tales, in prose nearly as musical, and by no means so wearying, as verse; she has touched, with a master hand, our sweetest and noblest sympathies; she has lavished upon us, not the poetry of imagery, but of the affections; she has taught us what a delicious blessing it is to be good, and how dire a curse is upon the being who is mad enough to deliver himself over to the government of his passions. We have, in both these tales, a deep moral, evolved in the most pleasing manner, and, as the authoress has the consummate art to make us rejoice in her fictitious joys, sorrow with her fancied woes, and triumph with her ideal successes, we enjoy in her book the higher ends of poetry, and receive, at the same time, the benefit of the most elevated ethics. "Woman's Reward" is the pervading and the longer story, though it is made in the title page to follow "The Wife," as we hope that "Woman's best Reward," always will "the Wife," in a deserving husband. It speaks of "woman's reward;" it will not be found in the tale, and the tale tells us, that it ought not to be looked for on earth—but, that it is made certain in that place where all is blissful certainty. In this story, fraternal affection and the rigid sacrifice of happiness to moral rectitude are the virtues extolled and insisted upon, selfishness the vice displayed, combated, and punished. The worshipper of self, the all-exacting brother, is made to possess a person worthy of his own adoration; he is a base character, and appears more base than, we believe, Mrs. Norton intended to represent him; in fact, to use a vulgar phrase, he deserves to be hung—and no ways merits the unswerving, the holy, (not holy in its object, but in its intent,) the holy devotion of his gentle and too much enduring sister; he is a most unprincipled seducer, a wanton spendthrift, a dishonest debtor, a profligate gambler, a heartless father, a bad husband, and an intentional murderer. Of course, in securing his own misery, he compromises the happiness of every one so unfortunate as to come in contact with him, and dies *almost* deserted amid the sordid misery of a prison. Woman's affection was the only thing faithful to him to the last. The sister is not present at the last scene, which we think to be a judicious arrangement, though a common place writer would have seized so tempting and so palpable an opportunity to make the "hit pathetical." "The Wife" is neither

so stern in its construction, nor so miserable in its termination, though hardly less exciting, but beautiful in a gentler interest. The folly and attendant misery of rash love pactions are cleverly exposed. The heartless general practiser upon hearts is well portrayed in the character of that universal lover, Henry Egerton. Those parts of this volume which will be prized, perhaps, the most highly by the superficial reader will be the faithful delineations of what is called high life. They certainly are inferior to no other parts, but yet they are not superior for the reasons that will give them their current value. We, who have seen much of real life, from its apex to its abyss, know well, that human nature cannot be altered, disguise it as you will. In the higher circles we have seen innate and acquired vulgarity of manner, equalled, but certainly not surpassed, by those moving in the lowest circles; and we have witnessed, in spheres comparatively humble, noble specimens both of the mind and manners of the true gentleman. We make this observation to prevent our readers from doing Mrs. Norton's work the injustice to class it among those affected productions, styled "fashionable novels," though the scene is undoubtedly laid in that arena in which the fashionable world is pleased to move. She shows us human nature, in all her manifold workings, through the tinsel of the meretricious ornaments of fashion's conventions, instead of taking the mere ornaments and accessories of high life for life itself. To conclude, we must say that we perceive one error in the "Woman's Reward," but which, taking into consideration the high and rational pleasure that these volumes have given us, we shall not be so ungracious as do more than hint at; an error, that we are sure the accomplished authoress herself would immediately admit, but which ninety-nine out of the hundred would laud as a principal beauty.

Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 2 vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

These volumes cannot be read but with the most intense interest. They fully display the harmonious and highly-toned mind of that singularly gifted being, whose biography they so beautifully illustrate. This "table talk" contains a vast fund of every description of information, wonderful views, and the very best rudiments for intense thinking. Coleridge's breathings were all heavenly, he truly seemed to walk this earth but as a pilgrimage, and his thoughts were ever less upon his journey than upon the issue of it. Those who enjoyed the intellectual luxury of his conversation, were indeed a privileged few. Coleridge's estimation of men was generally correct, and the literary criticisms found in these volumes are highly valuable. He largely partook of fame himself, and his dictum can also bestow it. Many of the morceaux, preserved in these volumes, are aphorisms bearing the stamp of the profoundest wisdom, and which, we trust, will be as imperishable as our language. Yet, with our high admiration of Coleridge, we must confess that sometimes he is a little too transcendental in his notions, too vague and shadowy in his imaginings, and burden words with more meaning than they can fairly sustain. Perhaps, too, in theological matters, he was sometimes a little too daring, though all his flights tend heavenward, and are thus in the right direction. His learning was immense, and his reading must have been nearly unbounded—yet his works never have obtained that general estimation that they so highly merit. 'Tis pity that he did not strive to make himself more popular in his prose writings, by descending a little to the popular comprehension, and thus extend the sphere of his usefulness. We predict that this "Table-talk" will be more read than any other of his works, and we are grateful to the compiler for having thus preserved

these monuments of the poet's genius. This publication is well arranged, and the *con amore* spirit with which it is conducted reflects high credit, both on the heart and the discrimination of the editor.

The Constitution of Man, considered in Relation to External Objects. By GEORGE COMBE. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. John Anderson, jun., Edinburgh; Longman, and Co., and Simpkin and Marshall, London; and Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

The physiology of this work is excellent; it is pleasant in style, lucid in arrangement, and very interesting in its various illustrations. Its views, though somewhat novel, are not inimical to revelation, and the general instruction that it contains is very great; still, with all these advantages, we have not yet come to the same conclusions as has the learned author. Most of his deductions are drawn aside, or led home to support the doctrines of phrenology, and these doctrines, in their turn, are made the basis of most of his arguments. That man cannot, in this state, be considered distinctly from his organic conformation we believe; that if his physical structure is injured, the mind suffers with it, that is to say, the latter may become weaker by the prostration, or violent even to madness, by the excitement of the former; but that there are moral qualities, brought about by habit and education, over which the gross matter of which we are composed has no control, we are fully convinced. That there is something in phrenology approaching to truth we cheerfully confess, but we believe very little that may be known of it is yet discovered, and, that when all is known, that all will be found to be itself but little. Our doubts must ever be paramount until it is proved to us that, by knocking down a bump on the skull, you can punch out an attribute; as, for example, in a man given to superstition, beat us down the bump of veneration, and show us that you have knocked out bigotry, or his belief in ghosts; or hammer at the musical protuberances of a Paganini, and by so doing, destroy his fiddling, and we shall be converts at once. Nothing short of proofs strong as these would be, shall make us disciples to so strange and so material a doctrine.

The Sacred Classics; or, Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. B. STEBBING, M.A. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

From our own observations on private life, and many evidences of a particular nature, we feel convinced that there is a strong, a deep, though perhaps a too still current of religion flowing continually through the land. The manifestations of this unpretending piety are becoming daily more common; still, we think that those who venerate religion, and are sincerely attached to the christian faith, are a little too supine. More energetic conduct on their part would be no violation of the modesty of charity, or the unobtrusiveness of real benevolence. Less of political excitement, and more attention to our religious duties, should be, at every opportunity, recommended. The editors and publishers of the Sacred Classics have worked well in this the best of causes. The present number, the seventeenth, contains a body of sermons appropriate to Whitsuntide, sermons that are as elegant, as convincing, and perhaps more useful, than any other writings of a similar length in our language.

Principles of the Treatment of the Gout, with a further Examination of the Effects of Colchicum as a Remedy, and some Observations on the use of Veratria in that Disease. By SIR CHARLES SCUDAMORE, M.D., F.R.S. &c. &c. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Co. Paternoster Row.

The march of intellect is the march of the gout; for gout increases in the same ratio as our refinements. At least, it has hitherto done so, and it is high time that men of talent like Sir Charles Scudamore should take upon themselves to countermarch it. Sir Charles very pleasantly calls it an "important disease,"—important, we suppose it is, to all those who are paid for curing it, and doubly important, because it usually attacks people who consider themselves of importance; however, it is very important to get rid of it, and, therefore, we honestly tell the reader that it is very important to know what our learned author has said upon the subject. We do not arrogate to ourselves any peculiar extent of medical knowledge, and we much dislike to submit the medical work of one practitioner to the review of another brother of the healing art; but, as this treatise is directed to the patient, and not to the practitioner, we ought not to be deemed presumptuous in passing our opinion upon it. We think it sensible, and to the point; and, as it enforces the doctrine of cure instead of palliation, and contains a caution against the inconsiderate and unprofessionally-directed use of a poison, it deserves very general attention.

O'Donnel; a National Tale. By LADY MORGAN. Henry Colburn, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

This highly-wrought and intensely-interesting tale forms now one volume complete of Mr. Colburn's modern novelists. The world would do well to read and to attend to Lady Morgan's recent preface. She there defends herself from the charge of making her novels too instructive, (as if it required any defence!) She has well expressed herself when she said that politics are only a grander kind of morality. They truly are so; and we hope that the time is not far distant when the principles of true political science will be as well understood, and as universally acknowledged, as are those of morals. This novel of "O'Donnel" is a warm-hearted, well-written, and sprightly work, replete with most of the beauties that constitute good writing, and possessing attributes still higher. In it we see the masculine mind veiled, yet not hidden, by feminine delicacy. Seeing what Ireland has been, and is, we must not be surprised if the patriotism of the authoress should seem to all very fervent, to the illiberal, a little factious. If this be a failing, we honour her for it, and trust that, in that respect, she will never reform.

Essay on Musical Intervals, Harmonies, and the temperament of the Musical Scale. By W. S. B. WOODHOUSE. Souter, 73, St. Paul's Churchyard.

This little treatise deserves the attention of musical professors. They must mind what they are about, or the mathematicians will take their science out of their hands, and an oratorio be composed according to algebra. The subject is treated very philosophically, and, we think, will lead to some curious results.

Ullsmere, a Poem. ANON. Samuel Hodgson, Wimpole Street.

This is one of those elegant failures, the offspring of the general literary advancement, and which only a very refined age and people can produce. We have here a highly and gracefully decorated waxen image of poetry with the form, the colour, and all the splendid accessaries, but the life and the spirit are not. We look upon this poem more as the reflex of the high state of the present civilisation, than as the production of an individual author, for it is a work of that pleasant mediocrity that hundreds of the present day could equal, thousands would praise, but few read through without feeling the utmost weariness. For ourselves, excellent indeed must be that English poetry that is penned upon the classical models of Rome and Greece, to enable us to peruse it with complacency. Oreads, Dryads, and Naiads, are not graceful upon the shores of an English lake; and the author appeals so frequently to the Muses that it would seem that he has but little influence with those very shy personages. Then to the mixture of the decidedly familiar with the attempted sublime we strongly object, because the familiarity appears a little vulgar, and the sublime has unfortunately taken its next step into the ridiculous. The anonymous author has not succeeded in "drinking deep at the Pierian spring," we would, therefore, recommend him to try to get a draught of the pure liquid of the Ullswater, suppress his present poem, and then begin again—and, in his next attempt, not marry "in immortal verse" obsolete English with modern Latin, nor jumble "Thamis" "eftsoones," "sithens," and "ogres," together. We would not have the author despair; let him make another essay, for he has already written some pretty lines, and with a little more practice, he may make, to use his own language, "his chums in Cheapside stare."

A National Church vindicated, in Refutation of a Petition from the Dissenters of Glasgow to Earl Grey, and the Necessity of an Established Church vindicated, wherever the Existence of an Omnipotent Deity is believed. ANON. Parbury, Allen, and Co., Leadenhall Street.

Such is the pravity of our natures in a religious point of view, that, without the necessity of worship is continually obtruded upon us, we should be too apt to forget there is a God, excepting in those awful moments, when we are driven by imminent peril to the footstool of the throne of mercy, and are thus vainly religious upon sudden compulsion. Where there is no established national church, the unfailing consequence will be, that those who have within them the principle of veneration, will be induced, for the want of an orthodox domination, to permit their imaginations to run riot into the wildest superstitions, and those who have it not, will lead the reckless life of the followers of every impulse, and die the hopeless death of the infidel. With the most unrestricted toleration, there should still exist some fixed beacon, some landmark, to which the nation in general might resort, a national temple open to all, and, therefore, supported by all, though to be used compulsorily by none. Firmly believing this, and believing it to be as beneficial to our temporal as to our eternal interests, we entreat of our readers the serious consideration of the work the title of which heads this notice; they will find in it the question well argued, yet, we confess, that it falls short of our hopes, and very short indeed of the magnitude and the intense interest of the subject. Still it is a good effort in a right direction, and, as such, ought to be wholly encouraged; and, as a literary production, as much as we can, consistently with justice, we recommend and applaud it.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. HUGHES, B.D. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We have now got to the fifteenth volume of this well-conducted work, which volume is the second of Mr. Hughes's continuation. It treats principally upon those occurrences that led to, and the conduct of, the American war. The statements are fair, full, and impartial. The style is almost strictly narrative, for the historian neither attempts to philosophize on events, or to argue upon questions of policy, or to espouse the prejudices of party. Though we like this continuation, we are bound to confess that is not of that lofty character that we could wish. The historian has collected the crude materials, with but few omissions, and has arranged them in their proper places, but he has done literally nothing to embellish them. The polished steel is more armed against rust and decay, than the unwrought ore, while, at the same time, it is more acceptable to the eye. We believe that neither Hume nor Smollett gave the reader so true an impression of the actual fact as does Mr. Hughes, but both of the former have, Hume especially has, made his recitals eminently pleasing, and had the art of impressing them forcibly on the mind. We trust that ere long, there will be found another, greater either than Hume or Smollett, who will work up Mr. Hughes's digest into a monument of dignity and splendour, that Englishmen may be proud to own, and the world eager to study.

The Schoolfellows; a Comedy, in Two Acts. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. *As performed at the Queen's Theatre.* John Duncombe and Co., 10, Middle Row, Holborn.

We like much Mr. Jerrold's indignant dedication to Mr. Searle, and the drama, that it introduces, still more. What is to be done? Authors write good plays—and we protest, and protest, and protest, but we shall never be able to rail monopoly out of the hands of the holders, or generosity into the hearts of those who thrive upon vested abuses. But, to return to the Schoolfellows. All through the piece, we see genius cramped into two acts, to suit a minor theatre, and the impatience of its not too enlightened audience. We hope for better times, and when those arrive, we wish Mr. Jerrold would work out his purpose fully in five acts, and thus be able to do justice to the idea that he has conceived—for it is a superior one.

Remarks on Steam Navigation with India: being the Substance of the Evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons which lately sat on that Question. By Lieut. G. G. MACDONALD, R.N. Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

This navigation it may be perhaps necessary to establish for the purpose of government, and therefore an expenditure to carry it into effect may be prudent; but, at present, we are convinced from Mr. Macdonald's pamphlet, that it will not pay as a speculation, though this meritorious officer comes to a different conclusion. When steam navigation has made still farther improvements, and it is improving daily, the subject may be more profitably entertained.

Notices of the Holy Land, and other Places mentioned in the Scriptures, visited in 1832-33. By the Rev. H. SPENCE HARDY. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This is a plain matter-of-fact work, and replete with instruction. The book will be found very valuable to the student of the Holy Scriptures, and a pleasing assurance of divine truth, to all classes. Though the style of the work is somewhat homely, its spirit is good, and it cannot be read without many kinds of edification. The lithographic plates are contemptible in the extreme, and would be a disgrace to any modern work of the least pretensions. We are surprised that the judicious publishers should have admitted them, but we presume that they were compelled to defer to the economy or the vanity of the author. They should have been previously prepared by some artists before they were published. In other respects, the book is well got up, and deserving the sacred subjects it contains, and the able manner in which they are treated.

Kerhonah, the Vernal Walk, Win Hill, and other Poems. By EBENEZER ELLIOT. Vol. III. Benjamin Steill, Paternoster Row.

Diametrically opposed as we are in political principles, and political principles we look upon as public morals, we should be base indeed, if we let them weigh a moment against our feelings of delight at Elliot's powerful poetry, and our giving those expressions full force. Never, do we think, was a man of his fervid and clear-seeing mind more mistaken in what he thinks would be conducive to general happiness, or had a stronger intellect to make his mistakes dangerous to his fellow men. We cannot separate his politics from his poetry, for his poetry breathes with it, though in this volume less than in any other he has produced. Owing to a great press of matter, we have not time to go into the detail of these poems, but we shall certainly visit them again with our approving remarks, probably in our next number. Until then, we must recommend this volume to our readers, and we are sure that they will like the verses of this poet of the people, whatever they may think of his principles. We use the term poet of the people, because we know that it will flatter him, and because we understand, under the word people, all that can appreciate talent, be their rank what it may.

History and present Condition of the Barbary States, comprehending a View of their Civil Institutions, Antiquities, City, Religion, &c. &c. By the Rev. MICHAEL RUSSELL, LL.D. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

This interesting volume forms the seventeenth number of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and we find, by the preface, that it completes the original plan. The present attempt of the French to colonize a portion of these states, and the longing eye that she casts upon the remainder, gives a greater value to these volumes at this juncture. This history is very well compiled, and the different subdivisions, into which it is thrown, tend to make it more easily fixed upon the memory. The style is also good, and the author has availed himself very judiciously of most of the recent discoveries in the part of the world of which this book treats.

Transfusion. By the late WILLIAM GODWIN, Junior. *With a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by his Father.* 3 Vols. John Macrone, St. James's Square.

These volumes would have been acceptable to us, were it only for the sake of the accompanying memoir—a memoir, written with that touching simplicity that must go to the deepest recesses of every parental heart. At first, so reverential a feeling did it impart to us, that we had determined to have said nothing upon the fiction that it so beautifully introduces, or to say only that which would be honourable to the author, and convey pleasure to the father's bosom. We will not make a parade of our duty towards the public—though we can honestly boast, that we have less temptation to betray that duty than any other periodical. For once, the public might well put up with a little sacrifice of critical justice, for the sake of sparing the feelings of a lately bereaved parent, and that parent, a man who has so largely contributed to the amusement of nearly two generations, and added so much lustre to the literature of his country. But we are moved to speak our opinion of this work's faults, not by our duty to the publice—not to show our own acumen, nor by any other consideration than this simple one, which originates in our deference to the feelings of Mr. Godwin; if we had passed the work by in silence, he might, perhaps would, have thought that we held it in lighter estimation than is the fact, for of all lines of conduct of a reviewer, the silent one is the most harrassing, if it be not the most contemptuous. "Transfusion" is a failure—it fails in that greatest of essentials, common sense. There is much interest in the tale, vigor and vivacity in the manner in which it is related, and great, very great power in the delineation of character. In some parts, the author, in his deep researches for the motives of human action, strongly reminds us of Goëthe. When Godwin the elder wrote his St. Leon, he took up a belief that had been consecrated for ages. Whilst we had the novel in our hands we believed it too. This was all legitimate, and upon this he worked out natural effects. But the son, from the very outset, stumbles upon a physical impossibility; an impossibility never yet made respectable by popular belief, but standing arrayed in all its absurdity against common sense. The hero of the tale is born deaf, but his mother has taught him to converse orally, though his deafness has not been ameliorated. Every one knows that people are most usually dumb, because they are born deaf, and, though some persons not deaf may be dumb, *all* persons born deaf necessarily are so, and long too after their deafness has been removed. It is just as reasonable to suppose that a person born blind, and still remaining so, could be taught to distinguish and to name colours, without coming into contact with them. Then this ridiculous "Transfusion," it is only brought into action at the very end of the story, and when it takes place, it answers no commensurate end. By this transfusion the author means, the power of exchanging souls with another—the soul of a man going into that of a woman, an exchange of mental without exchanging personal identity; a sort of metempsychosis without intervening death. This violation of the laws of nature has nowhere, that we know of, prescription in its favour. It is a violent and a foolish assumption, and answers no end, but to cast an air of the wildest improbability over the whole narrative. Had the author lived, we think that he would have, in good time, achieved something worthy of the stock from which he sprang. As it is, "Transfusion" contains many, very many redeeming points about it, and for their sake we recommend it to the attention of our readers.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

There seems to be among the respectable metropolitan publishers a generous rivalry in the production of the works of our English classics, that is honourable to themselves, to the authors, and to the nation. If we have formerly said, in the sudden admiration that some splendidly illuminated work has betrayed us into, "this is the *best* of the sort," we beg leave to retract our words, for none is *better* than this now before us, though we shall not be so invidious as to say that this is the best. We have only received, as yet, the first three parts; these contain "The Pleasures of Memory," "Human Life," "An Epistle to a Friend," "Jacqueline," and some minor pieces. The portrait of Rogers, after Lawrence, is a beautiful specimen of the high state to which the art of engraving has attained. Indeed, all through this work, the engravers have most ably sustained the beautiful compositions of the two artists who have lent their valuable aid to this publication.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c., and Notes by various Hands. 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

The third volume of this biography has made its appearance, embellished with a frontispiece and vignette title-page, after Stanfield, that are really beautiful. This volume contains many interesting particulars of this profound dogmatizer, who was, we really believe, one of the vainest men upon record. Boswell, with all his pleasant toadying, must have often thought him very foolish, and sometimes very much in the wrong—but he was a hungry dog that Boswell, and slapped up any garbage, in the hopes of getting a tit-bit amongst it. However, the world is much obliged to him, much more than Johnson ought to be, and we wish that every great man had his Boswell, and every Boswell his Murray to publish him.

Ramble in Northumberland, and on the Scottish Border; interspersed with Brief Notices of interesting Events in Border History. By Stephen Oliver, the Younger, Author of "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing." Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

This will be found, on perusal, to be an amusing and instructive book, and a very good expositor on some points of history. The narrative runs on in a vivacious style, without either labour or affectation, and is just that kind of writing which is the best possible antidote to tedium. This ingenious fly-fisher should never travel without his note-book; and we make no doubt but we shall have other tours from the same masterly hand. We shall always welcome him home again whenever he travels, being assured that he will not have made an unprofitable journey either to himself or to the public.

Réponse de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, aux Mémoirs du Général Lamarque. Schulze and Co., Poland Street, London.

We think that the prince has completely made out his case, and nobly vindicated the high integrity of his character. The charge brought against the author by Lamarque is, that the former advised Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo, to abdicate the throne, in order to secure to the adviser a long regency during the minority of the emperor's son. This Lucien indignantly, yet with mild eloquence, disproves; and asserts, and convinces us, that both he and his brother were passionately attached to France; and posterity alone will be able to pronounce whether she ought to bless or to execrate the memory of this highly endowed and wonderful family, that wielded for a space her destinies.

Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmeister. By W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. *With Additions by the Author, and Original Notes and Plates by the Translator.* Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

This, the fourth number, treats partly of the anatony of insects, and is replete with much curious information. The very simplicity of insect construction is a proof of the most beautiful arrangement, and an accurate adaptation of means to an end. We find in it nothing superfluous. Nature goes the shortest way about producing the necessary effects, and then all that depends upon her is perfect, at least as to design. This entomology is well worthy of patronage.

The Works of Alexander Pope; with a Memoir of the Author, Notes, and Critical Notices on each Poem. By the Rev. G. CROLY, LL.D. Vol. II. A. J. Valpy, M.A., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

The only thing that we had to object to in the first volume of this respectable undertaking, was the indifference of the engravings. In this number there is a great improvement on that head. It contains "Windsor Forest," "Eloise and Abelard," the "Essay on Criticism," and the "Moral Essays, Satires, and Epistles." The volume is excellently typed and altogether well got up. We are not going to be common-place in our remarks upon this accomplished poet, who now appears before the reader, thanks to Mr. Valpy, in so excellent a costume. The notes are judicious commentaries on the text, and valuable.

Popular Statistics and Universal Geography; containing the Length, Breadth, Population, &c. of every State in the World, with distinct Distance Tables, Laws of Mortality, &c. &c. &c. An engraved Chart of the World, after Mercator's Projection, &c. Joseph Thomas, Finch Lane.

Though this publication lays no claim to elegance, it is apparent that correctness has been studied; and we can say, without exaggeration, it contains a larger body of information than was ever before compressed into so small a space, or sold at so low a price. It is a work that must prove of the greatest utility to all those who read or think, for every page is replete with important facts, that may confute or prove an argument, or overthrow a theory.

Cowper's Life and Works. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The third volume of this perfect edition of our household poet has made its appearance, and fully sustains the high character that the former two have given to this undertaking. The frontispiece, a view of Huntingdon, and the vignette title-page, are in the best style, and executed in the best manner. Nearly the whole of this volume is occupied by Cowper's correspondence; and to those who are familiar with it, it would be useless to say anything in its commendation, and all those that are not, should hasten to make the profitable acquaintance, when they will find that any praise that we might bestow upon it would not be exaggerated.

England, Ireland, and America. By a Manchester Manufacturer. James Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

This pamphlet, so full of talent, and so full of prejudice, we mention to our readers, because we think that it deserves to be read, though, at the same time, we caution those who are at all tainted with prejudice themselves to avoid it, since its propositions are maintained with as much tenacity as skill, for the author believes himself to be so irrefutably in the right, that we are sure he must annoy those much who think him egregiously in the wrong, by the bitter, and somewhat arrogant tone with which he vindicates his principles, which are, what the world would generally deem, narrow.

A New Picturesque Steam-Boat Companion, in an Excursion to the Nore and Herne Bay. With a Trip up the River Medway to Rochester Bridge, &c. Illustrated by Steel Engravings and Wood-Cuts. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

To all those who feel inclined for a steam-boat excursion, we recommend this book to be taken in the pocket, and not to be left there, as they pass the various interesting objects they may meet in their route. They will find, by the means of this work, the pleasures of their trip much enhanced.

The Life of Mungo Park. Fraser and Co., North Bridge, Edinburgh; Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

A neat, little, and pleasingly written volume. The best account of the life of this courageous, and indomitable explorator is to be found in his own works. This abstract is, however, deserving of much praise. We recommend it to all our young friends, as it is almost, nay, quite as interesting as the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and contains, besides, much of real information and instruction.

England, an Historical Poem. By JOHN WALKER ORD. Volume Second. Simpkin and Marshall, London; Tait, Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin; Butterby and Marsh, York; Marwood, Sunderland, &c.

Conscientiously, we can only approve of the last phrase in this volume. "No more have I to say, John Walker Ord," to which we very devoutly reply—"Thank God."

Emigrant's and Traveller's Guide to Canada, by the way of the River St. Laurence, as well as by the way of the United States of America; with some friendly advice on Embarkation, &c. &c. By JOHN MURRAY. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Another piece of advice, added to the many with which the press has lately abounded. This is a practical, business-doing affair, in which every thing is sacrificed to utility. We therefore recommend it to those who go out to find new homes, and to those who wish to husband their resources to the utmost. The emigrant cannot be easily cheated with this book about him.

Picturesque Views of the Island of Ascension. By Lieut. WILLIAM ALLEN, R.N., F.R.G.S., &c. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

A publication well deserving attention. The plates are from very masterly drawings, and excellently lithographed. They are curious specimens of some of the wildest scenes that the imagination can conceive. The natural history of this turtle-breeding island is very singular, and the book will amply repay the time of even the most fastidious by the amusement it will afford in the perusal.

The Artist, or Young Ladies' Instructor in Ornamental Painting, Drawing, &c. consisting of Lessons in Grecian Painting, Japan Painting, Oriental Tinting, &c. &c. &c.; and the Manufacturing of Ornamental Articles for Fancy Fairs. By B. F. GANDEE, Teacher. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

A little, and elegantly got up work, that we can safely recommend. As the accomplishments that it teaches are fashionable, we have no doubt but that it will be patronized for fashion's sake, as it ought to be for the sake of its intrinsic merits.

Modern Antiquity, and other Poems. By the late REV. C. COLTON, Author of "Lara," &c. *From the Original Manuscript in the possession of Markham Sherwill.* King, Monument Yard; Bailey and Co., Cornhill.

These poems have nothing extraordinary in them but strong nerve. They are neither elevated nor refined, though considerably above mediocrity. We do not suppose that they will excite any very great sensation.

The author of the Poetical Translation of Faust, of which we made favourable mention last month, is the Hon. Robert "Talbot," and not "Taylor," as it was misprinted.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pasha of Many Tales. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Proceedings of the Committee of Science, and Correspondence of the Zoological Society of London, Part IV. 8vo. 4*s.*

Sierra Leone; or the Liberated Africans, in a Series of Letters from a Young Lady, in 1833-34. 12mo. 8*d*.
Protestantism Endangered; a Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Frome. By J. B. B. Clarke. 8vo. 6*d*.
On Parish Medical Contracts; also, on Self-supporting Dispensaries, and Union Infirmaries. By J. C. Yeatman, Esq. 8vo. 1*s*.
Memoirs of J. Selden; and Notices of the Political Contest during his Time. By G. W. Johnson. 8vo. 12*s*.
Popular Botany. By J. Main. fcp. 8vo. plain, 4*s*. 6*d*.; coloured, 7*s*.
Narrative of a Residence in South Africa. By T. Pringle. A new edition, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by J. Conder. post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Views in the Island of Ascension. By Lieut. W. Allen, R. N. folio, plain, 21*s*., India paper, 25*s*.
Souvenirs du Portugal; consisting of Fifty-six Portraits of distinguished Officers. Plain, 2*l*. 2*s*., India paper, 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Rev. Richard Watson's Works. Vol. VI. Conversations and Miscellanies. 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.
Harry Calverley; a Novel. By the author of "Cecil Hyde." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Cerrutti's Italian Grammar, abridged. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Italy and Italian Literature. By C. Herbert, Esq. post 8vo. 10*s*.
The Rambler in North America. By C. J. Latrobe. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s*.
Rev. John Ayre's Advent Sermons. 12mo. 3*s*.
Bishop Butler's Works. 2 vols. 18mo. 8*s*. new edit.
Ditto, Sermons. 18mo. 4*s*. 6*d*. ditto.
Ditto, Analogy. 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. ditto.
Specimens of the Table Talk of the late S. T. Coleridge. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 15*s*.
Biblical Theology. By Rev. N. Morren, A.M. vol. I. (Ride of Faith) 8vo. 6*s*.
An Essay on Arbitration. By R. Stevens, Esq. New edit. 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Modern Antiquity; and other Poems. By the late Rev. C. C. Colton. fcap. 8vo. 6*s*.
The Naturalist's Library, Vol. VIII. (Beetles,) fcp. 6*s*.
Philanthropic Economy. By Mrs. Loudon. 8vo. 6*s*.
Haigh's Latin Pocket Dictionary. 18mo. 4*s*.
The Pocket English Explanator. By Edward Allen. 18mo. 1*s*.
The Infant's Spelling and Reading Book, on the Methods of Pestalozzi and Edgeworth. By W. Hake. 4*d*.
Coghlan's Guide up the Rhine. 18mo. 4*s*.
Allison's History of the French Revolution, new edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 3*l*.
Inglis's Ireland in 1834, 3d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s*.
Bowdler's Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity. 18mo. 3*s*.
Stevens on Averages, new edit. 8vo. 12*s*.
Voltaire's Charles XII. in French, revised by Catty. 12mo. 4*s*.
Leigh's Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire. 3rd edit. 12mo. 9*s*.
Belley's Law of Annuities. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Wife; or, Women as They Are. fcp. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Cockburn on the Corporations of England and Wales, Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s*.
Last Days of the Last of the Three Dibdins. 8vo. 5*s*.
Picturesque Scenery on the River Meuse. Imp. 4to. 3*l*. 3*s*.
Dick on Church Polity. 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Sunday School Reward Book, Part I. (Selections from a new Version of the Psalms,) 12mo. 3*s*.
Jacquemont's India, 2nd edit. 2 vols. royal 18mo. 12*s*.
Standard French Works, Vol. I. (De Lamartine's Voyage en Orient, Vol. I. and II.) 18mo. 6*s*.
Main's Villa and College Florist's Directory. 2nd edit. 12mo. 6*s*.
A Treatise on Algebraic Equations. By R. Stevenson, B.A. 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Cerutti's New Italian Grammar. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Relics of the Sacred Ministry; being Thirteen Discourses by the late Rev. Philip Bearcroft, D.D., Master of the Charter House, Prebendary of Ely, and Clerk of the Closet to George II. 1 vol. 8vo.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie has in the press Three new Volumes of Dramas on the Passions, and Miscellaneous Dramas.

The Nineteenth Part of Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R. A., with descriptive and historic Illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. in 4to. will be published shortly.

The Second Part of Practical Observations on the Immediate Treatment of the Principal Emergencies that occur in Surgery and Midwifery, systematically arranged. By W. S. Otley, M.D., is nearly ready.

The Autobiography of an Irish Traveller, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Life and Times of William III. King of England and Stadtholder of Holland. By the Hon. Arthur Trevor, M.P., M.A., &c., Christ Church, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence, &c. of Sir William Temple. By the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, with Portrait.

Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq., Author of "Granby," &c.

Life of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," "The Gipsy," &c.

Lectures on Diseases of the Chest. By Thomas Davis, M.D.

Baywood; a Poem. With other Poems and Translations. By Charles A. Elton, Author of a Translation of Hesiod. With a Frontispiece, by Lightfoot, from an Original Picture, by Rippingson.

Mrs. Butler's (Fanny Kemble) Work on America, will be out, we suppose, next week; it is a singular production, with as much originality, both on subjects connected with the stage and with the lady's new country, as even expectation could fancy. Her views are curious enough, and often curiously stated.

The Fossil Fruits and Seeds of the London Clay. By J. S. Bowerbank; with numerous plates, by J. D. C. Sowerby.

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, with Comments for the Curious. To be completed in Three or Four Parts.

The Antiquities of Athens, accurately measured and delineated, by Stuart and Revett, are now in a course of republication, in imperial folio.

The re-issue of the Architectural Antiquities of Rome, by Antoine Desgodetz, Architect to his Most Christian Majesty, and Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts at Paris, is now in rapid progress; in Parts, at Five Shillings each.

Lady Raffles is preparing for publication an Octavo Edition of the Memoir of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles.

Sunday, a Poem, in Three Cantos. By the Author of the "Mechanic's Saturday Night."

Gaulas' Biographical Dictionary of Artists of all Ages and Nations. 2 vols. A new edition.

The National Municipal and Parochial Register. To be published Monthly.

The Railway Magazine. To be published Monthly.

Perils in the Roads; or, the Emigrant Family's Return. By the Author of "The Children's Fireside," "Wanderings of Tom Starboard," &c.

NEW MUSIC.

She sat within the Abbey Walls. By J. Barnett. *Beauty's Queen.* By J. A. Barnett. Smith and Company, Oxford Street.

It would be absurd, and quite superfluous, should we attempt to write a notice on these songs—after reading the paragraph enclosed with them, and said to be taken from a London paper—suffice to say, they are good songs of the kind. "She sat within the Abbey Walls," by Barnett, sen., is by far the best composition, though we cannot understand why he should introduce part of "God save the King" at the close. Of Mr. Smith's poetry, we should say its chief merit was that of having music set to it at all.

The Deserted. By F. Severn. Smith and Company, Oxford Street.

We admire this ballad much as a whole: it is well-written, and shows a masterly hand throughout: but we could wish Mr. Severn had not so closely copied an old and well-known favourite: he is a young man, possessing abilities that promise well, and will doubtless, on reflection, remedy the error we point out.

We are glad to find a second edition of "Gaze upon the Moon," by F. N. Crouch, B.A.M., taken from his work, entitled "Friendship's Offering," which we reviewed in one of our early numbers of this year. Mr. Crouch having selected this particular song from the volume, fully proves the opinion we gave of it, that it must have become a favourite with all who have heard it sung, as it still continues to be with us.

On looking it through, we were surprised to find it a transfer from pewter on to zinc, a new, and certainly very clever, invention of the patentees, Chapman and Co. Cornhill. It is beyond doubt more distinct, and the ink is far more brilliant on this metal than can possibly be produced by the old method of stamping the pewter. We believe this to be the first production of the inventor's as relates to music, and we hail it as a most successful one. If we may judge from the present specimen, we predict great things to come; among the first, that of writing music on the zinc plate, as now done on stone by the lithographers on the continent.

FINE ARTS.

Our visit to the Royal Academy this year has been to us a source of rich and high satisfaction. As a body, the exhibitors have made a huge stride, whether we consider the more elevated ends of the art, or the mere perfection of execution. That there are a number of daubs disgracing the walls, we still lament, and have been lamenting, ever since we remember to have visited Somerset House. Will the respectable and learned academicians never understand that it is merit, and not number, that the public require? We are totally at a loss to know for what purpose hundreds of pictures are yearly hung up, without it be either to serve as contrasts to the good ones, or for purposes of derision. The grand feature this season is certainly Wilkie's "Columbus explaining the project of his extended voyage for the discovery of the New World"—what will first move the spectator, and if he be not moved by it, he is unworthy to look upon such a master-piece of art as is displayed in the majestic simplicity of the *tout ensemble*. Rich, without doubt, is the tone of the picture; but if we may use the expression, it is more a mental richness than one of mere colour. The mind feels more warmth than the eye sees. It would be idle to compare it with this or that master—we claim it as our own—as English—as a specimen by which other pictures are to be estimated. Appealing less to the high attributes that give us pleasure when we look on a fine picture, yet very perfect in their kind, Stanfield's three pictures rank next in merit. They are very nature, and nature under her most graceful and smiling appearance. He must have a dull eye and a cold heart who can pass by Nos. 8, 315, and 363, unrejoicing. It would be difficult to find a fault in any of these productions. Other artists and other connoisseurs may say, had so and so been otherwise, and so and so, it would have been an improvement; but they cannot deny that what is, is excellent. Stanfield's total avoidance of all that is meretricious in the art, shows him to possess a mind of infinite resources, and that nature well repays him for the implicit faith he places in her. As to Turner, nature and he have long been pursuing different courses; indeed the artist may well be anxious to avoid one whom he is continually wronging so extravagantly, for having stolen some of her most splendid tints, he now employs nothing else wherewith to make out his pictures, and we are dazzled by glowing colours in all manner of possible confusions. He should remember that there are such a thing as forms. Simpson has some good portraits: we look upon this gentleman as destined to make a considerable figure in his peculiar line. There is also a good portrait of Mr. Phillips, R.A., by Mr. Linnel. We entreat attention to the productions of this artist. Eastlake's picture of an Italian scene in the year of the Jubilee is good, and intellectual. Leslie also appears to advantage in his "Gulliver,"

and "Columbus and the egg." Westall mistakes being stiff and rigid for being classical. How much his paintings put us in mind of coloured engravings! "A scene in the Grampians," by Landseer, is a splendid picture, and a combination of some of the highest attributes of painting. We wish that it were ours.

There is on the ground, a small picture, No. 132, "Head of an old man," which is a curiosity. It is the production of a Chinese artist, Lamqua, of Canton, and has nothing about it indicative of the tea-cup taste. It is the first instance of a celestial exhibiting in our mere terrestrial empire. There is nothing remarkable in it as a piece of art. "The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock," by Mac Clise, is a picture of more pretension than of great merit. It wants uniformity of action, and the component parts do not sufficiently concentrate the interest upon the principal subject. It is a picture of several groups, each independent of the other, having its own motives, and following out its own desires, without reference to what should be the principal object. The colouring is good, and the expression generally beautiful. As a mere painting, we have nothing to say against it, as a composition much. The miniatures are but indifferent this year, with a few, a very few exceptions, among which we must place the water-colour portraits of Mr. Chalons. The statuary is numerous in its specimens, and of great merit in its execution. Bailey and Westmacott have some charming productions. Mr. Carew has in this room a marble bust of Captain Marryat, a very strong likeness, and in a fine style of execution. The contents of this room must be matter of pride to every Englishman. We have not, we know, mentioned a tithe of the deserving works of arts in this year's exhibition; in excuse for this omission we can only plead want of space and of time.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

This, the eleventh number, contains firstly, a "View of the Castle of Chillon;" a beautiful view, and immortalized by Lord Byron's poetry. We then have a representation of "Grindelwald, in the Canton of Berne," engraved in a very spirited manner by H. Allard. It is a highly picturesque scene. The "Lake of Engano," which follows, demands for its intrinsic beauties as a view, and its execution as a piece of art, the highest encomiums; and the concluding plate of "Ariolo," is at once powerful in effect, yet delicate and exact in detail. This elaborate undertaking will long have exhausted our variety of phrases of commendation, before half the beauties that it produces in such rapid succession shall have terminated. The letter-press, by Dr. Beattie, contains the soundness of remark, and the elegance of diction, that have always characterized this publication, and we are most happy to learn that the union of the distinguished talent employed in this work, has already met its reward, in a most extensive and remunerating circulation.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings of STANFIELD, *and others of our best Artists. With Descriptions of the Plates, &c. &c.* John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This, the fifteenth, number, contains a view of "Edom," with the triumphal arch across the ravine, which forms one of the approaches to Selah or Petra, "Jerusalem," from the Mount of Olives," the interior of the "Golden Gate," and "Smyrna," all subjects intimately connected with Scripture, and almost worthy of the sacred work that they are meant to illustrate. This part equals, if it does not excel, any of its predecessors.

Heath's Gallery of British Engravings, containing three beautiful Engravings on Steel, with letter-press descriptions. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, London.

Of this wonderfully cheap and highly-talented publication, we have received the second number. The engravings are, 1st, "Theresa;" 2nd, "The Inconstant;"

and 3rd, "The Lake of Albano," all of which are already favourably known to the public. There are many claims that this work has upon the public patronage, independently of its intrinsic merits. It is published in self-vindication, against the efforts of foreign piracy—a piracy which, by badly copying good works, tends, in remote parts, to depreciate the talents of our best artists.

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, with Comments for the Curious. J. Power, 34, Strand.

We should have placed this work under the head of our literary notices, had not the Illustrations formed the prominent part of the title. These plates are all good, and the letter-press is very interesting. The getting up of the affair is very creditable. Moore certainly deserves the compliment of being illuminated; and we are pleased to see the compliment likely to be so well paid.

The British Atlas, comprising separate Maps of every County of England and Wales. By J. and C. WALKER. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

The second number, published on the 1st of May, contains the maps of "Kent and Dorsetshire," and we have only space to say, that they contain every requisite that good maps should have.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE have but little to say at present on this subject, as there have been no great fluctuations either in our foreign commerce or home trade, during the space of the last month. Judging from the extent of the imports from China, the trade to that exclusive empire does not appear to diminish. The agricultural interests are those that appear to be the most depressed, and for which some legislative remedy is most imperatively called for.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 26th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 214, 213 half.—Consols, 91 five-eighths, three-eighths, one eighth.—Consols for Account, 91 half, five-eighths, one-eighth.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 99 seven-eighths, 100, 99 five-eighths, three-quarters.—India Bonds, 7s., 4s.—Exchequer Bills, 25s., 22s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian Bonds, 100 half.—Columbian, 1824, 40 half, 40, 39 half, 39.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 56, 55 seven-eighths, three-eighths.—Mexican, 40, 39 half.—Spanish, 53, 52, 51.

SHARES.

Real del Monte, unregistered, 24l. 25l.—British American Land, 6l. 10s.—Provincial Bank of Ireland, 48l. 5s., 48l.

THE MONEY MARKET, May 26.—Matters were looking well at the Stock Exchange during the greater part of the day, and no business in the foreign funds presented itself except that of making up accounts preparatory to the settlement on Friday. Late in the afternoon, however, numerous sellers appeared, particularly in Portuguese stock, and though the amount of them was not large, they made some impression, and prices again gave away considerably. Nothing of a political nature transpired to justify these operations, which seem to have originated in a reliance on the plan of alarming the market, which was tried with so much success last week.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 28, TO MAY 22, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

April 28.—J. Cossby, Nottingham, dyer.—A. Webster, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, victualler.—J. Willis, High Street, Poplar, victualler.—C. R. Bell, Leeds, cloth merchant.—B. Proctor, Radford, Nottinghamshire, lace maker.—T. F. Chapman, Littleham, Devonshire, hotel keeper.—T. Daniell, Boulogne, France, copper smelter.—M. Dunn, Preston, Lancashire, wine merchant.—T. Richardson, Norwich, coal merchant.—W. Bodin, Manchester, agent.

May 1.—W. Cheetham, Austin Friars, Old Broad Street, gunpowder merchant.—C. M. Ullithorne, Red Lion Square, broker.—F. Hennel, Air Street, St. James's tailor.—I. Ramas, Brighton, clothes dealer.—J. Caldwall, New Crane, Shadwell, licensed victualler.—C. Jarman, West Smithfield, woollen draper.—J. Penrice and M. Andrew, Old Change, warehousemen.—S. Lock and H. Binney, Berners Street, dyers.—T. and T. Kirby, Ripon, Yorkshire, flax dresser.—J. and E. Browne, Bath, stationers.—T. James, Llangammarch, Brecon-shire, flannel manufacturer.

May 5.—G. W. Turner and H. Davey, Bermondsey, paper manufacturers.—W. A. Archibald, Ratcliffe Cross, sugar refiner.—J. Ford, Fieldgate Street, Whitechapel, ironfounder.—E. Thornton, Oxford Street, ironmonger.—R. Vaughan, Freeman's Court, Cheapside, coffee housekeeper.—W. D. Stroud, Woolhampton, Berkshire, linen draper.—J. Adams, Bridge Foot, Vauxhall, corn dealer.—T. Westley, Colehill Street, Eaton Square, baker.—T. Seaman, Manchester, brewer.—W. Church, Aston, near Birmingham, engineer.—E. D. Carle, Norwich, grocer.—R. Todd, Cheltenham, builder.—J. S. Troutbeck, Darcy Lever, Lancashire, manufacturing chemist.—J. Downs, West Retford, Nottinghamshire, grocer.—J. P. Mortimore, Devonport, upholsterer.

May 8.—J. P. Bannister, Harley Mews, Marylebone, hackneyman.—W. Thomson, Cross Lane, Tower Street, wine merchant.—J. Evans, Bridge Street, Lambeth, grocer.—J. Rowley, Wesley Street, Commercial Road, baker.—R. Elliott, Princes Street, Coventry Street, Westminster, victualler.—J. Scott, Wakefield, grocer.—J. Bishton, E. Kempson, W. J. Jellicorse, and W. Callum, Cappon-field Iron Works, near Wolverhampton, iron-masters.—W. Hickson, Bail of Lincoln, Lincolnshire, grocer.—J. Sherry, Southampton, innkeeper.—G. Badenach, and T. Jenkinson, Liverpool, brokers.

May 12.—T. Griffiths, Jun., Wellington Street, Strand, bookseller.—W. R. Genning, Egham, bricklayer.—G. Rix, Albany Wharf, Camberwell, potter.—W. Houlder, Paignton and Brixham, Devonshire, tea dealer.—R. Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, hatter.—W. Mason, Watford, timber-dealer.—F. C. Spencer, Halifax, wine merchant.—R. Dymock, Oxford, sadler.—M. Morris, Jun., South Shields, shipowner.—R. Mayston, North Elm, Norfolk, shopkeeper.—W. J. Cooper and J. Beattie, North Shields, drapers.

May 15.—D. Boast, County Terrace, New Kent Road, surgeon.—T. Woodward, Piccadilly, grocer.—J. Pask, Bury St. Edmunds, leather cutter.—J. Hackett, Leicester, printer.—W. Watts, Latterworth Leicestershire, cattle dealer.—J. Tonks, Birmingham, wire worker.

May 19.—L. P. Goldsmid, Quadrant, Regent Street, bill broker.—W. Johnson, Gracechurch Street, auctioneer.—W. Taylor, Hitchin, Herts, cow dealer.—C. Bass, Kingston-upon-Hull, innkeeper.—J. Glass, White Hart Street, Drury Lane, victualler.—A. Bazzini, High Holborn, wax doll manufacturer.—H. Mawhood, High Holborn, dealer in lace.—T. Lanrence, Farnham, Surrey, fellmonger.—W. Thompson, Brassington, Derbyshire, cattle jobber.—J. Hall, Edgworth, Lancashire, and J. Wager, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, calico printers.—S. C. Hancock, Newbury, Berks, cheese factor.—C. Murgatroyd, Halifax, Yorkshire, staff merchant.—M. Kirkland and G. Robinson, Manchester, muslin manufacturers.—W. Haynes, Coln St. Aldwyn's, Gloucestershire, miller.—W. Brown, Gloucester, victualler.

May 22.—P. Mottram, Oxford Street, dealer in lace.—H. Willis, Blackman Street, Southwark, carpet warehouseman.—E. Hobson, Liverpool, grocer.—W. Carswell, and T. R. French, Manchester, linen merchants.—G. Downs, Tickhill, Yorkshire, dealer.—J. R. Henderson, Leicester, wine merchant.—J. Palmer, Worcester, hop merchant.—T. Kemp, Birmingham, gold beater.

NEW PATENTS.

ENGLISH.

F. Humphrys, of York Road, in the Borough of Lambeth, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in marine steam-engines, which improvements are also applicable to steam-engines for other purposes. March 28th, 6 months.

P. A. de Chapeaurouge, of Fenchurch Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for a machine, engine, or apparatus for producing motive power, which he denominates a self-acting motive power, and is called in France, by the inventor, Voland Moteur Perpetual. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 31st, 6 months.

J. Fenton, of Sydenham, Kent, Gentleman, for a composition or material to be used as, or as a substitute for, soap. April 3rd, 6 months.

H. W. Nunn, of Newport, Isle of Wight, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in manufacturing the ornamental parts of lace, and producing ornamented or embroidered lace. April 3rd, 6 months.

R. Gillespie, of Piccadilly, Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements on trusses or instruments for the cure of hernia or rupture. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 3rd, 6 months.

G. E. Donisthorpe, of Leicester, in the County of Leicester, Worsted Spinner, and H. Rawson, of the same place, Hosier, for certain improvements in the combing of wool and other fibrous substances. April 3rd, 6 months.

J. Hardy, of Wednesbury, Stafford, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the making or manufacturing of axle-trees for carriages, and other cylindrical or conical shafts. April 4th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in the construction of rotary steam-engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 8th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in the construction of printing-machinery or presses. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 9th, 6 months.

H. F. Bacon, of Christ's College, Cambridge, in the County of Cambridge, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for regulating the flow of gas through pipes to gas-burners, with a view to uniformity of supply. April 9th, 6 months.

S. Parker, of Argyle Place, Regent Street, in the Parish of St. James', Middlesex, Bronzist, for an improved metallic air and water stop and stopper. April 14th, 6 months.

J. Ingledew, of Edward Street, Brighton, Sussex, Engineer, for an improved metallic safety-wheel and revolving axle. April 14th, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling, cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. April 14th, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for compositions or combinations of materials applicable for the greasing of the axle-bearings of carriages, and the axle-spindles and bearing parts of machinery in general, which he intends to denominate the patent axle-grease and lubricating fluid. April 14th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, junior, of Dee Cottage, Chester, Esquire, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for tracking or towing boats and other vessels. April 14th, 6 months.

A. Stocker, of Yeovil, Somerset, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing horse shoes and certain other articles. April 14th, 6 months.

G. Embrey, of Lane Delph, in the Parish of Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, Potter, for certain improvements in the ornamenting of china, glass, and earthenware. April 14th, 6 months.

Sir J. Byerley, of Whitehead's Grove, Parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, Middlesex, Knight, for a composition which will effect a considerable saving in oil and soap used in the woollen manufactories. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 22nd, 6 months.

J. McCurdy, of Southampton Row, Middlesex, Esquire, for an improvement or improvements in generating steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 23rd, 6 months.

W. Kemp, of Burslem, Stafford, Teacher, for a machine for raising sunken vessels. April 23rd, 6 months.

R. Earnshaw, of Huddersfield, York, Dyer and Chemist, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in preparing and working wool for making or manufacturing various fabrics. April 25th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
April					
23	42-56	30,26-30,32	N.W.		Cloudy.
24	43-62	30,29-29,24	N.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
25	44-53	30,10-29,82	N.W.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
26	30-45	29,70-29,57	N. b. W.	,025	Frequent showers of hail and snow dur. the day.
27	26-48	29,60-29,66	N.	,025	Generally clear.
28	28-51	29,73-29,89	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
29	35-49	29,74-29,60	N.E.		Rain frequent till the evening.
30	39-52	Stat. 29,51	N.E.	,275	Raining generally during the day.
May					
1	41-55	29,54-29,60	N.W.	,4	Raining at times.
2	42-54	29,68-29,73	W. & N.W.	,3	Raining at times.
3	39-56	29,77-29,79	N.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
4	43-60	29,87-29,94	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, sunshine at times.
5	40-56	30,00-30,02	S.W.		Cloudy, sunshine at times.
6	45-62	29,83-29,87	S.W.	,075	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
7	45-62	29,91-29,86	W.b.S. & S.W.	,075	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
8	43-63	29,79-29,83	S.W.		Generally clear.
9	45-67	29,89-29,81	W. & S.W.		Generally clear, many dark clouds at times.
10	47-67	29,74-29,81	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
11	46-64	29,80-29,91	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, except the evening.
12	44-63	29,85-29,73	W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
13	47-61	29,60-29,48	N.W. & N.		Cloudy; rain in the evening.
14	44-48	29,42-29,51	N.E.	1,175	Raining heavily during the day.
15	44-60	29,60-29,67	E.	,25	General cloud, rain at times.
16	48-65	29,70-29,74	N.W.	,1	Evening clear; rain in the morning.
17	45-71	29,74-29,75	W. & N.W.	,075	Clear, except the morning.
18	48-73	29,73-29,71	N.W.		Generally clear.
19	50-73	29,73-29,78	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
20	45-68	29,86-29,89	N.E.		Rain at times, from a general cloud.
21	41-69	30,08-30,11	N. b. W.	,05	Generally clear, except the morning.
22	39-73	30,08-30,06	N.W.		Rain in the evening, otherwise generally clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Mr. Hamilton read a portion of a very interesting paper on the topography of Athens, by Colonel Leake, in which the descriptions of Pausanias and other writers were examined with great critical sagacity, and the sites of several important places laid down more satisfactorily than they have hitherto been, either by travellers or other authors. The further reading of Mr. Wilkins's paper on the Erectheum was postponed *sine die*, as its details could hardly be understood except in a printed form. The research for Greek antiquities, inscriptions, &c. is being pursued with activity and success under the regenerated government of the country. At a previous meeting (not one of those regularly appointed) Mr. Hamilton had brought forward the first fasciculus of a work on the subject published at Naples, and pointed out the value of the information it contained on these points. In Attica alone enough had been already found to supply other two fasciculi; and the new terms were of much philological use, tending as well to throw a light upon the language, as upon the manners, of ancient Greece. At Athens, itself, the Grotto of Pan has been examined without furnishing any remains; but in the excavations about the Acropolis, parts of a statue of Jupiter, or

probably Neptune, have been discovered, of which, it is believed, other fragments are in the British Museum. By the interchange of casts, these figures may be restored to their original completeness.

Society of Antiquaries.—Mr. Hallam in the chair.—Captain Sotheby presented a Roman mill, formed of very close and compact pudding-stone, found near Scale's Wood, in the parish of Antey, Hertfordshire. Sir William Middleton exhibited a Roman portable speculum, in beautiful preservation, and some Roman coins, lately discovered at Coddenham, in Suffolk. Mr. Doubleday exhibited a small collection of Roman colonial coins: with reference to those of Britain, he remarked that on those commemorative of all the other colonies, the figures on the reverse bear some distinctive badge of the country to which they relate; but that Britannia seated on a rock and rested on a shield (as on our copper coin of the present day) was the same as the figure of Roma, on the coins of Rome, from which he presumed the Romans considered their conquest of Britain of higher consequence than those of other countries. Mr. John Gough Nichols exhibited a *fac-simile* (by rubbing off) of a sepulchral inscription formerly placed in Farley Priory, and now preserved in Laycock Abbey, in Wiltshire, and which will be published in Mr. Bowles' forthcoming history of Laycock Abbey—it was the epitaph of Ilbert de Chas, an extensive benefactor to the Priory: it was all in capitals, and in the cavities of one letter was cut the next letter in a smaller size, thus in Ilbert the I and R are inserted in the upper and lower openings of the B—this formed a sort of puzzle, which might not be decyphered by all, and, therefore, the sculptor had repeated it at length along the side and bottom of the stone. Mr. Nichols observed that this peculiar mode of inscribing was in practice in the decline of the Roman empire, and was adopted by the monks, and mentioned several similar instances of sepulchral inscriptions of the twelfth century.

Mr. Amyat in the chair.—Mr. Willement presented a coloured engraving of the altar window in the new church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-west. Mr. Lemon, jun. presented a representation, with an historical account, of the Exchequer tally, and exhibiting also a new mode of lithographic printing, being a transfer from letter-press. Sir J. T. Stanley exhibited some spear-heads, a celt, a knife, and some rings of bronze, with some amber beads, discovered near the foot of the Holyhead mountains, opposite to a bay which must have been very favourable for the pirates of Ireland. Mr. Stapleton communicated a paper on the history of Adeliza, Countess of Aumarle, or Albemarle. Having noticed Mr. Beltz's statement, in his observations on the coffin-plate and history of Gunilder, sister of Harold II. and daughter of Earl Godwin, (*Archæologia*, vol. xxv.) that several historians had confounded her with Gunilda, the daughter of Canute; Mr. Stapleton observed that a similar historical error had been committed in confounding the Countess of Albemarle with her mother of the same name. Dugdale states, that Odo de Campana, a Norman, married Adeliza, the sister of William Duke of Normandy; that William gave him the isle (as he calls it) of Holderness, and the Archbishop of Roan bestowed on him the city of Albemarle, but Mr. Stapleton endeavoured to show, from several authorities, that this Countess of Albemarle was the *niece*, and not the sister, of William the Conqueror.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

On the 21st of last month, and three following days, a Fête Champêtre was held in the Regent's Park, in aid of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. There was ample amusement provided for the numerous company assembled. The newly-arrived Hungarian Singers, who were received with such *éclat* at Berlin and elsewhere, were there, as well as the excellent bands of the Life Guards and of the Blues, and Fusileer Guards, and Collinet's delightful little troop; the gardens were decorated in the most tasteful manner with splendid tents, marquees, &c., granted by the Board of Ordnance. On Thursday H. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and their son and daughter, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta and suite, honoured the gay scene with their presence, and were received with such demonstrations of respect, as reminded us of the good old days of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, when, with their interesting family, they used to be greeted

on the terrace at Windsor with the liveliest expressions of loyalty and attachment. They were conducted round the grounds by Mr. Curtis, the founder, and surgeon, who explained to their royal highnesses the objects of the Institution, and the great good it had been the means of effecting. The purpose of the fête was to enable the governors either to enlarge the present building, to enable them to receive deaf and dumb children within its walls, as well as persons from the country afflicted with deafness or other diseases of the ear; or to erect a more commodious building in some open and airy place—say Bayswater, for instance. Should the Bishop of London condescend to direct his attention to this subject, we feel confident his lordship would be convinced, that in hardly any other way could he do more good for his afflicted fellow creatures. Two boys sent to the dispensary by order of the King, were introduced to their royal highnesses, who were born deaf and dumb, but are now beginning, through the judicious means adopted by the indefatigable surgeon of the Institution, both to hear and to speak. A young lady, also born deaf and dumb, who has been cured at the Royal Dispensary, was also presented to their royal highnesses; the Duchess, who appears highly talented, seemed particularly interested in these cases; and made several pertinent remarks on the explanation of the mode of treatment detailed by Mr. C. Their royal highnesses were graciously pleased to signify their intention of becoming the patrons of so excellent a charity; and shortly afterwards left the ground, amidst the cheers and acclamations of the most respectable and loyal companies it has been our good fortune to see assembled for a long time. Their royal highnesses seemed deeply affected with the cordiality of their reception.

Extraordinary Reptile.—The *Taunton Courier* states, that a dark viper had been found near that town, about nineteen inches long, but having, about two inches and a half from the tail, the extraordinary appendage of two white feet, terminating each in six sharp white claws, half an inch in length. This is certainly unique.

Ancient Astronomy.—Mr. Paravey offers to prove, that the satellites of Jupiter were known to the Chinese, and figured by them on their celestial charts, and that the use of telescopes has existed among them, from the remotest antiquity.

Ancient Statues.—Several little statues have been dug up in a field at Boissy, formerly the site of a wood; each are from three to four inches high. Among them is a Jupiter Gallia, a Fortune holding a cornucopia in her right hand, with a lotus leaf for a crown, and a little Victory holding a crown in one hand, and a palm in the other.

Suspension Bridges.—According to the French papers, an engineer at Rouen has lately obtained a patent for a suspension bridge, which will have, at the central point, an arch of sufficient elevation to admit the highest mast to pass under it. The drawbridge is said to be of so simple a construction, that it may be raised by one person with the greatest ease. The arch will be sufficiently strong to support the chains, which are to extend from it to each side of the river.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—June, 1835.

House of Lords, May 12.—Lord Denman took his seat on the woolsack.—Numerous petitions, praying for the extension of Church accommodation in Scotland, were presented.—The Duke of Richmond laid on the table the first report of the Committee appointed to inquire into Prison Discipline. The silent system was recommended to be enforced, as an excellent means of preserving order, and of reclaiming prisoners.—The Bishop of Exeter, in reply to Lord Duncannon, said that he should defer bringing forward certain petitions, upon the subject of Ecclesiastical Inquiry in Ireland, until the House was in the possession of the report.—A conversation took place on an alleged breach of discipline in the fleet on the Mediterranean station, between Lord Brougham, Lord Auckland, Lord Melville, Lord Beresford, the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Colville, and Lord Colchester. The discussion terminated, after a declaration of the Duke of Buccleuch, that nothing had occurred

to warrant the interference of the Admiralty.—The House at its rising adjourned till the 14th.

May 14.—Lord Brougham presented a petition, numerously signed, from Edinburgh against any public grants for additional Church accommodation in Scotland. The petition stated that there were already more seats than were occupied.—The Duke of Buccleuch maintained that, however the fact might be with respect to Edinburgh, he was prepared to prove that in other parts of Scotland additional Church accommodation was wanted.—Lord Brougham observed that, before any grant was made, inquiry would of course take place. His lordship further postponed, from Tuesday till Thursday next, his motion on the subject of education.

May 15.—The first report of the Scotch Entail Commissioners was presented.—Viscount Melbourne, in reply to some observations of the Duke of Richmond, stated that it was the determination of the Government to carry into effect, as far as was consistent with the report of the Committee now sitting on county rates, his Majesty's recommendation, in his Speech from the Throne, on the subject of agriculture.—The Earl of Wicklow complained of the transactions that had attended the introduction of Lord Mulgrave into Dublin; of the illegal assemblages and banners; and of the Solicitor-General having been at a dinner where a toast was given for "the Repeal of the Union."—Lord Melbourne replied that all he knew was that there had been a great concourse of people; beyond that fact he had no particulars. He knew nothing about any toasts; but he knew that if they had acted illegally they would be punished.—Lord Brougham, in presenting a petition from the Common Council of the City of London, praying for a repeal of the stamp duties on newspapers, advocated at great length the removal of the tax.—Several petitions on behalf of the Established Church of Scotland, were presented, after which the House adjourned.

May 18.—The business was principally confined to the presentation of petitions, amongst which were several from various parts of the country, praying for protection to the Established Church. One, presented by the Earl of Wilton, and supported by Lord Skelmersdale, was from Manchester and Salford, and was signed by 10,512 persons.

May 19.—Lord Brougham chose the Poor Laws Amendment Bill as the subject of his daily legislative talk. His lordship denied that the measure in question contemplated the separation of man and wife in workhouses.—Petitions for and against the grant of a sum of money for the extension of Church accommodation in Scotland were presented.—Adjourned to Thursday.

May 21.—The Islington Market Bill having been brought up from the Commons, was read a first time.—The Marquis of Londonderry gave notice that on Tuesday next he would present a petition from 50,000 Protestants of the North of Ireland, respecting the danger of the Established Church. His lordship alluded also to the procession which accompanied the Lord Lieutenant, and hoped that the parties engaged in it would be proceeded against according to law.—Viscount Melbourne expressed himself ready to enter into the subject of the petition whenever it was presented; and as to the procession in Dublin he could distinctly state that nothing contrary to the Act of Parliament had taken place.—The Earl of Wicklow thought it extraordinary that the newspapers should have dared to publish such charges without any foundation. But he was bound to believe the statement of the noble viscount. He availed himself of the same opportunity to correct a statement of his own, derived, however, from newspaper authority, respecting the Solicitor-General of Ireland. He had received a letter from that gentleman denying that "the repeal of the Union" had been given as a toast in his presence.—Lord Brougham brought forward his motion on the subject of national education. His lordship, after a long speech, submitted to the House a series of resolutions, upon which he intended to move for leave to bring in a bill.—Lord Melbourne and Lord Denman expressed their concurrence in the spirit and principle of the resolutions. The Bishop of Gloucester and the Archbishop of Canterbury considered that religious instruction should be included in the system, in order to make education useful.—The resolutions were ordered to be printed.

May 22.—Numerous petitions in favour of the Church of Scotland were presented.—The Earl of Rosebery gave notice that on Wednesday next he should call the attention of the House to the report of the Select Committee upon that of the Lords of Session on the Scotch Entails Bill.—An animated discussion took place on the subject of Lord Mulgrave's procession into Dublin, which afforded the Marquis Wellesley an opportunity of declaring that at the time of his resignation he was

totally ignorant of the proceedings at the entrance of the Lord Lieutenant into the Irish capital.

House of Commons, May 12.—The House met this day for the first time after the Easter recess, and several Members who had vacated their seats upon their acceptance of office, and had been re-elected, took the oaths.—New writs were moved for the borough of Stroud, the county of Kildare, for the southern division of the county of Stafford, for the borough of Malton, and for the borough of Poole.—Sir G. Grey, in answer to a question from Mr. Hume, said that the last accounts from Canada were more favourable. The Government had determined to recall Sir J. Stewart; and the question of the appointment of Commissioners who were to proceed to Canada was under consideration. Lord Amherst had declined to act at the head of the Commission, on the ground of the length of time that must be taken up in such an inquiry.—Mr. Fowell Buxton withdrew his motion on the subject of the slave trade, at the suggestion of Mr. Hume, and said that he should renew it in another form.—A petition against the return of the late election at Penryn was presented, and the House adjourned.

May 13.—Sir G. Strickland presented petitions from places in the West Riding of Yorkshire, complaining of the restrictions on beer shops.—Mr. A. Trevor contended that more strict regulations were necessary, and pledged himself to bring in a measure for that purpose.—Mr. Walter presented a petition from Newbury for the repeal of the Poor Laws Amendment Act, a measure which he had opposed in every stage. The petitioners justly complained of the expense incurred in the building of union workhouses, and of the clause authorizing the separation of wives from their husbands, and children from their parents.—Major Beauclerk objected to the same clause, and declared that if no one else moved for its repeal he would do so. It gave a power which ought not to be entrusted to any man.—Petitions were presented against the Bill for abolishing Imprisonment for Debt; and amongst them one, numerously signed, from Westminster, was presented by Sir R. Peel, who thought that as the Committee had not yet made its report, it would be premature to enter into any discussion upon the Bill. He would, however, call the attention of the House to it on a future occasion.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer believed it was the intention to re-commit the Bill to a private Committee, when the power of examining witnesses might be conferred.—Sir F. Pollock repeated his conviction in favour of the principle of the Bill, but saw many objections to its details. He also was anxious that the subject should be duly investigated.—Alderman Wood's Bill for the regulation of public carriages was, after some conversation, read a second time, and referred to a Committee up stairs. Captain Pechell obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal several Acts relating to the assize of bread.

May 14.—Committees were balloted for, to try the election petitions from Carlow and Canterbury.—Several petitions were presented for protection to the Established Church of Scotland, and upon other subjects.—Sir R. Heron postponed his motion on the Septennial Act to the 15th of June.—A petition was presented from Drogheda against the return of Andrew Carew O'Dwyer.—Mr. O'Connell, at the suggestion of Sir G. Grey, postponed his motion on the case of General Darling until the 3d of June, to which day Mr. Divett also postponed his motion on the subject of church rates.—Lord Mandeville moved for the production of certain papers relative to the outrages committed in October last at the races at Armagh, and entered into details relative to those outrages and to the manner in which they had been investigated. His lordship contended, that if proper vigilance and impartiality had been exercised the case would have assumed a very different appearance. The conduct of Lord Gosford, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, was particularly censured.—Dr. Lushington did not object to the granting of any papers, but entered at once into the charges brought against Lord Gosford, which he declared to be destitute of the slightest foundation.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Hume maintained similar views, and after a debate of some warmth, the original motion was rejected, and an amendment moved by Mr. Hume, declaring the charges against Lord Gosford were without foundation, was agreed to.

May 15.—Mr. Parker took the oaths and his seat for South Devon. The Hon. Member, who was introduced by Sir R. Inglis and Sir J. Y. Buller, was loudly cheered.—The Glasgow Water Works Bill was read a second time, after a division of 67 against 47.—The Marquis of Chandos postponed his motion relative to agricultural distress till the 25th, on account of the absence of Lord John Russell.—Mr. Shaw brought under the notice of the House an assertion of Mr. O'Connell

before the recess, that no single instance of outrage had been committed at the last election for the County of Kerry. Mr. Shaw fully established his statement that there had been.—The affairs of Canada gave rise to an animated discussion, in which Mr. Roebuck and the Chancellor of Exchequer came into collision.—The House went into a Committee of Supply, and votes for Civil Contingencies. A majority of 78 against 18 decided against an amendment of Mr. Hume to reduce the vote of 109,558*l.*, to defray the expenses of Yeomanry Cavalry, to 30,000*l.*—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was, on the motion of Sir J. Campbell, ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.—The Oaths' Abolition Bill, and the Merchant Seaman's Bill, were read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—A motion of Mr. Roebuck's, for a copy of a despatch from Mr. S. Rice to Lord Aylmer, was agreed to.

May 18.—Lord Stanley presented a petition complaining of the non-residence of the Rev. Dr. Webber, as Dean of Ripon; which, after considerable discussion, was ordered to be laid upon the table.—Various petitions were presented, and a new writ moved for the Borough of Stafford, which after some opposition was agreed to.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. Hume, said that it was the intention of the Government to renew the Commission appointed by Lord Grey's administration, with a view to the consolidation of the military and civil departments of the Ordnance.—On the motion of Sir R. Peel, in a Committee of Supply, the sum of 17,796*l.* was granted to defray the expenses of the British Museum.—The House went into Committee on the Ordnance Estimates, and several votes were passed.—The Oaths Abolition Bill, and the Merchant Seamen Bill, went through Committee.

May 19.—Mr. Wyse, after a short discussion, obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the amelioration, general diffusion, and permanent support of the education of the people in Ireland.—A motion of Mr. F. Buxton for the presentation of an address to the throne for the suppression of the African slave trade, was then acceded to.—Mr. Ward's motion, that the plan suggested by the Select Committee on Divisions be adopted, was withdrawn, on the suggestion of Mr. S. Rice, in order to ascertain whether the new lobby recommended in the report would interfere with the arrangements of the Building Committee.—On the motion of Mr. Poulett Thomson a committee was appointed to inquire into the state of the trade in corn between the channel islands and the United Kingdom.

May 20.—A discussion took place on the presentation of petitions relating to the grant of a sum of money for the extension of Church accommodation in Scotland.—Sir W. Rae gave notice of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire whether or not additional accommodation was necessary in Scotland, to give the people an opportunity of attending Divine worship.—After several petitions had been presented for and against the Sabbath Bill, Mr. Poulter moved that it should be committed to a Committee of the whole House.—Mr. Hawes moved as an amendment that it should be committed to a Select Committee.—Sir A. Agnew was for a Committee of the whole House.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer was also for a Committee of the whole House, but thought the measure would become a dead letter.—Sir R. Peel expressed serious doubts whether parliament could promote the observance of the Sabbath by legislating on the subject. He observed, that the Sabbath-day was never better observed than at present, and declared himself against the attempt to get rid of the Bill by a side-wind.—Mr. Hawes withdrew his amendment, but gave notice that he would take the sense of the House on the bringing up of the report. A long and desultory discussion followed, and the Bill having passed through the Committee, was ordered, with its amendments, to be printed.

May 21.—Lord John Russell took the oaths and his seat for Stroud.—During a discussion on a motion of Mr. Tooke, relative to the Trinity Harbour Bill, the Committee on the Ennis petition appeared at the table to be sworn, when it was found that Mr. Green, one of the members, was absent. It subsequently appeared that his name had been struck in the ballot when he was not present. The House was therefore adjourned at a quarter to six.

May 22.—The ballot for the Ennis Election Committee was taken *de novo*, and the members sworn in.—Lord Sandon moved the second reading of the Liverpool Police Bill.—Mr. Ewart, after presenting a petition against it, moved that it be read again that day six months.—After a debate the House divided, when the second reading was carried by a majority of 185 against 171.—On the motion of Sir Robert Peel, the Dissenters' Marriage Bill was read a second time.—The Right Honourable Baronet expressed his intention of surrendering the care of the measure during

its future progress to his Majesty's Ministers; and Lord John Russell intimated his intention to propose some important amendments in the Committee, which was appointed for that day three weeks.—The Earl of Darlington inquired whether it was intended that Lord Palmerston should remain Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, without a seat in either House of Parliament? to which no distinct answer was returned.—Lord John Russell gave notice of his intention to move, on the 1st of June, for leave to bring in a Bill for the better regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales.—The Registration of Voters Bill was referred to a Select Committee.—The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, when several items of the Army and Navy Estimates were agreed to.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

Mr. W. H. Ireland.

We have heard that this gentleman, after struggling for many years against poverty and misery, died within the last month in obscurity, and seemingly, quite forgotten. Though a voluminous writer, having published numberless dramas, poems, novels, and romances, he will be remembered only for the forgery of what were called "The Shakspeare MSS.," published in splendid folio in the year 1796, and by which he contrived to deceive many celebrated persons, including Dr. Parr, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Wharton, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Boswell, and many others. He was the son of Mr. Samuel Ireland, a well-known publisher of illustrated works, and a man of credit and general respectability—and, in justice to whose memory we must add, the dupe of his son's cunning—for the latter, in the "Confessions," which he subsequently published, declares, in the most solemn manner, that he was utterly ignorant of the fraud.

Mr. Nash.

This celebrated architect died lately, at his seat, East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight, in his eighty-third year. In private life Mr. Nash was a warm-hearted and generous man; of his professional rank and talent it is more difficult to speak soberly and justly. He was, as is well known, especially patronized by his late Majesty, who had a somewhat strange and fantastic taste in architecture, and was, certainly, not a man to be dictated to or controlled. After all, these are matters of comparative unimportance, when it is remembered that to one or the other, probably to the one for suggesting and authorizing, and to the other for elaborating out and carrying into effect, we are indebted for the magnificent improvements which have of late years taken place in London—improvements which contribute equally to the beauty and the health of the town—to the luxury of the rich, and the comfort and enjoyment of the poor.

Giovita Caravaglia.

This engraver died at Florence on the 27th of April, in his forty-fifth year. He succeeded Morghen as Professor at the Florentine Academy, but was, we believe, a native of Padua. He was considerably advanced in an engraving from "The Assumption of the Madonna," a well-known picture in the Jesuits' Church, at Genoa, by Guido; but we regret to hear that the work is not even now finished.

Died.—John Russell, Esq., son to Lord Wm. Russell, and nephew to the Duke of Bedford.

His Highness Henry the 37th Count Reuss Von Plauen, in the 87th year of his age.

Admiral Sir Arthur Legge, late of Blackheath.

In Antigua, the Hon. John D. Taylor, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and late Speaker of the House of Assembly there.

In Piccadilly, the Viscountess de Togoahy, widow of his Excellency I. Paulo Bezerra, Prime Minister to John IV., King of Portugal.

At Clapham, in her 94th year, Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, widow of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain James Cook.

Married.—Hedworth Lambton, Esq., M.P., youngest brother to the Earl of Durham, to Anna, eldest daughter of the late Gervase Parker Bushe, Esq., of Kilkenny, and niece to the Countess of Listowell.

At Solenre, the Prince of Castelcicala, to Madlle. Thadea de Zeltner, daughter of the former Minister Plenipotentiary of that name.

Prince Alexander of Wirtemberg, Colonel in the Imperial Service, brother to the reigning Queen of Wirtemberg, to the Countess Relsy, of Transylvania.

At Portsmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, to Mrs. Alcock, widow of the late Captain Alcock, R.N.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Algiers, with Notices of the Neighbouring States of Barbary. By Percival Barton Lord. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

This work is not full enough to pretend to the title of history, and yet it embraces too much to be justly allowed to escape under the name of a sketch. What is said is said well, but we cannot help remarking, that the impression that the whole of it conveys is a little unsatisfactory. We think, with some deference, that Mr. Lord, since he makes use so freely of the materials of other men, should have taken both higher ground and more ample space, and given us a complete history; and this, we believe, he could have done excellently—a history that should have become a standard work, or else confined himself to a spirited sketch, and detailed only what came under his personal observation, or was derived from his individual cognizance. What a little annoys us in the perusal, is the meeting continually with that which we have met before in recent English and French works. The author cannot correctly say, that his work would not have been complete without those extracts, for he has not made it complete with them. The historian has a right, indeed it is his duty, to avail himself of every source of information; but we cannot think that the mere traveller should compile so largely. After these strictures, which we dare say the author, if not the public, will esteem to be hypercritical, we shall proceed to give a brief outline of the work. It commences with an historical introduction, which is well written, and displays considerable erudition, but is insufficient in detail, and too rapid in progress. We have a history of a nation, subjected to many vicissitudes, commencing from its Aborigines, down to the sailing of the Dey for Naples, compressed into one hundred and twenty-three pages. As an abstract it is valuable, and in style perspicacious; but the author should not have written it at all, or written much more. The geography, including the topography of the Barbary states, is vividly described, and the description is often eminently picturesque; this is one of the best parts of the work. We see with the author's eye—and thus see clearly. The distinguishing traits of the castes who inhabit these regions, are well delineated; these are the Berbers, the Moors, and the Arabs, and lastly, the Negroes. With the description of the Arabs the first volume closes, and the second commences. The whole of the second chapter is devoted to the Negroes.

The Jews are next considered, but as this singular people belong to no country, though they inhabit almost every region, they cannot fairly be considered as an integral part of the nation. This chapter is curious, though nearly the whole of it is compilation. They seem to have been in a most wretched state under the patriarchal government of the Dey. The Turks having so completely amalgamated with the Arabs, they can scarcely now be considered as a distinct race. A long chapter, however, is very properly devoted to them. The chapter on the diseases of the inhabitants, and the medical treatment adopted, is worthy of attention; and in that on the natural history of the country, the author proves himself a man of science. With the descriptions of the cities and towns we have been made familiar before, from many other sources; and, of the concluding chapter, which treats of the occupation of Algiers by the French, we can only say, that however adversely we may be inclined to look upon it politically, we think it will eminently serve the cause of humanity. It is the law of nature, that the sons of civilisation shall eventually push the savage off the soil he knows not how to use; and a blessed law it is. Human life, as it has been abased for ages in these beautiful districts, must have been but a continuation of misery from father to son, and a perpetuation of wickedness abhorrent to divine beneficence. Though we think, that with Mr. Lord's talents the work might have been better, had he not hit upon so unlucky a mean between legitimate history and amusing travels, yet we assure the reader, that it is a very good one as it is. Those parts that he may have seen before, he must treat as young ladies do novels overburthened with moral lectures, skip—what is new to him he will find well worthy of attention, and what is the author's own—delightful.

The Life of Edmund Kean. In 2 Vols. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

Barry Cornwall has done more for the subject of his biography than we expected, and much more than it deserved. Kean's character was essentially animal; he possessed one vivid spark of genius overlaid, oppressed, and thwarted, by a mass of the grossest of human predilections, and the most brutal of human passions. The heavenly fire was in him, but it required to be struck out by violent excitement; and when the blaze that this excitement elicited was upon him and around him, he was no longer Kean, but a very superior being. These excitements were principally the prickings of his inordinate vanity; an ambition, honourable in itself, though generally ill managed, and sometimes, we regret to say that the stimulants were merely sensual. This conviction, that we have expressed, must meet the reader in almost every page of the well-written work before us. For ourselves, we cannot pretend to have had any the slighest intimacy with this actor, with whom so many were intimate; we enjoyed his talents only where he could be properly estimated and enjoyed—on the stage. All, therefore, that we know of him was his public character; the anecdotes and reminiscences that were so lavishly thrust upon the public, shortly after his decease, in magazines and the public prints, we generally disbelieved, for they almost all seemed covert slanders, the ends of which were to degrade the man whom they pretended to commemorate. But this delusion of ours, we are grieved to say, no longer exists. We have now before us an author of high repute, and of great talents, who verifies most of the accounts that we would have fain considered as falsehoods; an author, who, all through his work, seems to have performed his task with some sentiment approaching to scorn, and

who has, notwithstanding his kindly feelings, found himself compelled to pull down the tinselled statue from its pedestal, and shivering it in the dust, has shown of what sordid materials it was constituted. The whole work is a masterly display of what sorry ingredients a character may be made up, that shall long favourably occupy the general eye, and appropriate to itself much of the public approbation. This biography cannot be read without advantage. It affords a fine lesson to those who are stricken with the histrionic mania. With all his success, we believe that Kean was never happy excepting in the hours of wild excitement—if the intoxication of triumph, or another kind of intoxication, not quite so heroical, can ever merit the appellation of happiness. That Kean must have felt great things, and felt them greatly, no one can doubt; but he only felt them, he could not appreciate them; he could not reason upon them, and therefore he could neither act up to them, nor in the direction that they should have shown him he ought to take. We respect the good actor—we think the stage in itself a most honourable profession, and it only remains with those who live by it, to make all the world think so too; yet, with all these favourable sentiments towards those who hold up the mirror of life to us, we are of opinion that the mimic is not only not a hero, but, it is in the nature of things that he can never become one; and the perusal of this life of Kean has confirmed us still more in our conviction. We think that the constant practise of simulation destroys the integrity of a man's natural character. We do not use integrity in opposition to deceit. Place the actor in any company, or in any predicament, and, unconsciously to himself, there will be suggested to him, how would such and such a *dramatis persona* have acquitted himself in a like situation. He endeavours to follow the cue thus given him, both in word and deed; thus, with him, every thing is artificial, and much unnatural. Too often, when he wishes to throw himself on his own resources—resources that he must possess in common with other men, but useless to him from long neglect—he is then helpless, empty—the creature of mere animal impulse—in fact, too often what Kean was, when out of his profession. The antidote to this annihilation of individuality in the actor, is study, general reading, and above all, much reflection. We cannot quit this subject, without expressing our thanks to Barry Cornwall for the production of these volumes, for we see in them as much of genuine instruction as of mere amusement.

The Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West. David Robertson, Glasgow.

We like the preface to this assemblage of jokes, and we like the beginning of the jokes themselves, many of which are new to us, and some of them good. We must apprise the reader that the "Laird of Logan" is the Scottish Paterfamilias of all the otherwise orphan jests that are straying up and down that canny country, wondering at their own existence. We honour the man who can produce us a new joke, and great honour, therefore, must be due to that intrepid individual who dares to father so many bad ones; we, therefore, honour intensely the "Laird of Logan," and his gentleman usher the editor, who has introduced him so advantageously to his southern admirers. But we are obliged in candour to say, that many of these witticisms have a hoary and patriarchal air, and are venerable cosmopolites that have drawn on the tartan trews for the occasion. The editor has been right careful in his exclusion of any thing, tending, in the least, towards indecency, and thus his collection is not barred from the widest circulation, which we hope it may ob-

tain. After all, we are a little disappointed. A jest book is always a book of pretension, and we are continually on the alert, when we have it in our hands, for another good thing, and that other good thing does not always appear to our wishes. The conclusion, too, of the "Laird of Logan" is eked out with funny little essays—good, because they are funny, yet not quite generic to the rest of the contents. After all our fastidiousness, we are pleased with the thing, and those whom much reading has not made fastidious, will be pleased still more, for, at our hearts, we love a joke, and we are well content, in these hard times, even to put up with a pun; and, we rather think, that if we had the power of that despot, who proclaimed a reward for the discoverer of a new pleasure, we should have altered the last word of the proclamation, into jest. As laughter appears to be a glorious privilege divided between mankind and a species of hyena, we should put it to glorious uses, and humour and wit are its only legitimate provocatives. To laugh at ribaldry is bad taste, at awkwardness unfair, at misfortune cruel. Latterly, we find that we can no longer laugh at bad writing, too much of it becomes no joke, so, as the wind is a little easterly, and we really sigh for a laugh, we shall just take up the "Laird of Logan" again.

The Library of Romance. By Leitch Ritchie. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

This undertaking has reached the fourteenth volume, which contains a translation, or rather an alteration, from the German romance of the "Enthusiast," by C. Spindler. It is a highly wrought and interesting tale, and very acceptable to the English reader. What much amused us in this romance was the faithful description of the minute mummeries of a diminutive German sovereign court. The guard of honour of twelve, with its pot-valiant commander, the audience chamber, the ante-room, and ladies in waiting, all upon the puppet-show scale, are infinitely amusing and ridiculous. The story itself is well conceived, but overlaid with too much incident. It is hardly sufficiently colloquial, and there is not room enough given to the characters sufficiently to develope themselves. The virtue at the conclusion is a little too outrageous, though the moral is sternly insisted on, and vice is shown its own folly with a master hand. We do not think that the Germans can yet compete with the writers of English fiction, in unity of design, singleness of purpose, and that compactness and completeness, which makes our best novels read like polished domestic epics. There is no doubt but that the story before us abounds in the great, and in the true, yet the author has not had the exquisite art of our own novelists, to make them slide into the natural. In the "Enthusiast," the whole scene of the earthquake, and the flooding of the province, is so melodramatic, that we at once see the author's efforts to impose sublimities upon us, that nature never owned, and at which the judgment revolts, though imagination is prevailed upon for a time to accept them. Though we do not think this tale of the highest order, yet, in justice both to Mr. Ritchie, who has Englished it well, and to Mr. Spindler, we must reiterate what we said in the beginning of this short notice, that it is well worked up and extremely interesting, and will amply repay the reader for the time spent in its perusal. The literature of Germany and England are fast approximating, and this tale is another small but bright link of the chain of light, that we trust will long bind the two nations together.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakspeare; with Notes. By CHARLES LAMB. 2 Vols. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

If these volumes have not a great run, we have much over-rated the sterling good sense of the English public. Charles Lamb has strung together a rich collection of pearls, recovered from much rubbish, and most of them in antique settings, but they are jewels still, and gratitude is due to the preserver of them. We find collected in this publication, almost all that is worth perusing of many authors, who were fast subsiding into oblivion; indeed, the names of several of those talented dramatists have long ceased to be uttered, except by the literary antiquary. We can hardly conceive any books more pregnant in pleasing desultory reading than are these. They may be referred to with advantage in any moment of weariness and tedium, and afford much food for reflection, in the multiplicity of the styles of the extracts, the mode of thinking of our ancestors, and in the comparisons that they afford with the writings of the present day. We also look upon this work as a sort of refuge for the idealess writers, who are just now abundant, for, with the modern art, now so well understood, of amplification, any one of these pages may be spread out into ten of very decent matter, as things are now managed. We would make extracts, but beginning, we should not know where to leave off, and leaving off, we should be sorry we had ever begun, because we could not quote more, Mr. Lamb's occasional notes have, with us, two immense faults—they are too short, and too few.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters. By WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ. *Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence.* Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A. M., Rector of Burton, and Vicar of Biddenham, author of the "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond." Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The frontispiece of the fourth volume of this well-edited work is a spirited engraving of St. Albans, and the vignette title-page gives a very faithful view of Bennet College, Cambridge. The whole of this volume is occupied by correspondence, and, as being indices of his pure and elegant mind, form a very interesting portion of this valuable publication. We are informed that the circulation answers the publishers' wishes—we believe it, for the work eminently deserves the success that so much pains and expense have been lavished to procure. There are in this volume scarcely any notes by Mr. Grimshawe, and thus we are spared the necessity of commenting upon his labours.

Songs. By ROBERT GILFILLAN. Second Edition, considerably enlarged. William Blackwood and Sons, and John Anderson, junior, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; William Curry and Co., Dublin.

So far from feeling inclined to retract the smallest iota of the praise we have before lavished on these songs, when the first edition appeared, that praise, had we space, we would enlarge, almost as much as we find the edition itself increased. We recommend it heartily to the notice of our readers on this side the border.

On the Origin of Universities and Academical Degrees. By HENRY MALDEN, M.A. Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Greek in the University of London. John Taylor, Upper Gower Street.

To refute or to verify the assertions made in this concise and very lucid little treatise, would occupy as much of our time as the compilation and arrangement of a whole magazine. We can do no more than invite those of our readers who are interested in the subject, to the perusal of this *libellum*—we do not use the word in the legal sense, though perhaps our Oxford friends may think we ought. We think Mr. Malden has made out a *primâ facie* case, and he has certainly overturned the consoling and flattering persuasion so dear to the Oxonians—that their University was first founded by Alfred. To dispute the author's grounds for his opinions, there are but two courses open, the first, to deny that there are any such books as he quotes, and the second, to decry the authority of those books, should their existence be found to be undeniable. It is less a question of ratiocination, than of facts and of evidence. As we do not intend to question their authority, we will, upon the respectability of Mr. Malden's character, take for granted that he has quoted correctly, and we shall then come to the conclusion, that our chartered Universities are neither of the great antiquity, nor can boast of the high origin, which they pretend to. It seems, that, when learning first of all began to dawn, and its value to be appreciated, a number of scholars met at Paris for the purpose of mutual instruction; good order required laws, and laws required officials to execute them—to say nothing of the natural ascendency of the more learned over the ignorant. The king gives his sanction, and the pope, that eternal pope, his bull, and behold a University. Subsequently to this, the same process, with but small variations, took place in England. We care but little for the pope's bull now; our king and our laws made the universities; to king and laws, as regards their supposed sacred privileges, their inviolable monopoly, their intangible immunities, they are still amenable. Their private property, which is enormous, is another affair. The expediency of altering their present constitution, we doubt; but the right of the nation to do so, we think unquestionable. The law changed them, at once, from Catholic to Protestant—the change would not be so great from exclusiveness to extension; not that we mean to say, that such change would be advisable. We earnestly recommend members of Parliament to read Mr. Malden's work, as there has been much ignorant talk and prejudiced vituperation on this subject; and the question will never be at rest for any considerable space of time. The author seems to have been influenced by no spirit of animosity against the chartered Universities, but to have considered his subject fairly and dispassionately; and, therefore, his little volume deserves general attention; perhaps the concluding puff of the constitution of the London University had better have been omitted.

Brockedon's Road Book, from London to Naples. Illustrated with Engravings by W. and E. FINDEN. John Murray, Albemarle Street; C. Tilt, Fleet Street; and Rodwell, New Bond Street.

This is a splendid work. The letter-press is by W. Brockedon, Esq., F.R.S., and Member of the Florentine and Roman Academies of the Fine Arts, and the author of several topographical works of high repute. Certainly it is no more than a guide book, but it is the cynosure of guide books. Yet with all its brilliant embellishments, and its well-written

pages, it is done in a particularly business-like manner. The instructions are ample without falling into any thing like weariness, or committing repetition, and it is evident that the author has a discriminating and well-cultivated taste in all that regards the fine arts. The plates are so beautifully executed, that in this particular, and indeed in every other, as far as the getting up is concerned, the volume may fairly compete with the best of the annuals. There are twenty-eight engravings, after Stanfield, Prout, and Brockedon, the author, who, if we judge from the views that he has given us, must be no mean artist. We can assure our readers that this work will prove a much better companion on the road than a cheating courier, and a much more entertaining one in a carriage than a led companion, or a sycophantic toady; but as it is useless to interfere with tastes, we can only recommend those who have been bewitched or bored by either of the two latter fellow-travellers, just to try the former, and we know that they will thank us for our recommendation.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges. *With Imaginative Illustrations, by* J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. 6 Vols. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

The great Milton is so established in the hearts of all, that he can never be much indebted to a good editor, and, as long as his divine text is preserved, injured by a bad one. Mr. M'Crone has produced a fane worthy to enshrine the works of the heaven-commemorating bard; and if we have but those works complete, we shall not trouble ourselves much about the editor. We have, therefore, but little to say upon this first volume, as it is entirely the production of Sir Egerton, and nearly as much relating to himself as to Milton. All that depended upon the publisher is most excellent, the type is beautifully clear, and the binding rich without being gaudy. The frontispiece contains a portrait of the poet when a little past the middle age. We should have preferred a younger resemblance; but we must not complain, as there is a great deal of placid dignity in the countenance. Mr. Turner has begun his labours in a highly imaginative vignette title-page, displaying the mustering of the warrior angels. We anticipate a great diversity of opinion upon it, but this we will fearlessly state, that no one but Turner could have conceived it. We expect great things in his future illustrations, and we confidently expect that we shall be called upon to do more honour to the second volume than we have done to the first.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. *To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c.* 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This splendid edition is half completed, as the fourth volume is now before the public. It consists entirely of Johnson's one great journey of his life, and will be read with pleasure. All the accessaries to this edition, such as type, binding, &c. are of the first order. The plates, after Stanfield, engraved by Finden, are beautiful specimens of art; the frontispiece representing St. Andrews, and the vignette title-page the grand scenery of Loch Lomond. We should think that this edition will not only become a favourite with the public, but that a copy of it will be looked upon as an indispensable in every well-furnished library.

Poems. By Miss Emma Mary Goldie. A. J. Valpy, London.

We do not review the authors, but the books produced by them. We look upon poems as of no sex, and we can see no reason why the production of a lady should not be as severely treated, as that of the most hoary headed sage that ever aroused the critical bile. Now here are before us, five poems, all of which we have read, and read with pleasure, but to which we certainly cannot give any praise beyond that of elegant mediocrity. People suppose it to be an easy matter to write poetry, and this credulous opinion inundates the press, and thus is generated, from an abundance of level verse, a distaste to verse in general. We know it to be a very serious task to write well, even a short copy of verses. Education will not do it, taste is insufficient to it, and even talent seldom comes off with flying colours. There must be genius—a poetic fervour, that is more easily felt in its effects, than understood in its attributes. To return to our lady authoress. The reader would be a little surprised at her want of tact in the two first lines of her book, and, were we called upon to point out the inaccuracies that occur in every page, the notice of "Poems, by Miss Emma Mary Goldie," would occupy the whole of the sixteen pages that we generally devote to literary examination. However, with all their defects, there is mind in them, and much elevation of feeling, excepting in her last piece, "the Dissolution of the World," which is really a piece of presumption: yet we tell her confidently, she would have treated her subjects much better in prose. Now, it may be thought, that we are usually too hard upon versifiers, tyros as well as inveterate offenders, and that we repeatedly overpraise much inferior works. This is not the case, nor is there injustice in our proceedings. One person writes a guide to a watering place, another a treatise on the construction of washing-tubs, and a third, a pretty and a pious tale, suited to the capacity of little gentlemen and ladies: all these get our praise, whilst the well-educated author, with considerable talent, finds nothing but condemnation for his highly elaborated poems. This is true, and yet we have been just to all parties. We do not say that the guide-book compiler, the washing-tub constructor, or the writer of the nursery tale can at all compete in ability with him who aspires to be thought a poet—we only say they have succeeded, and the versifier has failed. If people will undertake to build up a temple, before they are able to erect a scaffolding, they must not be surprised if their ill-constructed materials tumble about their ears, and that they should be good-naturedly reminded of the failure.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; the Bride of Corinth; the First Walpurgis Night. Translated from the German of Goëthe, and Illustrated with Notes. By John Austen, LL.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, Barrister at Law. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

It would appear that no one can make a translation of this singular work, without, at the same time, appending to it an extended preface. These prefaces are, in general, both deprecatory and justificatory, and also, in general, needless as they mostly involve discussions upon niceties, difficulties of idioms, and occult meanings, about which the Germans themselves cannot exactly agree. However, the preface of Dr. Austen is ably written, and goes to prove also most ably, that the translation ought to have been better performed, that he has performed it as well as he could, and that if it be not performed as well as the subject deserved,

there are very few, with all the Doctor's disadvantages, that could have performed it better; all of which, as Hamlet says, "we most potently believe." All the versifiers of this fantastic and ultra-human drama, have done justice to the fidelity of Hayward's prose translation; and, without reference to the German, the mere English reader may, assisted by it, form some judgment, if he be in the habit of comparing, of the merits of any metrical version of this work. Those who do so, will find that Dr. Austen has kept so closely to the original, as often to cramp the harmony of his verse. It is certainly, as a mere English production, not so pleasing a poem as one that we have recently read. The muse of this translation is, undoubtedly, a beautiful personage, but she moves in shackles, and their clink often rings upon the ear, when we expected only to find the harmony of numbers. Were we in the habit of giving extracts, which, for want of space, we are not, we could quote numerous instances of these dissonances. The blank verse is much better than the rhymed metre; indeed, it is compact, musical, and impressive. The translation of the Walpurgis Night is very ably done, and we believe as much meaning given to the fantasies with which it abounds, as ever Goëthe intended. We think that he was often jesting with the reader, and with himself, in those parts on which his learned commentators—his German ones we allude to—found nuclei of systems, and mysteries that hint at developments too awful for the common understanding. The Bride of Corinth we much admire in her English costume; though she has not vitality, yet is she full of spirit. It is a bold thought, and the original author treads on the confines of that which, both in morals and religion, most people would wish to avoid. Its tendency is certainly not orthodox. The notes alone, that conclude the book, ought to sell it: they are curious, learned, and amusing. Of the metrical translations that we have yet seen, and we believe that we have read them all, we do not know any that is more likely, with all its faults, to become the standard English Faust than this. We candidly tell the reader, that we have made these few cursory remarks on this production, without consulting the original. We have taken it as we have found it, and not asked to look at its foreign letters of introduction Indeed, as we stated above, such reference would be needless, and would lead us, did we make it, into discussions much too long for the scope that we allow ourselves in our brief literary notices. We can only pretend to estimate the effect of the whole, and have as little time as inclination to dilate in mere verbal criticism. We promise to ourselves, at some no very distant period, to endeavour to elaborate a criticism upon the German Faust of Goëthe, for which we have been preparing ourselves, and collecting materials.

Walter; or, a Second Peep into the World we call "Ours." By the Author of "The Moments of Idleness." T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street.

This "Peep into our World" must be made by the reader through six hundred and thirty-nine eyelet-holes, which the author has pierced, in the shape of so many aphorisms, through the great blanket of ignorance. We would rather prefer lifting up a corner of the screen, and getting a more extensive view, or even, if we could, to pull it down altogether. However, as Walter chooses that we should get our sights of knowledge, or rather, of his knowledge, by driblets, we must even be content, and take the work as we find it. Instruction certainly may be gained from it, and even from his doubtful dicta, matter for reflection. The work, in our opinion, is not so good as "The Moments of Idleness." The proverb

should be either epigrammatical in its argument, or so instinct with wisdom, that the weight of its meaning should supply the epigrammatical point. Not many of the author's attempts can boast of this. They read like little pieces of good sense, chopped off from some well-written moral essay. But we by no means wish to decry them, for good sense is always welcome to us, and so will Walter be, when he again presents his oracular self to us, in another string of sententiousness.

The Mechanics of Law-making, intended for the use of Legislators, and all other Persons concerned in the Making and the Understanding of English Laws. By ARTHUR SYMONDS, Esq. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

This book, if properly circulated, cannot fail of doing good. The title is curious enough, but it well conveys the author's meaning. He lays down rules that will teach legislators to methodize their enactments, and express fully and concisely, exactly what they mean to convey. Bentham directed much of his attention to the subject. In no department of science is language so particularly required to be accurate, as in jurisprudence. We have always thought that lawyers were the worst persons in the world to draw up laws. They have generally a technical, instead of a common sense, understanding. There is a pattern act of parliament in this work; we should like to see if some of our great casuists, learned in the law, could not, to use a legal cant phrase, "drive a coach and horses through it." It is this driving of coaches and horses through the frail barriers that one set of lawyers make, that enable all sets to drive their own coaches and horses. We know not if Mr. Symonds be a lawyer; he is so much the master of his subject, that we are inclined to think him one, yet, to make the laws clear, and generally comprehensible, would be an act so suicidal in a gentleman of the long robe, that we can hardly consider him to be professional. For ourselves, we think with Mr. Symonds, that law-making, as far as putting together the will of legislators, should be made a separate study. Our author has given us a good outline, as to the manner in which we ought to proceed, and which we hope, that, on some future day, he will scientifically fill up.

Hydraulia: an Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Water-Works of London, and the Contrivance for supplying other great Cities in different Ages and Countries. By W. MATTHEWS, author of "The History of Gas-Lighting," &c.

This is a scientific work scientifically treated. Next to air, water, in its proper degree of purity, is most essential to life, and the art of conveying it in a state as little adulterated as possible to the myriads congregated in cities and towns, if utility be the true test of worth, must certainly be a noble science. Gratitude is therefore due to Mr. Matthews for his concentrating in his work almost all that is known of a subject so interesting and so useful. The author begins by detailing the earliest contrivances for obtaining clear spring water for common use. We have then a complete history of all the hydraulic devices of London, from the time of William the Conqueror. All this is curious as history generally, as well as relative to the subject. This account is brought down to the demolition of the water-works at London Bridge, and the transfer of the supply of the fluid to the New River Company. Then follows the history of the formation of the New River, with some curious anec-

dotes of Sir Hugh Middleton, whose gracious person, in full robes, forms a very handsome frontispiece to the book. Succeeding to which is a description of the other water-works that supply this vast metropolis. All that is necessary to be known on these matters is fully detailed. We are then taken to Liverpool, and other parts of the country, and when the author has nearly exhausted the subject at home, he opens fresh springs, and falls back upon antiquity, and immerses us in the wells at Athens, truth, we well know, lying at the bottom. From thence we return to the modern world, and rove over parts of Asia and Africa, still upon the water, and the contrivances used to make it, in a thousand ways, serviceable to man. Paris, and foreign European establishments, are not omitted. Hydraulics follows, considered as a science, with much other useful information, all appertaining to the subject matter. It is almost a duty for a resident in London, to make himself acquainted with the contents of this book. The reader will find an able instructor on all points connected with the subject he has undertaken, in Mr. Matthews. To conclude, we are convinced, without having any fears of this gentleman suffering from hydrocephalous affections, that there is no man living who has more water in his head.

Treatises on the high Veneration that Man's Intellect owes to God, in Things above Reason, and on the Style of the Holy Scriptures. By the Hon. ROBERT BOYLE. *With an Introductory Essay,* by HENRY ROGERS, Author of "Critical and Biographical Introductions to the Works of Jonathan Edwards, Edmund Burke, and Jeremy Taylor." John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

Eighteen volumes of the Sacred Classics have appeared consecutively, with increasing patronage and reputation. This work was a good and a called-for undertaking, and we rejoice at its success, as much on account of its intrinsic merits, as for the unequivocal indication that it gives of the extent of piety in the people, and their attachment to sound religious principles. The treatise that occupies this volume, a very able one, is the first] work from the pen of Laic that has appeared in the Sacred Classics. Mr. Rogers, a layman also we presume, has written a very judicious and elegantly expressed commentary upon it, which commentary, had we the space, we would quote, as the most fitting literary notice of the treatise. It is on a subject involving high considerations, proving to us most satisfactorily, that it is most reasonable to surrender up, on many inscrutable points, the vain-gloriousness of our reason, at the altar of faith, in exchange for heavenly love, and promises of eternal happiness. It is a consolatory production to those perplexed with religious doubts, and, to them especially, we most heartily recommend it.

The Wife; or, Women as They Are. A Domestic Drama. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co., Paternoster Row.

It is a pity that the fair dramatist has not talents equal to the excellence of her heart, and wit as clear as the purity of her sentiments. She has failed in the attempt of nobly working out her noble imagining. Her plot is common-place, her style poor, and her expressions overstrained, whilst her moral, and the graphic sketches that accompany it, by George Cruikshank, are excellent. We were never more eager to commend, and grieve that greater occasion has not been afforded us.

The Popular Encyclopedia; being a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy. Reprinted from the American Edition of the "Conversations Lexicon," with Corrections and Additions, so as to render it suitable to this Country, and brought down to the Present Time, and Dissertations on the Rise and Progress of Literature, by S. D. K. SANDFORD, D.C.L., M.P. *On the Progress of Science, by* THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. *And on the Progress of the Fine Arts, by* ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq. Blackie and Son, East Clyde Street, Glasgow; and South College Street, Edinburgh.

We have given the whole title-page, in order that those who are unacquainted with this useful work, may see what the projectors offer for the public patronage that they so much deserve. This part commences at the word England, on which country a very elaborate and judiciously condensed article is given, and terminates in the middle of Germany. The descriptive plates are, as usual, of the first character; and the one appertaining to engraving presents the different styles of that beautiful art. Not only is the work a necessary appendage to a library, but a useful inmate in every house. We long to see its completion, and if it be worked out to its termination with the same skill and industry with which it has been hitherto conducted, we shall say that England can boast of one more national work; and though, in the first instance, an adopted one, by improvements and additions, she may then fairly call it her own.

Poems. By ALBIUS. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

These poems are mostly constructed upon the classic model, and are indifferent. They are exceedingly crude, and should have been submitted to the castigating touch of some friend—a practised writer. One of his poems has the following inaccurate title—"The indispensable Requisites and Qualifications for an accomplished Poet, with the best rules for acquiring that sublime study." What sublime study? No doubt Albius means the study of poetry, but poetry is no where mentioned in his sentence. Well, the title to the piece that thus professes to give the rules to acquire poetry, or the study of it, or whatever else is meant, is followed by the poem, which consistently enough asserts that—

> "No precept, rule, or beaten tracts of time
> Can give the force and harmony of rhyme;
> Untaught, unstudied is the poet's verse,
> Who, with the Muses, only would converse."

We recommend Albius to put this little volume in the place where Dr. Johnson recommended the lady to put her irons.

A Voice from the Dormitory; being a Collection of Sacred Poems, the majority of which are from Old Authors. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

The design of this short work is good, and the selection that it contains a judicious one. Many of the poems read like warning voices, musical to us, from the grave. A serious hour could not be better employed than in solemn contemplation over the contents of this volume.

***Men and Manners in Great Britain; or a Bone to Gnaw for the Trollopes, Fiddlers, &c. Being Notes from a Journal on Sea and on Land in* 1833-34.** By GRANT THORBURN, Seedsman, New York. John Reid and Co. Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittaker and Co. London.

Here is this pleasantly, absurd old gentleman, before the public again. What a magnificent person this seedsman must be in Grant Thorburn's eyes! Let every body read this who owns the name of English, in order that they may see the estimation we are held in by this naturalized American. He is, after all, a shrewd fellow, with a huge vanity. His editor seems to have appreciated him properly, and certainly acted judiciously in permitting him to appear before us, exactly as he is. Some folks work themselves into notoriety by very singular means.

Standard French Works. Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient,* (1832-1833,) *ou Notes d'un Voyageur. Par M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Membre de l'Academie Française. En deux volumes. Edward Churton, Holles Street; J. B. Bailliere, 219, Regent Street.

We presume that this highly-imaginative work of Lamartine is to herald in a continued publication of standard French works. We are glad of it, and thank the projectors for their intention. They could not have chosen a more fit subject to commence with. These eastern travels breathe of the best poetry, and offer the reader a succession of pictures as brilliant as they are true. To the phlegmatic Englishman, no doubt but some of the descriptions must seem a little too vivid, and many of the expressions appear too intense for sober reality: but a Frenchman, if he be pleased, seldom stops short of rapture; if displeased, of disgust. In a poetical temperament we must expect all this in the extreme. It is to this that we owe the highly-coloured yet beautiful description of the personal charms of Mademoiselle Malagamba. With all its glowing tints, this certainly is a work of extraordinary beauty, and will, we are sure, become as popular in this country as it is in France. These delineations of the places that Lamartine visited are very corroborative of the accounts given to us, by many recent English writers, yet we must confess that none of them have made so splendid a use of their opportunities as has Lamartine.

The Student's Cabinet Library of useful Tracts. Thomas Clarke, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; Curry and Co., and Wakeman, Dublin.

We have received several numbers of this publication, which we have looked through, and find them instructive. They are principally scientific, and directed to the attention of those who are supposed to be forming themselves for the liberal professions, and who have made some progress in their attainments. In these numbers, scarce and valuable tracts are printed, which are not always procurable, on account of the expense, by young persons. The price is moderate, being at the rate of sixty-four pages closely and well printed, for a shilling. We doubt not but that they will command success.

Q. Horatii Flacci opera omnia ex Recensione Frid. Guil. Doering. With Explanatory Notes, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Lay Professor of Languages in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School. John R. Priestley, 47, High Holborn.

We have before expressed our opinion, that this is the most complete, as well as the most correct, and the most elaborate edition of Horace extant. The learned and recondite commentaries on the works of this pleasing poet, are a study of themselves, not only as regards their philological research, but as giving a wonderful insight into the manners, customs, and individual habits of the surprising people whose favourite poet Horace could proudly boast himself. It would be needless for us to descant long upon the merits of a publication, which the world prize so much as to demand a second edition. Reprints of the Classics, without they be mere school-books, seldom attain many repetitions, and nothing but extraordinary merit can procure for them any thing like a sale commensurate with the labour and the learning bestowed upon them. We wish this edition as much success as the first, and trust that it will see many junior brothers.

Brambletye House; or, Cavaliers and Roundheads. By HORACE SMITH, Esq. Published for Henry Colburn, by Richard Bentley, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

The first volume of this well-appreciated novel forms the sixth number of that popular undertaking, "Colburn's Modern Novelists." To expatiate, in this place, on the merits of Mr. Smith's work, would be matter of supererogation. The fiat of criticism has been pronounced, and from its favourable dictum we should be the last persons in the world to dissent. This volume is embellished by a very finely-engraved portrait of the author, and has one of the scenes of the work as a vignette title-page. The whole is produced in a neat manner, and the material does justice to the intellectual part of the work.

Perils in the Woods; or, The Emigrant Family's Return. A Tale. By the Author of "The Children's Fireside," "The Wanderings of Tom Starboard," &c. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This tale is good, and very good. There is a manliness about it that is very palatable to the young, to whom it is addressed, and for whom it is written. The author treats the future men and women with a respect that must make them feel their own value, and endeavour to enhance it, not like some story-tellers, who looking upon their auditors as children, give them no wish to start beyond the simple bounds of childhood. Yet we think that the story draws a little too largely, now and then, upon juvenile credulity. The plates are very fair, and the book, all together, is an addition to a school-boy's library.

A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmiester. By W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

This valuable and scientific translation continues to be as interesting as are its former numbers, and will deservedly take its place among the works necessary to a good library. It has not yet got beyond mere elementary definitions.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-eight Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

This fourth number, with its beautiful accompaniments, is principally occupied by Rogers' minor poems, with a part of the Voyage of Columbus. The plates are exquisite; and when the work is complete and bound in a manner worthy of its contents, there will be hardly any edition of our modern poets better illuminated, or more complete.

A Lady's Gift; or Woman as she ought to be. By JANE KINDELLY STANFORD. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

It is a very presumptuous thing to pretend to say "what woman ought to be," considering the exquisite perfections of which she is capable; but we know what we should like to see her, and that would be precisely what the lady who wrote this pleasing book has described her to be. There is something peculiar in the tale, that required great delicacy in the handling of it, and that delicacy is sweetly displayed. The whole story is rather of a serious cast, tending to make amusement, and the curiosity of a deeply-felt interest, conducive to pious feelings; yet we wish not to intimidate the gayer class of our readers, by supposing this is a sermon in disguise, or that in perusing it they will be entrapped into a sectarian homily.

Tales of the Rhenish Chivalry, founded on the Records of History and Tradition. By EDWARD P. TURNERELLI. William Marsh, Oxford Street.

There is much of the true spirit of the antique times in these tales. Though they treat professedly of chivalrous achievements, they have a great deal of matter in them that is truly humorous—witness the ladies' tournament. Most of the scenes described in this small volume are of an exciting nature, and they can hardly be read without some portion of ennobling emotion. The style of the narrative is very good, and, on the whole, the author has treated his subjects in a pleasing, and sometimes an impressive manner. We wish the work success, and that it may be the precursor of a longer attempt on the part of the author.

Mary and Florence; or, Grave and Gay. By A. F. T. J. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly.

A very pleasing young ladies' book, replete with instruction, scientific, as well as intellectual and moral. In this unpretending volume, religion is presented to the youthful eye, in a view so enchanting and so beautiful, that it must be loved for its own sake. As the young cannot, in their hours of recreation, be better employed than in perusing works of a tendency and merit similar to this, we can hardly think the author could be better employed than in writing more of them.

JAMES KNOWLES' *Critical Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary.* Porquet and Cooper, Tavistock Street, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Webb, Dublin.

This valuable work has reached its sixth part, and we have only space to say, that it in no way declines as it draws towards its termination.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Laird of Logan; or Wit of the West. By John D. Carrick. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
On the Nature of Thought; or, the Art of Thinking. By John Haldam, M.D. 8vo. 2s.
England and Wales; from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. Part 19, royal 4to. 14s.; imp. 4to. proofs, 21s.; imp. 4to. India proofs, 1l. 11s. 6d.; imp. folio, India proofs, before letters, 2l. 12s. 6d.; imp. folio, India proofs, before letters, with etchings, 3l. 3s.
Scott's Lady of the Lake, With the Author's Notes. 18mo. 3s.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, ditto, ditto.
Marmion, ditto, ditto.
Elements of Practical Harmony. By John Valentine. 8vo. 5s.
How to observe Geology. By H. S. Delabeche. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Record Commission; Rotuli Curiæ Regis. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1l. 10s.
Plantagenet; a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Reminiscences relating to Rev. John Ryland. By W. Newman, D.D. 12mo. 4s.
L. Koecker's Essay on Artificial Teeth. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Taylor's Builder's Price Book, corrected for 1835. 8vo. 3s.
Smeaton's Painter's, Gilder's, and Varnisher's Manual. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Horse-Shoe Robinson. By J. P. Kennedy. 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.
Guide to the Morning and Evening Service. By Thomas Steven. 18mo. 4s.
A Manual of the Sects and Heresies of the Early Christian Church. 12mo. 3s.
Ditto, interleaved. 4s.
African Light on Christian Text. By the Rev. John Campbell. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Eclogæ Lucretianæ, in use at Bury School. By the Rev. John Edwards, A.M. 8vo. 5s.
Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakspeare, with Notes. By Charles Lamb. 2 vols. fcp. 14s.
Stories of Strange Lands. By Mrs. Lee. 8vo. 15s.
Ernest Campbell. By John Anslie, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Cortes; or the Fall of Mexico. By Dr. Bird, Author of "Calavar." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s.
The Noble Deeds of Woman. fcp. 7s. 6d.
Perils in the Woods; a Tale, with Engravings. 12mo. 6s.
Rev. W. Kirby's History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals; being the 7th Bridgewater Treatise. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.
Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief. By the Rev. James Wills. 8vo. 7s.
Senior's Statement of the Provision for the Poor. 8vo. 7s.
Works of the Rev. R. Watson. Vol. IV. (being Vol. III. of his Sermons.) 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Mountain's Twenty-one Sermons on various Subjects. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
The History of the Assassins. Translated from the German, by Dr. O. C. Wood. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Valpy's History of England, Illustrated. Vol. XVI. Being the Third Vol. of the Continuation of Smollett's History By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. 5s.
Pope's Works, Illustrated. Vol. III. with Notes, &c. By Rev. Dr. Croly. 5s.
The Young Travellers in South America By G. A. Being a popular Introduction to the History of that most interesting Region of the Globe. 1 vol. duod. 7s.
The Happy Moment; or, Recollections of a departed Son. By the Rev. John East, M.A. fcp. 2s.
Paley's Theology. By Lord Brougham. Vol. I. Second Edition. 8vo. 8s.
Zandotti's Table of the Italian Verbs. Case, 4s.
Saul's Arithmetic. New Edit. 12mo. 2s.
Juvenal and Persius, with English Notes. By Dr. Stocker. 8vo. 14s.
Hayley's Life of Cowper, complete in 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.
Bosworth Field; a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
The Childhood of Jesus. 32mo. 6d.
Drops of Dew. 64mo. 1s. 6d.
Stewart's Modern Geography, with Ten new Maps. 5th edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Trotter's Lessons in Arithmetic. New edit. 18mo. 6*d*.
Key to ditto. 18mo. 6*d*.
Early Impressions. 18mo. 2*s*.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of the Anglo-Indian Society.

A German Translation of the whole Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmud is announced by M. Pinner; a work desirable in the study of Divinity and of the Shemitic Languages, and especially of Jewish History.

The Comic Essayists, in volumes, appearing every alternate month, and printed uniformly with "Colburn's Novelists," &c. is announced; to consist of a Collection of some of the best light and humorous Prose Papers which have appeared within the last Fifteen Years. Mr. J. Poole, author of "Paul Pry," "Sketches," &c. is to be the Editor.

The Sixth and concluding Part of the New and Cheaper Edition of Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs of Ireland and the Union.

Roman-British Coins; or Coins of the Romans struck in and relating to the Province of Britain. Properly Illustrated and Explained, by J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A.

The First Part of a Series of 143 Plates of Roman Coins and Medals, comprising all the important varieties of the Consular or Family Series, and those of the Empire, from Pompey the Great down to Trajan Decius, by the late Rev. Dr. J. Glen King.

Rainbow Sketches; consisting of Comic and Serious Tales, Poems, &c. by J. Francis, author of "Sunshine; or Lays for Ladies," &c.

FINE ARTS.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Author of the "Landscape Annual." *Embellished with highly-finished Engravings, by* W. Radcliffe, *from Drawings made expressly for this Work, by* Cattermole, Cox, and Creswick. Charles Tilt, and Simpkin and Marshall, London; Menzies, Edinburgh; Wrightson and Webb, Birmingham.

In this number, which is the third, good as were the engravings of the previous ones, they seem to improve. Dolbadern Tower, and the surrounding scenery, are wild and picturesque, and the engraver seems to have caught the spirit of the place. Cader Idris does not present so wide a range, nor so magnificent a back ground, but it is romantic, and, as a piece of art, well finished. The third plate is historical, and portrays Bolingbroke doing homage to Richard II. A well-grouped picture, and, for its small scale, containing much character. The pen of the Editor has equal merit with the burin of the engraver, for his history of Wales, and his descriptions of its romantic scenery, are done in a pleasant agreeable style, as void of affectation as it is of tediousness.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery, a Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and Germany, and Picturesque Portions of the European Continent. From original Drawings, taken expressly for this Work. By Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. R. A. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Being about to notice the first number, we have given the title of it entire. It is dedicated, by permission, to the King. It contains, besides well-written letter-press, descriptive of the scenery, Stanfield's well-known superb and grand view of

"St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall." This plate, which is elegantly engraved, stands as a sort of frontispiece. We have then an inland view of "St. Michael's Mount, Normandy," highly interesting in the grandeur of its old Gothic architecture. Spire and pinnacle seem towering emulously over each other in majestic confusion. It is a spirited view, and the engraver has caught much of the artist's exquisite manner. "Falmouth" is a view peculiarly English, with its old hulk, a dismantled second-rate, with that innovation on the seas, a steam-boat in the middle distance. The last engraving of this number is a faithful view of "Bottallack Mine, Cornwall." It is of a singular description, and causes our admiration at the intrepidity and ingenuity of man, in placing habitations, and carrying on works, in spots so hazardous. The whole number does honour to the state of the fine arts in England, which are already much indebted to the talents of Mr. Stanfield.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by STANFIELD, TURNER, CALCOTT, R. A. S. *and other eminent Artists, &c. &c. With Descriptions of the Plates.* By the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D. &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This publication preserves its high character. It has reached the sixteenth number, and contains views of "Rhodes," the "Sepulchres of the Sons of David," the "Gate of Balbec," and the "Range of Lebanon from the Sea-coast, near Tripoli." These are all of a superior description, more especially that of Balbec, by Stanfield, after a sketch by Charles Barry, Esq. It is at the same time one of the most melancholy, the most picturesque, and the most beautiful views we could conceive. The noble ruins have grouped themselves, in their fallen grandeur, as if they had done it purposely for effect. It is altogether a charming number.

Attack of a Baggage-Waggon at Naseby Field, in 1645. *Dedicated to the Earl of Durham. Painted and Etched by* HENRY MELLING. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

A well-grouped and spirited composition, with excellent management of light and shade. There is energy and life in the figures, and, though professedly but an etching, has a tolerably finished effect. It is altogether a picture of power.

View of Thebes, Burford's Panorama, Leicester Square.

Having accompanied a gentleman to this exhibition, who has been long resident near the spot, and who is perfectly well acquainted with these splendid ruins, we can assure our readers, from his authority, that the picture is a strictly faithful representation of them. As a piece of art, it is of the finest order, and the groups that are introduced are not only highly characteristic, but a great improvement to the general effect. The spectator, viewing this panorama, cannot help throwing his mind back some thousands of years, and wondering as he looks upon those magnificent debris, whether our boasted civilization is really the vast improvement upon other ages, that we are so fond to believe. That this "View of Thebes" will have great attractions for all classes, we cannot for a moment doubt, and we hope that the artist will be amply repaid by a liberal patronage, for the exercise of talents in so laudable an undertaking, and one so consonant with good taste. Looking upon a view like this is drinking up, at a glance, more correct information as to the topography, and the general appearance of this classical spot, than any volume, however large, or however well written, could convey.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

SINCE our last, no new markets have been opened to British enterprise, nor have the demands in the old ones materially increased. Nations that

were bound hand and foot during the late wars, have now cast away their shackles, and are running with us actively in the race of commerce. We must now depend entirely upon ourselves, and our colonies, as there seems but little inclination abroad to give us any thing resembling a preference. Our manufactures, those natural feeders to our commerce, are going on without much marked improvement. Here there is a stir, there a stagnation. Agriculture is still dreadfully depressed.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 26th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 216, 217.—Consols for Account, July 16, 91 quarter, three-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 90 three-eighths, half.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 half, three-quarters.—Exchequer Bills, 1000l., 27s., 29s.—India Bonds, 7s., 9s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 82 half, 83.—Columbian, Six per Cent., 36 half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 55 half, three-quarters.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 36 half.—Spanish, 1822, Five per Cent., 41 half, 42.

SHARES.

Real del Monte, unregistered, 24l. 25l.—British American Land, 6l. 10s.—Provincial Bank of Ireland, 48l. 5s., 48l.

THE MONEY MARKET.—In the beginning of last month there was much excitement on the Stock Exchange, and all securities fell, both British and foreign. This was owing to the news from Spain. Consols became so low as 90¼. It is said that the Stock Exchange experienced the severest blow that it had felt since its establishment. About the 8th a reaction took place in English securities, and Consols rose to 91¼, though all foreign securities remained depressed. About the middle of the month the Consols rose still higher, 91¾ and 92 for the account. Other stock much depressed, and many defaulters declared. Towards the close of the month English securities maintained their value, but the depreciation in all foreign funds was dreadful. The above is the state of the Money Market on the 26th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 26, TO JUNE 19, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

May 26.—T. Palmer, Worcester, cattle dealer.—T. Harvie, Jerusalem Coffee House, merchant.—W. Parker, Steel Yard, Upper Thames Street, lead merchant.—J. T. Swainson, Liverpool, merchant.—M. Mason, Preston, Yorkshire, farmer.—G. Wright, Sheffield, coach proprietor.—T. Scott, Liverpool, linen manufacturer.—R. Gillett, Duffield, Derbyshire, brickmaker.—G. Beardmore, Burslem, Staffordshire, builder.—G. B. and J. Highfield, Liverpool, and S. Highfield, Leghorn, merchants.—H. Bullen, Liverpool, brewer.

May 29.—W. Burrows, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, plumber.—W. Day, Providence Buildings, New Kent Road, plumber.—J. C. Stretch, Worcester, auctioneer.—J. Bushill, Jun., Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, bricklayer.—J. P. Harvey, Bury St. Edmund's, malster.—J. M. Bird, Liverpool, chemist.

June 2.—E. Stockwell, Uxbridge, chemist.—C. W. Pratt, West Smithfield, sheep salesman.—J. Bishton, Dawley, Shropshire, ironmaster.—T. Eveleigh, Lamb's Conduit Street, furniture dealer.—H. Knox, Park Street, Marylebone, merchant.—R. R. Reinagle, Fitzroy Square, agent.—W. C. Empson, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, money scrivener.—J. Smethurst and J. Wallwork, Rochdale, Lancashire, coal merchants.—S. Kingsford, Sturry, Kent, miller.—R. Jukes, Gornall, Staffordshire, currier.—J. Hall, Kidderminster, victualler.—J. C. H. Meyer, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, watchmaker.—J. Bradbury, Sheffield, cutler.—J. and T. Honychurch, Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, potters.

June 5.—W. Braithwaite, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, stationer.—J. Cobb, St. Anne's Place, Commercial Road, Limehouse, stage coach master.—G. Clarke, Stonecutter Street, Farringdon Street, shoemaker.—J. Noble, Westgate, Northumberland, shipowner.—R. Tilley, King Street, Holborn, coach maker.—J. Begbie, Cartwright Street, Rosemary Lane, victualler.—C. H. Mueller, Norwich, music seller.—W. Lovett, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, innkeeper.—F. H. Bradbeer, Salisbury, draper.—G. Blenkin, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.—J. Kay, Liverpool, coal merchant.—J. Ward, Little Sheffield, victualler.

June 9.—T. S. Turner, Weymouth Terrace, Hackney, builder.—T. Busby, Sittingbourne, grocer.—J. Dorman, Frederick's Place, Old Kent Road, china dealer.—E. Lacey, Loughborough, baker.—R. Pearson, Blackburn, muslin manufacturer.—W. North, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.—W. and W. Levett, Kings-

ton-upon-Hull, merchants.—W. Sutton, Birmingham, brass founder.—G. Hall, Trowse, Newton, Norfolk, builder.—T. Hankinson, Macclesfield, grocer.—E. Perkins, Northampton, gardener.

June 12.—J. and E. Payne, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, coach lace manufacturers.—J. Brandon, Fenchurch Street, broker.—T. Partington, Oxford Street, confectioner.—W. Hawkins, Warwick, builder.—W. Burton, Great Glenn, Leicestershire, currier.—S. S. Slater, Kingston-upon-Hull, corn merchant.—H. Goode, Birmingham, wholesale grocer.

June 16.—M. Williams, Neath, Glamorganshire, linen draper.—R. Lee, R. J. Brassey, F. Farr, and G. Lee, Lombard Street, bankers.—P. and W. Squire, Southmoulton, Devonshire, linen draper.—H. S. Shrapnel and M. Jonsiff, Birmingham, grocers.—S. Cooper, Bath, grocer.—J. Syms, Trowbridge, clothier.—J. M. Corthorn, March, Cambridgeshire, sheep salesman.—T. and J. Taylor, Hedon, Yorkshire, merchants.—J. Scott, Berwick-upon-Tweed, currier.—S Gribble, Derby, hatter.—W. Taylor, Liverpool, apothecary.—W. Barnes, Andover, ironmonger.—W. Donkin, North Shields, wine merchant.—J. Weatherley, North Shields, wine merchant.—G. Lillie and J. Patterson, Liverpool, merchants.

June 19.—H. Powell, Newington Butts, linen draper.—S. M. Stable, Fenchurch Street, wine merchant.—T. Wilson, Barnard's Inn, money scrivener.—W. Bellringer, Millbank Street, Westminster, butcher.—T. Pickford, Whitechapel, rectifier.—W. Gray, Lambeth Marsh, cheesemonger.—T. Carter, Berwick Street, Soho, tailor.—C. Lea, Haighton, Flintshire, miller.—T. White, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.—H. Parker, Chichester, wine merchant.—P. Hewes, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, grocer.—R. Gough, Congresby, Somersetshire, land surveyor.—W. Inman, Birmingham, wire worker.—J. Braddock and S. Barnes, Oldham, machine breakers.—C. Priestley, Fishergate, near York, glass manufacturer.—J. Brittain, Kingston-upon-Hull, hop merchant.—J. M. Corthorn, March, Cambridgeshire, sheep salesman.—J. M. Wood, Norwich, painter.—G. Tapscott, Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, currier.—J. Gage, Dulverton, Somersetshire, carpenter.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Stevenson, of Leith, Merchant, and J. Ruthven, of Edinburgh, Mechanician, for a method of cutting wood by certain improved instruments. April 28th, 6 months.

C. W. R. Rickard, of Thistle Grove, Kensington, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements on boilers applicable to steam-engines and other purposes. April 28th, 6 months.

W. S. Potter, of Verulam Buildings, Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements in rendering fabrics water-proof. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 28th, 6 months.

J. Somerville, Clerk, Minister of Currie, Edinburgh, for certain improvements in the construction of guns or muskets, and other such fire-arms. April 28th, 6 months.

I. Dodds, of Horsley Iron Works, in the Parish of Tipton, Stafford, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of fire-arms, part or parts of which improvements may be applied in the making and using of common and other ordnance. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Reynolds, of Oakwood, near Neeth, Glamorgan, Iron Master, for certain improvements in railways. May 5th, 6 months.

W. Simpson, of Evesham, Worcester, Jobbing Smith, for a safety drag or lever slide for carriages. May 9th, 6 months.

J. Fgg, of Piccadilly, Middlesex, Gun Maker, for improvements in certain descriptions of fire-arms. May 9th, 6 months.

A. H. J. F. Valois, of the City of Lyons, in the Kingdom of France, but now residing at No. 9, Artillery Place, Finsbury Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the mode or method of producing engravings, etchings, or reliefs, on metallic plates, (for producing impressions therefrom,) and in the apparatus used in the same. May 13th, 6 months.

T. Dunkin, of Bordeaux, in the Kingdom of France, but now residing at No. 2, Trinity Place, Charing Cross, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, late Officer in the 18th Regiment of Hussars, for certain improvements in the mode, method, or system of obtaining or producing duplicate copies of manuscripts, writings, and drawings, and in the apparatus or machinery used in the same. May 13th, 6 months.

C. Chubb, of St. Paul's Church Yard, in the City of London, Patent Lock Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the means of making secure receptacles for property, such receptacles being either fixed or transportable, and being such as are usually called strong doors, safes, chests, and boxes. May 13th, 6 months.

H. Dunnington, of Nottingham, and W. Copestake, of Stapleford, Notts, Lace Manufacturers, for certain improvements in making or manufacturing lace. May 13th, 6 months.

J. Buchanan, of Ramsbottom, Lancaster, Millwright, for certain improvements in the construction of cylinder printing machines used for printing paper, calico, and other fabrics. May 13th, 6 months.

P. F. Fischer, of Great Marlborough Street, Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements on piano fortes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 13th, 6 months.

J. Ody, of the Strand, Middlesex, Patent Truss Manufacturer, for an improved construction of water closets. May 13th, 4 months.

C. Schafhautl, of No. 77, Cannon Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an improvement in the mode of manufacturing malleable iron. May 13th, 6 months.

A. Dumoulin, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements in gas apparatus. May 19th, 6 months.

W. Patterson, of Dublin, Gentleman, for a new material for tanning hides and skins, which is also applicable to other purposes. May 20th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
May					
23	41-70	30,00-30,04	N.W.	,025	Clear.
24	49-74	29,98-29,90	N.E & N.		Clear.
25	50-66	29,83-29,73	W. b. S.		Clear, except the evening.
26	44-59	29,56-29,46	S.W.		General cloud; showers frequent.
27	40-61	29,40-29,57	N.W.	,025	Cloudy; rain in the evening.
28	38-64	29,84-29,90	N.E.		Generally clear.
29	37-60	29,96-29,98	N. b. W.		Generally clear, dark clouds passing at times.
30	37-65	29,89-29,77	N.W. & W.		Generally clear, dark clouds passing at times.
31	41-57	29,65-29,61	S. & W.		Cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
June					
1	47-61	29,54-29,59	N.W.	,225	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
2	49-67	29,65-29,71	N.E.	,15	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
3	51-70	29,78-29,80	N.	,05	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
4	51-67	29,89-29,96	N.	,025	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
5	45 62	Stat. 29,96	N.		Cloudy, frequent intervals of sunshine.
6	51-80	29,98 30,00	E. b. N.		Clear.
7	59-80	30,04-30,00	N. b. E. & S.E.		Clear.
8	53-82	30,04-30,06	S.E.		Thunder and lightning in the P.M. otherwise clear.
9	57-83	30,09-30,15	E.		A thunder storm in the even., with rain and hail.
10	50-83	30,20-30,22	N. b. W.	,075	Clear.
11	55-84	30,26-30,28	N.E.		Clear, many clouds passing at times.
12	53 83	Stat. 30,29	N.E		Clear, many clouds passing at times.
13	51-82	Stat. 30,29	N.W. & N.		Clear, many clouds passing at times.
14	53 80	30,27-30,23	N.E.		Clear, many clouds passing at times.
15	50-76	30,14-30,05	N. b. E.		Clear, many clouds passing at times.
16	54-75	30,09-30,17	N. b. E.		Clear, except the morning.
17	61-76	30,09-30,05	N.W.		Cloudy, a little rain during the night.
18	58-73	Stat. 30,00	N.W.		Cloudy, a little rain during the night.
19	60-77	29,95-29,90	W. & S.W.		Generally clear.
20	58-75	29,85-29,81	S.W.		Generally clear, dark clouds passing at times.
21	51-71	29,83-29,88	S.W.		Generally clear, dark clouds passing at times.
22	49-73	29,78-29,67	S.W.		Cloudy, frequent intervals of sunshine.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Linnæan Society.—The Duke of Somerset in the chair.—The president nominated Robert Brown, Esq., Edward Forster, Esq., Dr. Horsfield, and A. B. Lambert, Esq., to be vice-presidents of the society for the present year. There was read an account of the galls found on a species of oak from the shores of the Dead Sea, which have been mistaken for the fruits of certain plants; and a note on the mustard-plant of Scripture, by Mr. Lambert. Also, descriptions of five new species of the genus *pinus*, discovered by Dr. Coulter, in California, by Mr. Don, Lib. L. S.—At the meeting on Tuesday evening, a paper was read, being some observations on the screech-owl, by Mr. Knight; and, also, a memoir on the metamorphosis in the macroura of the class *crustacea*, by J. V. Thompson, deputy-inspector of hospitals. Mr. Christy exhibited a flowering specimen of that very rare British plant, *Liparis Læselii*, from Bottisham Fen, Cambridgeshire.

Royal Institution.—On Friday week the evening meetings of this Institution closed, with a lecture on the "History and manufacture of gunpowder," by Mr. Henry Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson quoted a variety of authors, ancient and modern, to prove that gunpowder had been known in China and India beyond all periods of investigation, and observed, that in the Gentoo laws, supposed to be coeval with Moses, there was a prohibition of the use of gunpowder and fire-arms. He then minutely described all the progressive stages of the manufacture of gunpowder, and produced specimens of each ingredient in its various states, and concluded with a variety of interesting experiments, to show the quantity of permanently elastic fluid generated by the ignition of gunpowder. This he effected by firing gunpowder under water, and collecting the gases in the pneumatic trough. The enormous amount of gunpowder consumed in war he illustrated, by stating the quantities used at the sieges of San Sebastian, Badajos, and Ciudad Rodrigo; and he concluded with several curious experiments, showing the effect of fulminating powders on gunpowder. A train of fulminating powder was drawn across another of gunpowder, and the fulminating powder inflamed; which passed with such rapidity over the gunpowder that it merely separated without igniting it. He then sent the flame of fulminating powder through a box full of gunpowder without igniting it; and proved, by other experiments, that the ignition depended on the velocity with which the flame was transmitted. The whole lecture gave very great satisfaction to a numerous auditory. At its conclusion, Mr. Faraday addressed the audience on topics of general interest to the Institution, and of consequence to the scientific world.

Zoological Society.—At the usual monthly meeting on Thursday, Mr. Hardisty in the chair, it appeared that a deputation of the fellows, composed of Dr. Bostock, Sir C. Forbes, and Sir J. Sebright, had waited on the council with a resolution, to the effect that it would promote the welfare of the Society and a more friendly feeling among the members, if the council were in future to be guided in the election of officers by a combined principle of length of appointment and non-attendance at the business meetings; *i. e.* that two members of council should be selected to go out by seniority of appointment, and three by the fewest number of attendances. The president, treasurer, and secretary, to be exempted. To this resolution the council agreed, and it was arranged that it should be submitted to the consideration of the members of the Society, who of course will agree to it.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Instantaneous Firing Signals.—We earnestly recommend the above to all persons in any way connected with the sea, as the most effective signal light hitherto invented. The extreme difficulty, and in many cases the impossibility of procuring a light to fire a signal, has frequently been the cause of serious loss of property and the sacrifice of many valuable lives; to remedy which, the Inventor submits to notice a Signal possessing the following properties; viz. it is ignited with the greatest

facility, nothing more being required than to strike the conical end with sufficient force on the deck, or other convenient place, when it will instantly burst forth with a vivid flame, which neither wind nor rain can possibly extinguish. It will be found, on trial, far superior to any signal light at present used and fired by a port fire, as it can be used with the same facility during the most severe tempest or the most perfect calm. It is rendered perfectly water-tight, so that it cannot be injured by damp. It is quite as safe as the signal now in use, the blow required to fire it being so strong, that nothing but extreme negligence could possibly cause an accident; and it cannot be ignited by a spark of fire. To coasting vessels it will be found of the greatest service; for if the helmsman and the watch were provided with one or two, properly placed within their reach, it would, in many cases, prevent serious accidents from one ship running foul of another, as it frequently happens from the difficulty of the watch making himself heard in sufficient time to prevent the ships coming in contact. To the coast blockade they will be found of the greatest service. It is unnecessary to enumerate all the advantages of this signal over the old one, as it has been tried by several experienced Naval Officers, and highly approved of by them: we can speak with confidence as to its utility, having tried them repeatedly ourselves, in the presence of several captains of his Majesty's Navy, and other scientific gentlemen. They are the invention of Mr. Robson, of 77, Lower Thames Street, opposite the Custom House, London, and we earnestly recommend them to the notice of his Majesty's Navy, the Merchant Service, and the Philanthropist.

Ancient Depôt of Provisions.—The Prefect of La Moselle has transmitted to the French Minister for Public Instruction, an account of the following discovery. Two men, while digging a pit in a forest, on the 31st of last January, situated in the commune of Neunkirch, (arrondissement of Sarguemines,) came to a mass of masonry, more than three feet from the surface; it was put together with a species of mortar, and on breaking into it, they discovered a solid piece five inches square. On removing this, they perceived an opening into a small cave or cellar, two feet deep, and four and a half wide, which contained from six to seven hectolitres of corn. It formed an entire and black mass, but proved to be extremely friable. A large old tree, growing over the spot, attests its ancient date, but the prefect assigns it to a very remote invasion of the Swedes, whose army committed great ravages in that country in the 16th century.

Anatomical Phenomenon.—The Brussels papers state, that a remarkable phenomenon has just been observed at the hospital of St. Pierre, in that city. A youth of fifteen, died of typhus, and, on dissection, it was discovered that the heart, and the other organs, which, in their natural state, are on the left side, were, in this individual, situated on the right; and the liver, the place of which is on the right side, was on the left, and the same with the other viscera.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—July, 1835.

House of Lords, May 25.—A great number of petitions in favour of the grant to the Established Church in Scotland were presented.—Lord Melbourne said, in reply to some remarks of the Duke of Richmond, that he should submit, as soon as possible, a Bill to the House, founded on the report of the Select Committee on Prison Discipline.—Lord Brougham, in answer to a question from the Marquess of Westmeath, intimated that he should persevere with his Bill for the Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts, if the matter was not followed up in the Lower House.—A short discussion on the late procession in Dublin took place, in which Lord Roden, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Leitrim participated. The Premier refused to assent to the production of the despatch of Lord Mulgrave, which had reference to this subject.

May 26.—Lord Duncannon presented a petition from two Commissioners of Education in Ireland, complaining of a charge imputing to them unfair and partial conduct. The charge was contained in a notice given by the Bishop of Exeter,

and permitted to hang over them without being investigated.—The Bishop of Exeter declared that various circumstances had interfered with the presentation of the petition, and amongst others the change of Ministers.—Lord Brougham with great warmth attacked the different positions of the Right Rev. Prelate, and defended the conduct of the Commissioners, whom he considered most unjustly treated.—The Bishop of Exeter declared that he should take his own time for presenting the petition.—The Duke of Wellington, in reply to a question from the Earl of Radnor, said that he had no further knowledge of the proceedings at the University of Oxford, relative to a proposition having been submitted to the authorities, the object of which was to substitute a declaration on admission, in place of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, than that such declaration had been proposed and rejected.—The Marquess of Londonderry postponed, until Tuesday next, the presentation of the petition from Ireland, signed by 50,000 Protestants.

May 27.—The Earl of Roseberry, in directing attention to the report of the Lords of Session on Scotch entails, expressed a wish for the adoption of the following provisions:—1st, to prevent the creating of perpetuities in Scotland; 2d, to enlarge the power of heirs in succession to make exchanges; 3d, to enable heirs to sell in order to liquidate pre-existing engagements.—Lord Brougham agreed that some such changes as those suggested by his noble friend ought to be made in the law.—The House at its rising adjourned till Monday.

June 1.—Lord Lyndhurst brought in a bill, which was read a first time, and supported by Lord Brougham, who wished that it should act retrospectively, for the purpose of remedying the existing state of the law in ecclesiastical suits respecting marriages illegal by reason of consanguinity. The object of the measure is to limit the period for the institution of suits of nullity.

June 2.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to the inquiries of the Marquess of Londonderry on the previous evening, respecting the assistance given to the Spanish Government, stated the whole expense to be 200,000*l.*, and added, that the British Government did not mean to press for payment.—The Marquess of Londonderry made some allusions to the statements of the Marquess Wellesley's resignation, and said that a correspondence had taken place which fully substantiated the facts mentioned by an illustrious Duke.—The Marquess of Londonderry presented a petition, signed by 50,000 Protestants of the north of Ireland, in favour of the Established Church of that country; in doing which his lordship noticed the connexion between the present Ministers and Mr. O'Connell, and described the former as depending for their existence on his breath.—Lord Melbourne alluded to the length of time which had elapsed since the petition was agreed to, as far back as the 1st of October, and contended that it could not be considered as the opinion of the meeting, in the altered circumstances of the country.—A long conversation ensued upon the state of Ireland, the principal speakers being the Marquess of Devonshire, Lord Duncannon, the Duke of Wellington, and Earl Fitzwilliam.—The Islington Market Bill was read a second time, after a division of 30 against 1.

June 3.—Petitions were presented respecting the money grant to the Church of Scotland, the Factory Regulation Act, in favour of beer shops, and against the Islington Market Bill.—Their lordships agreed to the Commons' amendment in the Oaths' Abolition Bill.—The Bill respecting Scotch marriages and divorces was postponed.—Lord Brougham brought in a bill to alter and amend the law of patents, and entered into a minute detail of the objects intended to be embraced by the new measure. These objects were generally to facilitate the obtaining of patents, and to secure the enjoyment of them to the inventors. The bill was read a first time.

June 4.—Lord Brougham moved that certain returns from the Central Criminal Court be printed, in order to meet the allegations made against the Judges in reference to the discharge of their duties under the new Act.

June 5.—The business was confined to the presentation of petitions, and their lordships adjourned at an early hour till Wednesday next.

June 10.—A great number of petitions were presented in favour of granting money to the Church of Scotland.—Lord Wharncliffe moved the second reading of the Great Western Railway Bill—a measure that caused a considerable attendance of Peers. His lordship strongly supported it.—The Duke of Buccleuch as strongly resisted the bill, and moved as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day six months.—After much discussion their lordships divided. There were for the second reading 46; against it 34—majority in its favour 12.

June 11.—A conversation relative to the liability of trustees of Savings' Banks took place on the representation, by the Marquess of Salisbury, of hardships which

persons acting in that capacity had been exposed to in some late cases of defalcation of the agents —Lord Melbourne declined to pledge himself to alter the existing law.—The Church Articles Subscription Abolition Bill was introduced by the Earl of Radnor, and read a first time.—Lord Melbourne said, in reply to Lord Carbery, that the report of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners would shortly be presented, and a measure founded upon it would be brought forward by the Government.—The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Sunday Travelling Bill was read a third time and passed, after a division of 40 against 19, rejecting an amendment for prohibiting locomotive machines from travelling on the Sabbath.

June 12.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Oaths Abolition Bill and several private bills.—Lord Brougham postponed his motion relative to his resolution on Education until Tuesday week. His lordship also adverted to certain statements which had gone abroad respecting the pension he received as retired Chancellor of England. He defended himself against the charge of doing nothing for his pension, which was compensation for the loss of a large salary and an extensive practice. If, however, there were any means by which he could be restored to his former position, he would cheerfully second any proposal likely to be attended with that effect.—A brief conversation passed between Viscount Strangford and Lord Melbourne on the subject of the volunteer troops for the Queen of Spain becoming chargeable to this country —The Duke of Wellington gave notice, that on Monday he should move for a production of the papers connected with the subject, in order to have some distinct explanations.—The Earl of Aberdeen moved for a copy of the commission appointing Lord Gosford Governor of Canada.—Lord Glenelg justified the course pursued by the Government on this subject, and said that it proceeded from the desire to have a full and efficient inquiry, with the view of promoting effectual remedies.—The Earl of Aberdeen was understood to withdraw his motion, intimating that, should the proceedings of Government lead to unpleasant results, he should move for documents illustrative of the course the late Government had proposed to pursue.

June 15.—The Duke of Wellington withdrew his motion, of which he had given notice, relative to the Order in Council on the Foreign Enlistment Act.—The second reading of the Universities Bill, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, was postponed by the Earl of Radnor till the 24th instant.—The report of their Lordship's Committee on the subject of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, was brought up and agreed to, after a discussion and a division on a motion of the Earl of Malmesbury, to omit certain words in the report and insert in their stead "a larger space than was allotted for the accommodation of persons in front of the throne in the old House," which was rejected by a majority of 30 against 25. An address to his Majesty, founded upon the report, praying for his sanction, was then agreed to.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to questions put to him by the Marquess of Londonderry, said that the Order in Council was issued on the application of the Spanish Ambassador, and that the convention which the Duke of Wellington had negociated between the belligerent parties in Spain had been carried into effect. His lordship bore his testimony to the wisdom, humanity, and policy of the measure in question.

June 16.—Petitions in favour of the grant to the Scotch Church were presented by the Marquess of Bute and the Earl of Kinnoul.—The Earl of Roden presented a petition from certain individuals at Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, who were totally unconnected with the Protestant Church, (they were, in fact, Presbyterians,) expressing their fears at the proposed conversion of the property of the Church of Ireland to Roman Catholic purposes. He perfectly concurred in the sentiments of the petitioners.—The Marriages Legalization Bill was reported, and a clause, on the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, added.

June 17.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Consolidated Fund Bill, and several private bills. Some bills from the lower House were forwarded a stage, after which their lordships adjourned.

June 18.—The London and Birmingham Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Bishop of Exeter moved for papers forwarded by the Rev. Mr. Stoney to the Commissioners of Public Instruction in October last, being answers to the said Commissioners' queries.—Viscount Duncannon consented to the motion, and the papers were ordered.

June 19.—The Bishop of Exeter gave notice that he should, on Thursday next, present the report of the Rev. Mr. Stoney, complaining of partiality on the part of the Irish Church Commissioners.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of

the Execution of Wills Bill, which was supported by Lord Denman, and opposed by Lord Abinger, and the Earl of Malmesbury.—After a brief discussion, the further debate was adjourned to Monday, as Lord Brougham had brought forward the motion without notice.—Lord Brougham brought up the report on the Patent Laws Bill, in which certain amendments were proposed. The Noble and Learned Lord moved that the bill, with the amendments, be printed, and referred back to the Committee for further investigation.—The Earl of Roden presented a petition from Sir Harcourt Lees, offering to prove on oath, that there was a conspiracy in Ireland to overturn the Protestant Establishment in that country. His lordship believed that there were proceedings in Ireland that would have that effect, if not checked.

House of Commons, May 25.—A long discussion took place on the case of Mr. Childs, a Dissenter, of Bungay, Suffolk, who was imprisoned in Ipswich gaol, for the non-payment of Church rates, under a process from the Norwich Ecclesiastical Court, but who has since been released. In the course of the discussion Lord John Russell declared the intentions of Ministers with regard to the measures they should introduce this session. They had determined not to attempt a variety of measures, but to confine their attention to two measures, viz., the reform of the municipal corporations of England and Wales, and a measure not only regulating the question of tithes in Ireland, but calculated to carry into effect the resolution with respect to the application of the surplus funds of the Established Church in that country. The Church rates question must necessarily be deferred He was, however, decidedly of opinion that they must be abolished, but he thought also, that it was the duty of a legislature wishing to maintain an Established Church to provide that the churches of the Establishment should be kept in proper repair, therefore any measure to which he might be a party he did not hesitate to state should provide for the accomplishment of that object.—Sir R. Peel approved of the principle laid down by the noble lord; he (Sir R. Peel) had intended to take the same course, providing for the maintenance and repair of the fabric of the churches out of the general revenue of the country, but doing away with all equivocal and objectional charges. To impose the Church rate upon the land-tax would be mere equivocation. He was sorry to find that this question was to be deferred, for no reason that he could see. It was one quite as urgent as that of municipal reform, and he did hope, that considering the impossibility of collecting Church rates in some places, for the sake of satisfying a large body of persons, and with a view to allay disagreeable feelings, the noble lord would not persevere in putting this question off.—Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Sinclair, said that it was the intention of the Government to introduce a Bill, founded on the resolutions carried by the House relative to Irish tithes, soon after Whitsuntide.—The Marquess of Chandos proposed, and the Earl of Darlington seconded, a motion—"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, expressing the deep regret this House feels at the continuation of the distressed state of the agricultural interest, to which the attention of Parliament had been called in his Majesty's most gracious Speech from the Throne in this and the preceding session, and humbly to represent to his Majesty the anxious desire of this House that the attention of his Majesty's Government should be directed to the subject, with a view to the immediate removal of some parts of those burdens arising from the pressure of general and local taxation."—Lord J. Russell moved the following amendment:—"That this House direct its early attention to the recommendations of the Committee which sat last year on the subject of county rates, with a view of giving immediate practical relief to the agriculture of the country from the burdens under which it labours through local taxation."—After a lengthened debate the House divided, when there appeared—for the amendment, 211; for the resolution, 150—majority against the motion of the Marquess of Chandos, 61.

May 26.—Mr. Miles's motion for the introduction of a clause prohibiting travelling by the railway on Sunday, in the Grand Western Railway Bill, was rejected on a division by a majority of 212 against 34.—The report of the Canterbury Election Committee was brought up, and Stephen Lushington, esq. declared duly elected.—A discussion ensued on the presentation of a petition from Hull against the return of David Carruthers, esq.—Lord John Russell eventually coincided in the opinion expressed by Sir R. Peel, that the petition could not be received, as the presentation was delayed longer than the period sanctioned by the standing orders.—The House was counted out at seven o'clock during the discussion of a motion of Mr. Robinson's on the Newfoundland fisheries.

May 27.—A considerable portion of the evening was taken up with incidental dis-

cussions on petitions.—The second reading of the St. Pancras Paving Bill was rejected by a majority of 115 against 113.—The report of the Committee on the Carlow Election petition was brought up, and the sitting members declared not duly returned.—Lord John Russell said that he had no arrangement in prospect for a review of the general taxation of the country.—Mr. Robinson, after this intimation, said that he should bring the subject forward on the 12th of July.—Mr. Wilks postponed his motion respecting the grievances of the Protestant Dissenters, until the 7th of July.—The Highways Bill passed through Committee.—The Assizes (Ireland) Removal Bill was read a second time.—The Merchant Seamen's Bill went through Committee: Report on Monday.—Leave was given to Mr. Elphinstone to bring in a Bill to limit the time of taking the poll at contested elections to one day.—The Oaths Abolition Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House was counted out at one o'clock, on the motion of Mr. Robinson, who said he should take this course for the remainder of the session whenever forty members were not present, as he considered the government was privy to the proceeding in his case the other night.—The House adjourned till Monday.

June 1.—The report of the Select Committee on the Horsham Election was brought up, and R. H. Hurst, esq. declared to be the sitting member.—The case of Mr. Johnston, the Member for St. Andrew's, was brought under the notice of the House, in the form of a petition, complaining of his non-resignation of his seat after an alleged pledge given by him. After some discussion the petition was withdrawn, and Mr. Johnston, in compliance with the feeling of the House, abstained from entering into an explanation of the circumstances.—The riots at Wolverhampton formed the subject of an interesting discussion.—Mr. Thornby complained of the interference of the military; he saw no reason for their introduction, and believed it was illegal.—Lord J. Russell said he had given directions to the Magistrates to make a full inquiry into the affair, and that every paper should be laid before the House.—In answer to a question from Sir H. Hardinge, Lord J. Russell said, that both from the statements of the Magistrates and the High Constable, the conduct of the military was spoken of as marked with the utmost forbearance.—Mr. Cayley moved, and Mr. Woodhouse seconded, a resolution on going into Committee of Supply, "for a Select Committee (based on the parliamentary declaration of agricultural distress) to inquire if there be not effective means within the reach of parliament to afford substantial relief to the agriculture of the United Kingdom, and especially to recommend to the attention of such Committee the subject of a silver, or conjoined standard of silver and gold."—After a lengthened discussion the House divided, when the motion was rejected by a majority of 216 against 126.—Leave was given to bring in a Bill to disfranchise the Borough of Stafford.

June 2.—Mr. Grote proposed, and Sir W. Molesworth seconded, a motion that the votes at elections for Members of Parliament should henceforward be taken by way of secret ballot.—Mr. Gisborne moved the previous question, which he afterwards withdrew, in order that, in conformity with the suggestion of Sir R. Peel, the motion might be met by a direct negative.—After a protracted debate the House divided, when there appeared—for Mr. Grote's resolution, 144; against it, 317; majority against the vote by ballot, 173.

June 3.—Mr. Hume called the attention of the House to a breach of privilege, and stated the circumstances of a dispute between himself and an hon. member (Mr. Charlton) at the close of Tuesday night's debate on the ballot. It appeared from Mr. Hume's statement that Mr. Charlton had called on him to hold his tongue, that Mr. Hume replied he was not speaking to him, and that Mr. Charlton rejoined that he would make him hold his tongue, that he was an impertinent fellow, and that no republicans were wanted there. To this Mr. Hume replied that he (Mr. C.) was the impertinent fellow. This gave rise to a correspondence and a challenge. Mr. Hume appealed to the House whether, if such proceedings were tolerated, the business of the Legislature could be carried on.—Mr. Charlton then gave his statement of the occurrences, which differed from that of the hon. member for Middlesex chiefly in the application of the word "impertinent," which Mr. Hume admitted having applied to him, but which he declared upon his honour he had not applied to Mr. Hume. A conversation of some length ensued, which terminated in an amicable adjustment of the matter.—On the question for the further consideration of the Lord's Day Bill, Mr. Ward protested against the Bill, and moved that it be further considered that day six months. To persevere would be partial and unjust legislation.—After some discussion the House divided. The numbers were—for the Bill, 43, for the amendment, 54, majority against it, 11.

June 4.—Lord Palmerston and Mr. Sergeant Perrin took the oaths and their seats. —Mr. Tooke presented a petition from upwards of 300 attorneys in London, for better accommodation in Chambers for the Judges. The Attorney-General, Mr. Sergeant Goulburn, and Mr. Wilks, supported the petition.—Mr. Hardy brought in a Bill for the prevention of bribery at elections, which was read a first time.—Mr. Vernon Smith presented petitions in favour of the Dorsetshire labourers, and said that the Secretary of State had promised to pay attention to the subject.—Mr. O'Brien withdrew his notice regarding a provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy, in consequence of the opposition to it in Ireland.—Mr. Bish then brought forward his motion for an address to his Majesty, praying that he would occasionally hold his Court and Parliament in Ireland. A few observations having been made upon the subject by other members, the House was, during the address of Dr. Baldwin, counted out.

June 5.—The Metropolitan Pure Soft Water Company Bill was thrown out by a majority of 134 against 60, on the motion for the second reading.—The report of the Cork (County) Election Committee was brought up, Fergus O'Connor pronounced not duly elected, and Richard Longfield, esq. declared sitting member.—The Attorney-General, in answer to a question from Sir Robert Peel, said that the government intended to bring forward a measure for the improvement of the administration of justice in the Ecclesiastical Courts, without delay.—Lord J. Russell then brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a Bill "to provide for the regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales." The noble lord prefaced his motion with a speech of considerable length, detailing this plan of Reform. It proposed that the franchise of the Corporations should be extended to all rate-payers who had been rated for three years for the relief of the poor, and who had paid their rates. The object of the whole was stated to be to place the Municipal Corporations of the country under "vigilant popular control," and by that means to correct the abuses into which the system had fallen.—Sir R. Peel said he should offer no opposition to the motion. The time, he thought, had arrived, when a more efficient mode of Corporation government ought to be adopted. The reports of the Commissioners showed that amendments were required, but this Bill went to establish new principles. He complained also of a partial selection of cases in the speech of the noble lord. He would advise the Corporations to forego all advantages derivable from the funds, provided the noble lord would be satisfied with the correction of abuses, and not endeavour to transfer them from one party to another.—The Bill was read a first time, and the second reading appointed for Monday se'nnight.—The Foreign Enlistment Bill went through Committee.—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was ordered to be taken into consideration on Wednesday next.—On the motion of Mr. Labouchere, the House resolved itself into a Committee, and passed a series of resolutions for the purpose of reducing the postage on foreign letters and newspapers. A Bill founded on these resolutions was then brought in and read a first time.—Adjourned to Wednesday next.

June 10.—The hon. Mr. Byng stated that an address having been presented by this House to his Majesty, on the 19th of the last month, praying that his Majesty would take measures to put an end to the continuance of the slave trade, his Majesty had been graciously pleased to return an answer, stating that he had received their dutiful address, containing the expression of their wishes that he would enter into negotiations with his allies for the purpose of putting a total end to the slave trade; that he regretted deeply that this nefarious trade should still be carried on to a considerable extent under foreign flags; that he had already entered into negotiations with foreign States, and that he hoped soon to be able to lay the papers connected with the subject on the table of the House; and that, in the mean time, the House might rely upon his continued efforts to conclude with his allies arrangements to carry the wishes of the House into effect.—Lord Castlereagh presented the petition of the county of Down, adopted the 30th of October last, similar to the one presented in the House of Lords by the Marquess of Londonderry, last week, and introduced its presentation with a speech of some length, detailing the reason for its not having been presented before, the character of the meeting, and the parties who promoted it, and the motives that induced him to present it now. After considerable discussion, the petition was ordered to lie on the table.—Mr. P. Stewart presented the report of the Ipswich Election Committee, which he read as follows:—"Resolved —That the resolutions of the 14th of April be rescinded. That Robert Adam Dundas and Fitzroy Kelly, esqs. are not duly elected, and ought not to have been returned to serve in the present parliament for the borough of Ipswich.—That the

petitions of Robert Ransom and others do not appear to have been frivolous and vexatious.—That the opposition to the said petition does appear to be frivolous and vexatious."——"Resolved—That Robert Adam Dundas and Fitzroy Kelly, esqs., were, by their friends and agents, guilty of bribery and corruption at the late election for the borough of Ipswich; and that Arthur Bott Cooke, J. B. Dasent, John Pilgrim, and others, were guilty of bribery at the said election.—That J. B. Dasent, A. B. Cook, R. B. Clamp, and John Pilgrim, were guilty of absconding, to avoid being served with the Speaker's warrant; and that J. E. Sparrow and John Clipperton, the avowed agents of the sitting members, and F. O'Malley, esq. one of the Counsel employed by the sitting members, aided and abetted them in keeping out of the way to avoid giving their evidence before this Committee.—"That the said John Pilgrim, having at length been served with the Speaker's warrant, was prevented attending on this Committee, by being arrested, on a charge of embezzlement, by Messrs. Sewell and Co., under very suspicious circumstances—That the conduct of the Magistrates, Samuel Bignold, Esq., and E. Temple Booth, Esq., before whom he was charged, appears to this Committee to be a breach of the privileges of the House."—The reading of the report produced a strong sensation, and led to much animated discussion.—The Chairman moved for the production of the minutes. It was also moved that the parties guilty of breach of privilege should be taken into custody. After a good deal of debate, the further proceeding was adjourned till Thursday.—The County Coroners' Bill was read a second time; the Sale of Bread Bill went through a Committee; and the report of the Postage Duties Bill was brought up and ordered to be laid on the table.—The Capital Punishments Bill then went through a Committee.

June 11.—The election petitions against the returns for the county of Kerry and the borough of Bolton were discharged, as none of the parties proceeded when the ballot came on.—The report of the borough of Ennis was brought up, and Hewitt Bridgeman, Esq., the sitting Member, declared duly elected.—A new writ was moved for Hull, and ordered to be issued.—Mr. O. Gore presented a petition from a place in Shropshire, praying the House not to sanction the appropriation of the revenues of the Church of Ireland to any other than strictly ecclesiastical purposes. The petitioners, among other matters, expressed their conviction that the resolution adopted by the House of Commons, on the motion of the Noble Lord the Member for Stroud, was calculated to subvert the Protestant religion in Ireland, and to establish Popery in its place. They also expressed an opinion that any alteration in the Church of Ireland, would affect the established religion throughout the United Kingdom, and they therefore called upon the Members who were bound by an oath not to interfere with that establishment to abstain from participating in the discussion upon the subject then pending. The Hon. Member said he cordially supported the prayer of the petition.—After a short discussion upon the subject of the oath taken by Roman Catholic Members, the petition was ordered to be laid on the table.—Lord John Russell, in reply to Sir R. Peel, observed that no alteration in the scope or object of the Church Commission had taken place in consequence of the resignation of some names which had been appointed, through the circumstance of their having been in the late Ministry at the time it was issued. Many petitions were presented on the subject of the contemplated grant to the Church of Scotland. In a subsequent part of the evening, Sir W. Rae moved for a Select Committee to investigate the allegations of the several petitions.—This motion was opposed by the Lord Advocate, who considered that a Commission would be more efficient and satisfactory, to investigate the question generally how far there was Church accommodation in Scotland for all classes.—The further consideration of the motion was adjourned.—The Ipswich affair was again brought forward, and after some discussion, a motion of Mr. Gisborne, that John Bond, Arthur Bott Cooke, Robert Beauchamp Clamp, Frederick O'Malley, John Eddowes Sparrow, John Clipperton, John Bury Dasent, and John Pilgrim, be taken into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms attending this House, and that Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant accordingly, was put and carried.—Mr. Harvey's motion for a Select Committee on Public Charities was acceded to.—Sir S. Whalley moved a resolution—"That the House is of opinion that the continuation of the imposition of the tax upon windows is highly inexpedient and hurtful to the health of the community, and that it is advisable such tax should be repealed," which was rejected on a division, by a majority of 204 against 16.

June 12.—In reply to a question from Mr. H. L. Bulwer, Mr. Harvey said that he certainly intended to bring on his motion on the subject of the Pension List,

which however he should postpone to the 19th of July, when he should move for a call of the House.—Lord Morpeth gave notice of his intention to postpone his motion on the subject of Irish Tithes from the 19th to the 26th instant.—The Ipswich affair was again brought on, and Mr. J. B. Dasent was brought up in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and was remanded, after a debate, till Monday.—Mr. Robinson brought forward the following motion:—On the question that the House resolve into Committee of Supply, "to move the appointment of a Select Committee to investigate the general taxation of the country, with the view to a repeal or reduction in such imposts as injuriously affect the interests of agriculture, trade, manufactures, and navigation, or those which may be found to press with unusual severity upon any portion of the community, especially on the working and the productive classes; and, further, to consider the propriety of instituting, if necessary, other taxes less objectionable in their operation, so as to simplify and economise the enormous cost of collection, and lessen the pressure by a more just and equitable distribution of the public burthens;" which was rejected by a majority of 105 against 42.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply. A vote of 7,665*l.*, for finishing the interior of Whitehall Banqueting Room, was carried on a division, by 116 against 24.

June 15.—On the presentation of a petition from the printers of York, against the repeal of the whole of the duty on newspapers, and eulogising the general character of the Press, Mr. Roebuck amused the House by a violent tirade against newspapers and their proprietors. The Hon. Member declared the Press to be an immoral and degraded power, conducted by "hired assassins,"—by persons who stabbed in the dark—written by individuals who dared not avow their names—and that its destruction would be a national benefit.—The Ipswich affair was again brought forward, and after a good deal of desultory discussion, the individuals taken into custody, on the Speaker's warrants, were committed to Newgate.—The Municipal Corporation Reform Bill was read a second time.—The Offences against the Person Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.—A motion for an address to the King, in pursuance of the resolutions of the Select Committee, for rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, was agreed to.—On the motion of Mr. Gisborne, the special report of the Ipswich Election Committee was ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.

June 16.—There not being a sufficient number of Members present to take the ballot on some election petitions, the House adjourned.

June 17.—The order for the consideration of the Worcestershire and Tralee election petitions was discharged, in default of the attendance of the parties.—Mr. P. Stewart stated that, in the opinion of the Committee, upon the publication of the evidence taken before the Committee of the Ipswich election petition, it would be inexpedient to publish the entire report; the Committee would have the necessary selections by Wednesday next.—Lord J. Russell brought forward a resolution touching the registry of voters, who had been reported from Election Committees as not entitled to be on the register; it was to provide that, on such cases being declared, the Speaker direct that the name be struck off the registry. The Attorney-General, in reply to Mr. Tooke, said the charter to the London University was under consideration, but as the matter was important he would decline entering into further particulars at the present moment.—Lord J. Russell, in answer to Mr. C. Buller, said that the arrangement respecting the Chancery Commission was of temporary duration, and that the subject was now under the consideration of the Cabinet. Lord J. Russell, in reply to Sir R. Peel, said that he intended to proceed with the Corporation Reform Bill on Monday.—The Poll Limitation Bill went through a Committee, after an extended conversation, various Members declaring that if a further limitation of the poll took place, there must be an increase in the number of polling places.—The Colonial Passengers' Bill; the Loan Societies' Bill; the Savings' Banks Bill; the Roman Catholic Marriages' Bill, &c., were severally forwarded.

June 18.—Committees to try the Belfast and Carnarvon election petitions were to have been balloted for this day, but the parties for the petitions not appearing, the order for their consideration was discharged.—Mr. Strutt reported from the Monmouth Election Committee that Mr. B. Hall, the sitting Member, had been duly returned.—Several petitions were presented. Captain Allsager presented one from the Eastern division of Surrey, with 2,000 signatures, against the appropriation clause.—Major Beauclerk observed that, though the signatures were undoubtedly those of respectable individuals, this petition by no means represented the

feelings of the county on this subject; and that if the challenge were given, he thought he could produce a petition of a contrary character with 10,000, 20,000, or 30,000 signatures.—Mr. Freshfield said if the Hon. Member would only be patient and wait till a dissolution of the Parliament, he would be very likely to experience a more convincing proof than he now entertained of what were the real sentiments of Surrey.—Sir G. Grey, on a petition from Lower Canada, said that as a Commission was about to proceed there, he should, he thought, best discharge his duty by abstaining from premature discussions and disclosures.—Mr. Labouchere observed, that he should exert himself to promote the adjustment of all differences between the Canadas and this country.—Sir R. Peel asked whether the Commission was completed?—Sir G. Grey replied in the affirmative, and afterwards named the additions (Sir C. Grey and Captain Gibson).—Mr. A. Johnston then rose to submit his promised motion regarding Lay Patronage, Scotland, but his progress was checked by the House being counted out.

June 19.—Mr. Serjeant Jackson presented a petition from several hundred inhabitants of Cork, praying that no further grant of public money might be allowed for Maynooth College, which was ordered to lie on the table.—Notices of various amendments on the Municipal Corporation Bill were given by Lord Stanley, Mr. Grote, and Sir R. Inglis. Mr. Goulburn, on the part of Sir R. Peel, intimated that the Hon. Member for Tamworth would move as an amendment to the 6th clause of the Corporation Reform Bill, that the payment of rates should be as necessary for the qualification of electors under this Act as under the Reform Act."—On the motion that the House resolve itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. T. Duncombe moved, "That a humble address be presented to his Majesty that a copy be produced of the 'instructions given to Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood upon their late mission to Spain; together with copies of all reports and communications made to the British Government by those Commissioners; and also, for a copy of any convention for the enchange of prisoners proposed by Lord Eliot, and signed by the Commanders-in-Chief of the armies in the provinces of Guipuscoa, Alava, Biscay, and the kingdom of Navarre.'"—Lord J. Russell opposed the motion, and, on the suggestion of Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Duncombe withdrew it.—Mr. F. Buxton's motion, "That a Committee be appointed to inquire whether the condition on which the sum of twenty millions had been granted by that House to the slave owners in the West Indies had been fulfilled, and to report thereon," was withdrawn, after a long speech from Sir G. Grey, in which he pledged himself that the Government would see the whole of the conditions on which the House voted the grant faithfully performed.—In a Committee of the House on Ways and Means, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he hoped, in the course of the present session, to be able to state what ought to be done in respect to the equalization of the duties on East and West India sugars, although the present imposts must be continued for the current year. He would, however, submit a motion this session for reducing the duties on East and West India coffee, the produce of British territories.—The reports of the Roman Catholic (Ireland) Marriages Bill, and the Prisoners' Counsel Bill, were brought up.—Mr. Hume brought in a Bill for the regulation of election expenses in England and Wales, which was read a first and second time.—Lord Ebrington obtained leave to bring in a Bill, which was read a first time, for repealing the Act of last session respecting Weights and Measures, and substituting other clauses in lieu thereof.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

W. Cobbett, Esq., M.P.

We have to announce the death of a man, who wanted only the quality of consistency, to have been one of the brightest ornaments of his country—William Cobbett; an event which took place on Thursday, June the 18th, at Normandy farm.

Mr. Cobbett was born on the 9th of March, 1762, in the neighbourhood of Farnham, where his father was a small farmer, whose fields as a lad he assisted to till. His parent taught him and his brothers reading, writing, and arithmetic, and with his father and family it appears he remained until he was eighteen or nineteen years old, when conceiving an affection for the sea service, he offered himself to

Captain Berkeley, of H.M.S. Pegasus, then at Portsmouth, to enter as a sailor. Both Captain Berkeley and the Admiral, however, remonstrated with him against this step, and he proceeded to London upon the impulse of the moment, and during the journey became acquainted with a hop merchant, who had dealt with his father. This gentleman in vain endeavoured to persuade him to return home, and young Cobbett procured a situation as copying clerk to Mr. Holland, of Gray's Inn, where he remained for nine months confined to the desk, except on Sundays.

This dull and incessant labour to a mind which must have ever been active and comprehensive, became at last irksome to him, and he quitted London for Chatham, where he enlisted. In doing so he proposed to join the Marines—still probably retaining his partiality for the sea—but by some mistake or misunderstanding he found himself entered in a regiment, the service companies of which were in Nova Scotia.

During the year he remained at Chatham he improved his education in all its branches, and was raised to the rank of corporal. Eventually he sailed to Nova Scotia, and thence was removed to New Brunswick, where he remained six years, and by steadiness and good conduct rose to be serjeant-major of his regiment.

In 1791, the regiment returned to England. He obtained his discharge, and married in 1792. About that period, he brought forward some charges against certain officers for corruption and misconduct, and demanded a court-martial upon them. This is not the moment to enter into the discussion of that subject; the result was, that he abandoned his design, and in March went to France, and in October to America, in which country he eminently distinguished himself by his powerful vindication of England against the attacks of the violent republicans and revolutionists of the day, and, consequently, drew down upon himself the ire of the leading partisans of those factions. A Dr. Rush brought an action against him for libel, and obtained 5,000 dollars damages, which, from the injustice of the decision, disgusted Mr. Cobbett with America so completely, that he quitted it and came to England in 1800.

He opened a bookseller's shop in London, and started his "Political Register," a work which, from its first number to its last, has been eminently remarkable for literary talent and power. The sale of the "Register" became immense, and Mr. Cobbett purchased Botley, in Hampshire.

In 1810 he was sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand pounds, and be imprisoned for two years in Newgate, for a libel connected with the subject of military flogging; but the confinement of his person did not fetter his mind or restrain his pen. In 1817, having successfully conducted his "Register" to that period, he again went to America, and returned to England in 1819. He stood for Coventry, and was defeated.

His estate at Botley had become in some degree involved during his absence, and was disposed of. He subsequently took the farm at which he died, and during the last twelve or fourteen years has greatly exerted himself in agricultural matters. In the year 1832 he was elected Member of Parliament for Oldham, for which place his death occasions a vacancy.

This is certainly not the time to descant upon the versatility of Mr. Cobbett's political opinions; nor have we space to do justice to the great talents and merits which contributed to outweigh the faults which are undoubtedly attributable to part of his long career. Whatever those faults were, he is now at rest, and we feel that we only fulfil a duty by adding our faint testimony of praise to his powerful abilities.

Died.—At Hove, near Brighton, the Chevalier Pecchio, of Milan, aged 48.

Georgiana Haydon, third daughter of Mr. Haydon, historical painter.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles Somerset, youngest son of the late Lord Charles Somerset, and nephew of the Duke of Beaufort.

At Paris, the Earl of Devon, better known as Lord Courtney, in the 67th year of his age.

At J. Crawfurd's, Esq., Wilton Crescent, Helen, second daughter, of the late James Perry, Esq.

Letters from Marseilles mention the death of the Bey of Tunis, who has been succeeded by his brother.

Married.—At Huyton, the Rev. Frank George Hopwood, A.M., second son of Robert Gregge Hopwood, Esq., of Hopwood Hall, and grandson of Viscount Torrington, to Lady Eleanor Mary Stanley, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.

It is said that the Duke de Choiseul is gone to Stutgard to ask of the King of Wurtemburg the Princess Mary in marriage for the Duke of Orleans.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone Square, Henry William Parnell, Esq., second son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., to Sophia, only daughter of the Hon. William and the late Lady Sophia Bligh.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Empress. A Novel. By G. BENNET, Author of the "Albanians." 2 Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

The great fascination of a novel, consists in imparting a deep interest to the plot, and a powerful sympathy with, at least, some of the characters. The clever author of the "Empress" has, from the nature of his subject, been compelled to forego both these elements to perfection. His plot is merely a warped history, or rather, a falsified biography of the Roman Emperor Claudius, his step-son, Nero, and Agrippina, his queen. The incidents are, for the most part, remorseless and bloody, and all the characters appear to be actuated by feelings that astonish us, but which we can scarcely comprehend. We know that all those cruelties, assassinations, and poisonings were perpetrated, the monster birth of a monstrous age, but we look upon them as exceptions to the general law of humanity; they revolt us, we dare not stop to contemplate them, and we hurry from them as we would from a scene of carnage, which we could not prevent. Moreover, most persons are too familiar with the Roman History. There is a coldness about the classical shades of its heroes, that strikes us with more awe than sympathy, (to say nothing of the associations of our toilsome school-boy days,) that would require a mind of the very highest order to bring any of them in unison with our every-day feelings. These difficulties, inseparable from the task that Mr. Bennet has imposed upon himself, he has combated with energy and skill, and sometimes with success. Though the historical characters look stony, and move before us with unnatural life, the fictitious ones have with them more real animation. Acerronia, (by-the-bye, not a very pretty name,) is a sweet and natural creation, a soft sunbeam, amidst the darkness of horrors, and the wild convulsions of guilt; and the contrasted characters of the two dwarfs are masterly and original conceptions. The poisoner, Locusta, a character that belongs to history, is made revolting from excess of infamy, and, as a hideous exception from nature, we turn from her with disgust. There is one great virtue in this novel, it is not adulterated with pedantry, though many of the speeches are in bad style, and the author's attempts at elevation of language not unfrequently finish in bombast. Many of the incidents have an air of improbability, from the manner in which they are narrated. For example, Agrippina sends for

Locusta, undisguisedly to the imperial palace; many persons see her; directly she is face to face with the empress, she plays the virago, and taunts her. After which, almost in so many words, she says, "Whom am I to poison?" The answer is brief and pithy; "Claudius." They then higgle a little about payment, when Agrippina, to close the bargain, and satisfy the doubts of her employée, takes a rich bracelet off her arm, and behold, the thing is settled. These volumes are full of similar, and even more glaring discrepancies. The author does not understand his art, or despises it. We see nowhere the nice gradation, the linking of consecutive events, each naturally growing out of each; but we are generally shocked with the hard facts, in the harsh and bare outline. The costumes, both physical and mental, of his characters are good, his relations graphic, and his descriptions of the gladiatorial displays animated, and generally correct. Notwithstanding our friendly strictures, these volumes will be read with pleasure by most persons, and admired by some, for their vigour, and the exciting scenes that they display. Indeed, many parts of them must prove most attractive to that class of persons who would rejoice in a bull-bait, or walk ten miles on a wet day to witness an execution.

Helps and Hints how to protect Life and Property, with Instructions in Rifle and Pistol Shooting. By Lieut.-Col. Baron de Berenger. Hurst, 65, St. Paul's Church Yard.

This is a book about every thing connected with athletæ, and a few things besides, mixed up in a strange confusion, but all marked with strong homely good sense, and told in homely language. The purport of the publication is, we conceive, to call the general notice to a spirited, and we must say, a patriotic gymnasium, which the author has established, under the title of a "Stadium, on the banks of the Thames, near Chelsea." The baron is well versed in that necessary learning, which teaches a man how to take care of his physical self. Whether a person be armed with stick, rifle, broadsword, or cudgel, or may have with him nothing but what the fancy so classically term his "mawleys," (we are uncertain as to the orthography,) this work shows him how to use them to the best advantage. We think that the precautions insisted on in walking the streets of London, are something too minute and manifold. We should like to see a gentleman walking, or attempting to walk down St. James's Street, under the critical eyes that peep through glasses at the club windows, obeying all the author's directions. The ambulator must not walk near the curb-stone, lest he be kicked into the vortex of the rapidly revolving wheel of the carriage of some over-hasty dowager; nor in the middle of the path, for there he will be most likely to be hustled by the swell mob; nor close against the wall, lest he be crushed by some designing blackguard, who will beg his pardon and pick his pocket simultaneously. Since the middle and the two sides of the pavement are denied to him, he must walk along as he can on what is left, at a rapid pace. Shade of Brummel, dost thou hear! and avoid crowds in populous cities. Indeed, if he carries in his bosom all the well-meant warnings of the author, he will move along with about the same trepidation as a good Mussulman would cross that razor-edged bridge, that is laid from this world across the *disagreeable* gulf to Paradise, the same Mussulman bethinking himself at the time of a few illegal pints of swallowed sherry. But the author need not regard our drolling a little, for his hints are really steps of wisdom, and his helps genuine assistances. His remarks on duelling form an excellent blending of the sentiments of high honour with pure moral feeling. There is much mind in this work, as well as much good practical advice. Riding, driving,

walking, and running, have all received their due attention, and have been judiciously commented on. The great fault of the volume is, its want of method and order. The arrangement, or rather the non-arrangement, of the subjects, gives them very often a ludicrous juxta-position. We find a receipt for chilblains closing a chapter on travelling, interspersed with anecdotes of over-reaching tradesmen; remedies for cases of hydrophobia; directions how to destroy rats, and a prescription for the mange in dogs. Nevertheless, the book is a good book, and a serviceable one, and, though certainly not well written, well worth reading. We heartily wish the baron success in his "Stadium," and take our leave of him by recommending his work, and commending his exertions.

The Doom of Gialto; or, the Vision of Judgment. By JAMES BOADEN, ESQ. Author of "The Man with Two Lives," "Life of Mrs. Siddons," "Mr. Kemble," &c. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

This is a highly dramatic story, running a little into melo-dramatic extravagance, yet recommended by the author's earnestness of style, and energy of diction. This tale is altogether the offspring of superstition, and is consequently wild, dreary, and horrible even to absurdity. It is a mixture of German idealism, and the more sensual mysteries of the Popish belief. We find but little pleasure in the perusal of it, that is not derivable from astonishment, and highly excited curiosity. The doomed hero is an unmitigated rascal, with no one redeeming quality by which to excite our sympathy; indeed, were we to open the Newgate Calender at random, we are sure that we should find a character that would have had in it more that partakes of our common nature, and better fitted to play the principal part in a novel. There is not the least elevation in young Gialto's rascality. That part of the story that relates to the doom, and vision of judgment, in which that doom takes place, is rather profane, as it limits the mercy of the All-merciful, and rather ridiculous, as all its imagery seems borrowed from some monastic picture, painted in the dark ages, in which we see the Virgin Mary, and God the Father, coarsely, and almost impiously drawn, by some rash and too zealous hand. We cannot predict that these volumes will find much favour in the mild eyes of the gentler sex, without the reader should be a confirmed devotee, and inclined to see visions, and dream dreams. To such, after an indigestible supper, this doom may procure them, about midnight, a very fair view of purgatory, or perhaps take them a step or two farther.

Prospects of Industry, being a Brief Exposition of the Past and Present Condition of the Labouring Classes; with Remarks upon the Operation of the Poor Law Bill, &c. &c. By P. GASKELL, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

The contest of the energies of human industry, and the automaton powers of machinery are fast coming to an issue. Mr. Gaskell has well argued the case, on the part of the breathing and acting against the merely acting operator—sinews, muscles, and the reasoning faculties, against wood, iron, and mathematical impetus. But the question will not be decided in pamphlets, even if they be written as cleverly as is this. Writers can only predict, and time only decide. The immense wheel will still gyrate, and the ponderous beam vibrate, whilst the de-

graded and discharged artisan looks on in hunger and despair, and sees almost instantly performed by means that come but little short of a miracle, that, which he has been half a life learning to do less perfectly, and infinitely more laboriously. Nor is it a question with the mechanic as to the extent of endurance; he cannot resist effectually; his generation must die off by inanition, or find a more speedy release, if he be so ill-advised, in the devastations made upon life by ill-advised emigrations, or still more ill-advised risings and petty rebellions. It is a melancholy prospect, and distressing to every mind of sensibility. But, notwithstanding all that we have read and thought upon the subject, we see no remedy. That which the enlightened author of this pamphlet proposes, and proposes with the diffidence of real ability, we humbly conceive, after a transient relief, would speedily aggravate the mischief. It would cover the land in twenty or thirty years, with a dense agricultural population; a population, of all others, the most intractable to adverse circumstances, and, when removed from the soil, the least able to support themselves. Wealth is exacting, and requires room, almost desolation. Machinery will supply it with all luxuries, and when it has a sufficiency of artists, tradesmen, and servants to administer to its pride, its state, and its refinements, wide communities, a prosperous yeomanry, and a multitudinous peasantry, are only so many obstacles to large estates, vast parks, and lordly solitudes. We can never induce wealth to legislate for its distribution, and consequent individual diminution, when wealth is, as it always will be, the legislator. We fear that to eat too freely of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, will be, as it was to our parents of old, a source of interminable misery; for to make our great knowledge available to happiness, we want that which we seem to look for too little, wisdom.

A History of Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, from the most Authentic Resources. Second Series. 2 Vols. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

Two volumes similar to these have been already most favourably received by the public. The second series may either be looked upon as an integral part of the former publication, or, as making a complete work of itself. It is admirably done. Mr. Redding has omitted but few memorable disasters, and all that he has related are conveyed in that simple and lucid style, that makes every sentence tell on the feelings. We find here none of the vanities of false oratory; the author, not solicitous to display himself, displays his facts to the best advantage. A more interesting work can hardly be conceived; and for its subject, a better executed one cannot be mentioned. Being ourselves nautical—and most of these narratives familiar to us—we had determined merely to look through it; but our intention was defeated, and, in spite of ourselves, we were compelled to peruse, when we only intended to glance. The work had that fascination for us, that Robinson Crusoe possessed in our younger days. No one can read it without being proud of the country that has produced such heroism, tried in such a variety of ways.

Harry Calverley. A Novel. By the Author of "Cecil Hyde." 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This may be called a fashionable novel, with some unfashionable pretensions to merit—for the style is easy and unaffected, and there is much humour, and some real wit, scattered through its pages. The plot is sim-

ple, even to poverty, yet it is of sufficient interest to display the characters in agreeable situations, and to elicit some very pleasing incidents. The hero, Harry, is a right-minded, high-spirited soldier, that, in the first place, is the presumptive heir to a fortune, and to a title, and then is not, and afterwards is again; and, through all these variations of fate, loves a fascinating widow of a mysterious origin, and of course marries her. The characters are throughout true to themselves, and have a distinctive identity, each thinking his own thoughts, and speaking his own language. There is one terrible scene at the close of the tale that is worked up with great power and skill. The faults of this work are, its too close alliance to other novels of its own class, and a similarity of character to some of those delineations, that have won for themselves such notoriety, by being created by the hand of Bulwer, and that of the erratic author of "Vivian Grey." We do not hint at plagiarism in this remark, or even imitation. Perhaps drawing from the same sources, and excited by the same talent, the similarity was inevitable.

The Means of Ameliorating India, deduced from Personal Observations, more especially the Useful Employment of British Subjects and British Capital in that Country. By ARCHIBALD GRAHAM, Surgeon. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Robertson and Co., Dublin; Whittaker and Co., London.

The intention of this little book is commendable, and it is not badly written. The author is one of those persons who distinctly see a grievance, but as to a remedy, jump at a conclusion. Much of this work is devoted to the great capabilities of India, and much to the miserable state of barbarism in which the majority of its inhabitants seem permanently fixed. The remedial part is but short, and the advice given comprehensive: missionaries and English settlers. As to the former, we acknowledge that no class of men ever produced better, greater, holier characters—or more sinister consequences, wherever they have extended themselves. The general reverence that the few really good missionaries have produced for their order, has proved to be a cloak of disguise, under which the worst characters have brought about the worst results. We need only instance the West Indies, and the Friendly Islands. Man every where seeks domination, and the rule of ignorance and of caste produces at once the most debasing and the worst of slaveries. Government have already, and most properly, been attentive to the religious wants of India, by sending to her some of the best of our clergy. To settle India just now with restless, ambitious, and craving emigrants, would be only turning a beneficial dependency into a rebellious colony. Events and time, in their silent and irresistible course, will gradually enlighten the Hindoos, break the bonds with which the Brahmins have fettered their countrymen, and ultimately call into activity the wonderful resources of the country. But this improvement we must not rashly endeavour to precipitate by a reforming pressure from without. Let writers of books upon this question call to mind the fable of the Sun and Wind. Violence will only make the idolater wrap around him the more tightly his cloak of superstition; and interference of authority with his religious faith is the worst of violence to a fanatic, be he either Mahomedan, Hindoo, Parsee, or Methodist. Christian truth must ultimately triumph all over the world; but, for unaccountable reasons, it appears a dispensation of Providence, that it shall follow, or, at most, go hand in hand with civilisation, instead of preceding it.

The Constitution of Society, as designed by God. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

The anonymous author of this work has sheltered himself behind the altar, in order to vomit forth treason with impunity, and thus to unite the most dangerous of felonies with the most detestable of sacrileges. We hope, for the honour of our common nature, that there is the honesty of insanity to exculpate the writer before his God, for the antisocial doctrines that he has promulgated—doctrines that common sense could not stoop to refute, and to which even the most debased would scorn to listen. Most certainly we should have passed over with a contemptuous silence this publication, which it has been our misfortune to have read, had it not been for the *ad captandum* nature of its title, by which the unwary might be entrapped to plunge into the abominations of its pages. We therefore caution all those who would shudder to hear our national religion denounced as impious, our monarchy an usurpation, the hereditary holders of property robbers, and the right of rebellion inculcated, to eschew this book as they would a spot infected with the plague, for, though its extreme folly has rendered its disgusting venom comparatively innoxious, disgust is a sensation that we are eager to avoid. For ourselves, we think it not only to be a base hypocrisy but a blasphemy to purloin the robes of holiness, and disguising with them sedition, rebellion, and treason, send these diabolical agents abroad to do their deadly work upon weak intellects and excited fanaticism.

Standard French Works. Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient, (1832-1833,) *ou Notes d'un Voyageur.* Vol. II. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, Membre de l'Académie Française. En deux volumes. Edward Churton, Holles Street; J. B. Bailliere, 219, Regent Street.

This volume completes De Lamartine's Travels in the East, which were commenced in the first one. This gifted French traveller has seen every thing with the eye of a poet, and not the less clearly on that account. Notwithstanding the glowing ardour of his expressions, his descriptions give us as faithful impressions, as do those of the merest matter-of-fact writer, who ever measured distances, and chronicled the variations of a thermometer. There is some very heterodox, and, to an Englishman, unpalatable policy propounded, as regards the falling Turkish empire. We welcome this undertaking heartily, as it will serve to strengthen the literary communion between ourselves and the French, and this mutual knowledge of our talents will increase mutual respect, and, consequently, mutual good understanding. Mr. Churton could not have selected a better work wherewith to commence his laudable undertaking, in which, for many reasons, we wish that he may find general patronage, and an encouraging success.

Geology in 1835, *a Popular Sketch of the Progress, leading Features, and latest Discoveries of this rising Science.* By John Lawrence. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London.

This is but a small book, but very precious, from the condensed richness of its contents. We never before saw the whole scheme of modern

geology so luminously and elegantly exemplified. There is as little of technical jargon in it as may be, yet it is highly scientific as well as beautifully written. On those points in which the author differs from Mr. Lyell, he is temperate and argumentative, and we are inclined to think him in the right. Whether our beautiful planet came into the state we now see it, by the long wearing effects of causes operating gradually and certainly under our immediate observation, or whether it was produced by an instantaneous and general convulsion, we have neither the limits, and, we candidly confess, the geological skill to determine. We incline to the latter opinion. But we believe that the question will not be satisfactorily determined until this still infant science has attained the strength and activity of adolescence. To all who may wish to acquire a short cut, a right royal road to the full understanding of the principles and the ends of geology, with very many too of its wonderful details, we strongly recommend this work. It should be read in schools.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. *With Imaginative Illustrations, by* J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. 6 Vols. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

The second volume of this elegant edition is illustrated by an engraving, by way of frontispiece, of Milton dictating to his daughters, by Edwards, after a painting by Romney, which possesses considerable merit, and a vignette title-page by Turner, that would be no bad design for the face of a French or molu clock, placing the dial plate immediately under the centre of the arch. However, as it is a subject no less important than the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, we must devote a line to it, to inform our readers that they will find at the very bottom of the page, just where the obnoxious thumb is wont to impress its indelible mark, a little wriggling worm, precisely like one of those we discern in vinegar, through a microscope, immediately followed by Adam and Eve, at the bottom of four stone steps, and the mournful procession closed by what we will, in kindness to the artist, suppose to be an angel, behind whom, there are two cast-iron gates, of the gridiron pattern, the dexter one of which, another winged form is attempting to close, opposed by two things, with each two heads, two arms, two legs, and, as far as we can descry, two wings and a-half among them. The other gate another angel is shutting, unopposed, with a full swing. Indeed, the whole affair is purely imaginative, with the imagination of a royal academician. The text of the poem is beautifully typed, and the editor has, in this volume, done his part fully and judiciously. The notes, both original and collated, are excellent, and this edition, as far as it has gone, may challenge any other extant, for convenience in size, clearness of letter-press, and completeness of getting up.

Observations on the Climate, Soil, and Productions of British Guiana, and on the Advantages of Emigrating to, and Colonizing the Interior of that Country, &c. &c. &c. By John Hancock, M.D., Fellow of the Medico-Botanical Society of London, &c. &c. &c. James Fraser, Regent Street.

If all the information conveyed in this book be correct, British Guiana is, then, the true Paridisian receptacle of English surplus population. Richness of soil, salubrity of climate, superabundance of all the necessa-

ries, and amplitude of most of the luxuries of life, await here the emigrant, if he be only wise enough or bold enough to proceed and enjoy them. As much of this country has been described by Dr. Hancock alone, we have no means of trying the authenticity of his reports, by comparing them with other evidence. For ourselves we believe him, and, as no one part of his publication contradicts another, his accounts wear the uniform texture of truth. The only objection we see to the plan he advocates of making settlements in the interior of this rich and beautiful country, is, that it appears to be already settled. We find these regions populous with Macoosies, Arowaks, Warrows, Carribees, &c., but, as we make no doubt that Dr. Hancock has been commissioned by them to invite over our thousands of English paupers, (indeed, in one part of the book something very like it is distinctly intimated,) there can be no difficulty on that score. The Indians will give up their lands in return for the honour of the visit. Independently of the information that this work conveys, as to the objects which the writer has in view, the reader will find much in it to instruct and to amuse. It seems that mounting crocodiles and aligators, and riding them to death, is not quite the hoax that we generally believe it to be, and, that Baron Humboldt has, borrowing his string from others, occasionally drawn the long bow. But, with all our approbation of the work, we find it very incomplete. It proves the writer to be a very talented individual, but is deficient in promoting its own views. The doctor must rewrite, and enlarge it, and take care to tell the emigrant how he is to get to this interior of perfections, what it is necessary to take there, and when there, what is necessary to be done with himself, with the natives, and with the land.

How to observe Geology. By H. T. De la Beche, F.R.S.. &c. &c. &c. *With a Hundred and Thirty-eight Woodcuts.* Charles Knight, Ludgate Hill.

This is a work upon which we may lavish commendation, without fearing to offend the most captious. Geology is becoming daily of more importance. We find that nature has written, with her own hand, her own history, in the almost imperishable strata of her rocks, and that man is fast learning to read it. The work before us teaches even the tiro in the service to make such use of the geological objects that chance may scatter before him, as to enable himself hereafter, and others at present, to come to most important conclusions. All the rules laid down are sensible and judicious; and, in acquiring these rules, a vast fund of knowledge is acquired also. Geology is not a science of vain and barren knowledge, exalting only the intellect—it is replete with utility, and contains mines of yet unexplored riches, to which chemistry holds the principal key.

Nursery Gem; or, the Physical and Mental Management of Children from an Early Age. By Henry Congreve. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

A gem? no—this is nothing but a sensible little book teeming with good advice, and rich with maxims familiar to every body, and which every body neglects. Nurses should be compelled to read it, at least once a week, fasting; not to teach them the whole of their duty, for it does not, but to put them in mind of several very important points respecting it.

The State and Position of Western Australia, commonly called the Swan River Settlement. By CAPTAIN FREDERICK CHIDLEY IRWIN, of H. M. 63rd Regiment, late Commandant of the Troops, and acting Governor of the Colony. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Stationers' Court; J. Cross, 18, Holborn.

The public ought to be grateful to the author of this work, than whom no person could be more competent to satisfy all those interested in emigration as to their prospects of success, and all the advantages and disadvantages of the rising colony. His description of the country is lucid, and we find that he is no where betrayed into exaggeration by the vanity of well turning a period, or the enthusiasm that an author generally feels for a favourite subject. He seems to be giving his testimony with that scrupulous and conscientious care that ought to mark the words of a sworn witness, when life and property are at stake upon his evidence. And so they are in books of this description. The colony is thriving, and we make no hesitation in saying, that it is already the nucleus of what will hereafter be a great empire. Swan River is eminently favoured by nature. The vegetation is not so luxuriant as to supersede the necessity of industry, nor the climate so enervating as to destroy human energies. Nature may be too prodigal in gifts, and thus superinduce effeminacy, and destroy that most virtuous of all incentives—the necessity of labour. Those who go out here must work, and work hard, and they will be amply repaid. There is no doubt but that the first difficulties of the colony are surmounted; towns have sprung up, and a great range of country is now under cultivation, and the face of the land speckled with farm-houses and incipient country gentlemen's seats. But those who go out now must not hope to derive all the advantages arising from these improvements for nothing. They must either take out property with them, or by industry and hard labour acquire it. There is a wide field open to them, but they must strenuously clap their hands to the plough. Sir R. Peel's relative does not, upon his vast allotment, seem to be doing either so well as the capital he took out, or the expectations he had a right to form, might warrant. But there is no doubt that the time is not far distant when he will become a princely landholder. It appears from Captain Irwin's account, that the great obstacle to success in an infant colony, is the impossibility of concentrating the efforts of the population to practicable improvement, each individual flying off to a precarious independence, and thus all the benefit of the union of labour is lost. How to remedy this, without compulsory labour, and a military body to enforce it, it would be difficult to say, when the temptation to separate is so great. Perhaps a combination of farming men, who would agree to perform the menial and laborious offices in rotation, and hold the estate in common, might be effective. Thus, when one estate was brought into good cultivation, they might either extend it, or one party buy out the others, and sellers repeat the operation upon another plot of land. However, we have no space for speculation. As this is the most recent, so it it is certainly the best work yet published on the colony—a work remarkable for candour, information, and good taste.

The Thurlston Tales. By the Author of "Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean." 3 Vols. John M'Crone, St. James's Square.

The connecting link of these vivid and graphic tales, is a personal narrative told by the author, full of sunny joyousness. He has, or is supposed to have, an uncle, the most jolly of all hypochondriacs on record,

and from whom the volume derives its name, who sends for his nephew to receive his dying breath, and is found by his dutiful relative, punch in hand, roaring out, half drunken, the burthen of a hunting song. The first story, "Hong ti tso," is but a new version of a very old anecdote, that of bursting an impostume by convulsing the patient with laughter. It is exquisitely told, however, and bears excellently upon the action of the main design. The next, "Julian Grey," is original, both as to conception and the manner of execution, and the very best embodying of the national superstition of witchcraft that we have ever read. There is something right English and Shaksperian in all the characters that figure in this singular narrative. The author has gone fearlessly to work, and actually taken the devil by the horns. It is a work full of pathos, stern nature, and one that imperatively exacts a place in the memory. After this, we have some merry pranks, on the soil in which the rich ore of these miniature romances are embedded, and then comes "The Batchelor and the Bride." In this, the author relaxes at due intervals into humour and wit, yet the principal scenes of the story are of a grave and severe cast. All the tales are laid, as to time, when the first Charles and his puritan parliament commenced those miserable struggles that entailed so many misfortunes upon the empire. "Grey Joan" is rather an episodical anecdote, related by the worthy uncle, though classed in the index as a distinct narrative. The general characteristic of these volumes, is great power directed by fine taste. The author has the faculty of divesting himself of his individuality, and throwing all his own soul into his creations. While they are on the scene, they breathe with real life, yet there is upon them that slightest of shades of similarity, perhaps discoverable in their manner of expressing themselves, which speaks of the author's self. The vindictive passions, both of "Julian Grey" and of "Everet," are brother and sister, and both betray their common parent, the author. This is, we confess, but barely discoverable without giving the subject a more abstract attention than novels require. Another faint blemish we also may mention, that we here and there meet with a page, that by its tone, and the associations that it creates, give us an impression that we are reading of events, more in character with the Georgian era, than that of the embryo commonwealth. But, after all, this is mere hypercriticism. The work is a superior one, and able both to give and uphold a reputation. It would be, on our parts, but an invidious office to class it in any particular station among the successful works of fiction of the day; but, that it must take a very high one we are assured, and but few novels ought to feel themselves at all disgraced, by being placed in literary rank immediately below it.

Journal. By FRANCES ANN BUTLER. 2 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

There are always two sides to a shield, though it be fabricated with precious metal. Our contemporaries have been active in drawing the attention to the worse part, but too little anxious to dwell on the beauties of the golden side. The faults of this journal are certainly monstrous; so much so, that we almost suspect they are purposely inserted as such, in order to quiz the reviewers, and mystify the thousand critics of this most critical of cities. For whatever cause they were produced, we will have nothing to do with them, but attempt to draw the reader's attention to the manifold and great beauties with which the work abounds. The powers of delineation that the authoress possesses, are of the very highest order, and her descriptions of men and manners are not only vivid but witty. The criticisms in the notes, evince a depth of thought, a

facility of expressing abstract ideas, and powers of discrimination, that would not shame the experienced writer of threescore and ten, and would lead us to suppose, that in those passages in which Mrs. Butler has condescended to be foolish, that she did so, either in playful mockery of herself, or in spiteful mockery of those whom she knew would pass a literary sentence upon her. That she has an exquisite taste for the beautiful, and a due appreciation of the sublime, must be felt, by those who can feel either, in numerous instances scattered through this unequal work. We think that there must be two Mistresses Butler, as there are certainly two Hamlets. The lady could not afford to keep a court fool, so merely for amusement she divided herself, and played the right merry and laughable character herself. Frances Ann, at the Falls of Niagara, and Fanny Kemble, exclaiming "Mercy me," and, "by my troth," are by no means identical, that is, pyscologically, though physically, undoubtedly they are. When a few of the sterner realities of life have sobered this very young lady down to the graceful and accomplished matron, we predict that she will draw largely upon the unqualified approbation of her countrymen, for we feel that she is born for noble things. She has been a spoiled child; but she has, after all, that true elevation of mind, that will not permit herself to spoil the woman. Her book is certainly, let people revile it as they will, a most amusing one, and one too, from which much instruction may be gained. We hardly know whether, in its present unrevised state, we ought to recommend its perusal, for Mrs. Butler's sake, but we can safely do so, as far as regards the reader, for he will heartily feel, and laugh with, and sometimes at, the authoress.

The Philosophy of Manufactures; or, an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain. By ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Charles Knight, Ludgate Street.

No truth is more apparent, and should be more deeply considered, than this—that in every thing that concerns social polity, all violent transitions are dangerous in their action, and replete with disastrous consequences in their results. Hence the mischiefs now operating by the Reform Bill, hence the misery that our labouring population are undergoing. Events move on so rapidly, that the poor have no time to shift for themselves, or to remove from the vast current of improvement, if it must be so termed, that, in benefiting the few, too often overwhelms and destroys the many. Forcibly has all this been presented to our consideration by the perusal of the very clever book before us. Dr. Ure glories in the triumph of science, but hardly considers its inevitable results; or, in his enthusiasm for that which seems to lift man above the earth by its intellectuality, sees either an Utopian era of universal happiness, or forgets the universal law pronounced by omnipotence, that man shall gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. Machinery, and no one admires it more than we, displaces millions of labourers, but as yet, it does not provide for the displaced. Carry the principle even a little farther than it has yet reached, and you will find, that while it creates wrought materials, it destroys its own best market first, and the population of the country afterwards. It seems to be, when deeply considered, a system of septennial decimation—and that by the most cruel means—by privation, hunger, and famine. A new invention renders, in one moment, ten thousand active beings with their dependent families helpless; but, say the theorists, they will find other employments —miserable mockery! where? and, that they will be merged in the surrounding population. The merging is true enough—they will for a short

time make all those around them more miserable, and then the merging will take place, in disease, and death, and the pauper graves. In the abstract, we are friends to machinery—we only view it with dismay when it travels too fast, and causes transitions too violent—and that that is now the case our author convinces us. We find even now, that in some of the mills, the most ignorant persons are preferred to do the little that living hands have to perform. There acquired skill is nothing, and manual dexterity worse than useless. The author describes these self-acting automatons with a zest and a vividness eminently striking. He exhausts his eloquence in portraying vast, light, and well-ventilated halls, through which a few well-dressed females are moving with a graceful step, and just touching the points of operation with their delicate hands; and then he proceeds to show us some huge monster, printing and colouring cotton fabrics, not by the yard, but by so many miles per hour, whilst human agency in this stupendous work is scarcely visible. All this is very imposing, and matter of great exultation for the human mind; but, it is fearful to turn from this exciting contemplation to the crowded cellars, the pauper prisons, and the densely-thronged lazar-house; all of them teeming with the discarded operatives. That we are improving too fast, or rather, too unequally, is most certain; but it would seem almost as unjust to stop the march, as it is dismal to observe its effects. We ought not to legislate science down to mediocrity, and we cannot legislate poverty up even to a bare competence. Every one ought to read and study Dr. Ure's book, to digest his valuable information, and, we think, all but the bigoted will come to an opposite conclusion to that of the author's.

Stanley, a Tale of the Fifteenth Century. In 3 Vols. Chapman and Hall, Strand.

This is a dull affair. The reader, without he be invulnerable to headache, or proof against lassitude, should wholly omit the perusal of the two first volumes, and skip the half of that which composes the third. With the intrepidity inspired by our critical conscience, we *have* read the whole of this tale; we have waded through its Lethean slough of sleepy sentences, certainly not without injury, for after having completed the task, we found that we had not escaped the infection, as we began to prose ourselves immediately after most intolerably. We have wasted our time, but it is to a good purpose, if by a salutary warning, we prevent our friends from wasting theirs. Stanley is a mixture of history and fiction, and we suppose the author calls the production historical, because the history is made worthless by the fiction, and the fiction insufferably vapid by the history. The time chosen for this infliction on the public, is that in which the seventh Henry flourished, tyrannized, and hoarded; and Perkin Warbeck plays a conspicuous part in the narrative. We have before hinted that there are some parts in the third volume, from the accident of situation, interesting to the confirmed novel reader; but all the rest is one dreary, barren waste of words, without so much as a single flower springing up among them to break the monotonous dulness. If with the exceptions that we have made, the author will point out to us in the whole three volumes, any of the requisites of a good novel, either as regards humour, pathos, diction, or incident, (save what is naturally history,) we will be content to ask his pardon, and to recant what we have said. The recommendations of these volumes must be confined to a few scenes towards the conclusion, and to the very excellent type that is marshalled in goodly array, upon the very superior paper. The most unpardonable fault of a book of amusement, is not to amuse.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c. And Notes by various Hands.* 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Illustrated by a view of Edinburgh, after Stanfield, by E. Finden, and embellished by a vignette title-page by the same celebrated artist, the fifth volume of this splendid edition has made its appearance. This view of Edinburgh is a master-piece of art. The contents of this volume are very miscellaneous, consisting of travels, correspondence, and tit-bits of Johnsonian conversation and Boswellian admiration, therefore very amusing. As we wish to put the burly doctor into the good graces of the fair sex, we will just quote a morsel of his altisonant chit-chat. A gentleman tells him that he had bought an expensive suit of lace for his lady. "Well, sir, you have done a good thing, and a wise thing." "I have done a good thing, but I do not know that I have done a wise thing." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and a wife is pleased that she is dressed." Who now will doubt the lexicographer's gallantry?

Brambletye House; or, Cavaliers and Roundheads. By HORACE SMITH, Esq. Published for Henry Colburn, by Richard Bentley, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

This second volume, which forms the seventh of "Colburn's Modern Novelists," finishes Smith's much-esteemed and highly-popular novel. The frontispiece is highly interesting, as it gives us a portrait of the piscatory Isaak Walton, in the full enjoyment of his passion. The convenient form, and the moderation of the price of these novels, should, and we doubt not do, command great success. The care bestowed upon them, to render them in every respect complete as library books in condensed forms, deserves liberal patronage, even if the merits of the works selected were not so great as they really are. In opposition to the opinion of an influential journalist, we think the choice of Mr. Colburn, for this publication, has been hitherto most judicious.

History of England, with its Contemporary Sovereigns, and Distinguished Characters of each Reign, &c. &c.; beginning with the Reformation, and continued to the present Year. By MISS C. DAVIES. J. Souter, St. Paul's Church Yard; and J. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This is by no means an indifferent class book. On looking through it we find the facts well selected. Towards the latter part, the book grows a little fulsome in personal panegyric, and the quotations of the poets come in somewhat oddly among the historical memoranda. We do not like the question and answer system, when the questions are printed. It is so much space lost, and every tutor can impart his lesson interrogatively if he chooses.

Advice to Proprietors on the Care of Valuable Pictures painted in Oil, with Instructions for Preserving, Cleaning, and Restoring them when damaged and decayed. By an Artist. Sherwood and Co., London; King, Wycombe.

If pictures be worth painting and purchasing, they must be worth preserving, and he who teaches us how to prolong the existence of a *chef d'œuvre*, to double the time it usually takes to destroy it, has done the world nearly as much service as the artist who painted it. Napoleon sneered, and very justly, at the immortality of a picture, that could be preserved only six hundred or seven hundred years. Bearing these things in mind, no one can doubt of the beneficial tendency of this little volume. It is not only very important as to the instructions it conveys, but redundant with pleasing anecdotes of pictures and their painters. It must have the good effect of calling the attention of proprietors to the treasures under their protection, and will be the means of preventing many of them slipping silently away into worthlessness and oblivion.

Harold de Burun, a Semi-Dramatic Poem, in Six Scenes. By Henry Austen Driver, Author of "The Arabs," a Poem. Longman, Rees, and Co., Paternoster Row.

In this poem there is much valuable talent uselessly expended. The author has a poetical, and also a genial imagination. His sympathies are kindly, and his expression of them sweet; but the vehicle in which he has elected to convey them is most uninviting. As a mere narrative, his verse, good as it is, proves but an incumbrance; the incidents are overwhelmed, and hidden by the imagery, the tale has to carry with it the superincumbent weight of the verse—and thus drags on slowly. As poetry, Harold is neither sufficiently lofty nor impassioned, though highly imaginative. It is much above mediocrity, but we foretell, with its many recommendations, it will never be read. Mr. Driver has truly cast his book upon the waters—its leaves will become saturated with neglect, and, we fear, it will shortly sink into oblivion. This should not be, and would not, had the author chosen another subject, and managed it more skilfully—that is, more popularly.

A Journal of the Plague Year; or, Memorials of the Great Pestilence in London, in 1665. By Daniel De Foe. *A New Edition, attentively revised and illustrated with Historical Notes.* By Edward Wedlake Brayley, F.S.A., &c. Thomas Tegg and Son, Cheapside.

This work is as memorable as the awful event which it relates. The simplicity of the style, and the honest, and often homely energy of the diction, is a fine specimen of that finest of eloquence the natural. The book is well known, and, therefore, our comments upon it may be well spared. This edition is very complete, in every respect. The revision has been careful and judicious, and the notes are strikingly relative to the subject matter. To all those who have no copy of this, now English classic, we recommend this edition. It forms the fifty-second number of the Family Library.

Stories of Strange Lands, and Fragments from the Notes of a Traveller. By MRS. LEE, formerly MRS. T. EDWARD BOWDITCH. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

To read any one of these tales, will fill the mind with images at once delightful, singular, and original. The dusky sons and daughters of Afric, have found, in Mrs. Lee, a recorder of their actions, that enables us more fully to appreciate their character in all the varieties of its wildness, than any other writer has yet been able to effect. Indeed, from graphical delineations, as touching Africa, both moral and physical, she is far in the van of any other writer who has trod the same ground as herself. The French may take it as they list, but we are of opinion, that, had she visited those scenes that Lamartine so vividly and so poetically describes, she would have given us a better impression of them than he has done. Her imagination never carries her either beyond or above her subject. In perusing her little tales, which read like vivid prose inspirations, we see every thing brought before us in all the sharp clear outlines, and the substantial filling up of reality. As we feast upon them, we admire the creation of the author, without much thinking upon the author herself. There is nothing dreamy, vague, or shadowy about them. Lamartine every now and then gives us an outburst of glowing poetry, we ascend with him in his flights, but, exciting as is the excursion, we find that it is Lamartine that we are studying, and what he professes to write about is but a secondary affair. Though we admire Lamartine more, we think we like Mrs. Lee better. The first tale, "Adumissa," is a touching specimen of stoic simplicity. Though natural, even to wildness, it is highly dramatic, and wants but time to make it classical. The other tales are of equal excellence, being correctly illustrative of the manner, feeling, and habits of these strange barbarians. If in fiction, which is not false, Mrs. Lee is so interesting, in her notes, which are facts, she is as instructive as amusing. Whenever she indulges in speculation, her remarks are rich in a sound philosophy. Her notes are not the least valuable part of her work. We assure our young and our fair readers, that this volume will afford them as much of that refreshing excitement so acceptable to them, as at least three well-written novels, or as many elaborate romances. If they have any thing of an imagination, they can build out of the rich materials here prodigally cast before them, in the silent evening walk, or on the ruminating morning pillow, with but a little pleasing effort on their parts, the number of works of fiction we have just mentioned. In a few of the matters, merely nautical, Mrs. Lee has made some mistakes—having viewed them with the eye of a lady.

An Historical Sketch of the Art of Sculpture in Wood, from the earliest Period to the Present Time, with Notices of the most remarkable Sculptural Works in the same material, now remaining in Europe; and some Account of their Designers. By ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS, Author of "Rhymes and Rhapsodies." Library of the Fine Arts, 10, Charles Street, Soho Square.

This is a very good sketch, and we hardly think it a subject that deserves much more than a rapid and a generalized survey. As to the philosophy of the art, it requires no antiquarian research to explain it. The carving of images comes as naturally as walking to the human race. We do not think, that in any nation, the plastic art was first assayed upon wood. Clay assuredly had the original impress of imitation everywhere. The

perishable nature of any vegetable substance, however firm, its fibrous texture, and the discoloration to which it is unavoidably liable, will necessarily render it in every way inferior to stone or metal; and, consequently, it can never be expected that great genius will ever waste its labour upon it. However, much more great talent has been expended on wood than the world are really aware of, of which a perusal of this amusing volume will afford ample proof. The book is pleasantly written in a succinct yet lucid style. The author has thrown into his narrative just enough of enthusiasm to make its readers know that he is in earnest with his subject, and thus he throws more interest over it than perhaps it could legitimately claim. The chronicling of the most curious and famous specimens of this art, forms a curious list, and must be amusing to the antiquary. Persons will do well to read this, as it contains much more of information and amusement than they might suppose.

The Works of William Cowper. Poems. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A. M., Rector of Burton, and Vicar of Biddenham, Author of the "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond." *With an Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper.* By the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M., Vicar of Harrow. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This, the sixth volume, is illustrated by a beautiful engraving by E. Finden, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, of the portrait of the amiable author. The countenance is indicative both of physical and mental weakness, though the high and capacious forehead redeems the insignificance of the lower parts of the face, and rescues the physiognomy from imbecility. The view of Cowper's summer-house is a pleasing rural sketch, and appropriate. Mr. Cunningham's essay is elegant, self-evident, to the purpose, and a little lengthy—a flowery excrescence, that will receive value, and find preservation, on account of the noble stem upon which it is grafted. Cowper's own preface follows, and then we have the "Table Talk." The volume finishes with two books of the "Task." Altogether, this is a beautiful edition; and is, in every respect, worthy the poet whose works it contains, and the respect that such a poet deserves from his countrymen.

A Parallel of Shakspeare and Scott; being the Substance of Three Lectures on the Kindred Nature of their Genius, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Chichester. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

"There be rivers, both in Monmouth and Macedon," as Fluellyn observes; and Scott wrote excellently, and Shakspeare divinely; yet, with all deference to Fluellyn, and the author of these lectures, Monmouth is not Macedon, nor Scott Shakspeare. We think them as dissimilar in the construction of their minds as two great geniuses can be. We must be content with the assertion, as we have not space to prove it; yet that unproved assertion will find a ready concurrence in the minds of most people who have studied the works of these great men. Yet, there is some very good *talk* in this publication upon the subject, and a few remarks, that prove the author to be in the habit of thinking for himself, and thinking well.

The Works of Alexander Pope; with a Memoir of the Author, Notes, and Critical Notices on each Poem. By the Rev. G. CROLY, LL.D. Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Vol. III. A. J. Valpy, M.A., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

A heavy and a somewhat maudlin frontispiece, with a really beautiful vignette title-page, are the illustrations of this third volume of the classic Pope, which contains the whole of the Dunciad, the Four Pastorals, the Messiah, and the first book of the Thebais. The notes are full and to the purpose, and the undertaking advances not only creditably to all the parties to whom the public will be indebted for this edition, but with the exception of now and then an indifferent engraving, splendidly.

The Rural Muse. Poems by JOHN CLARE. Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

Most of the verses that fill up this little volume are written in poetical diction, but they are not poetry. They are, still, very pretty, and show a great deal of taste in the author. They are upon all subjects; even most sublime are attempted. The versification is very smooth, and evinces a very musical ear. Upon the whole, we think that the book possesses merit enough to give Mr. Clare a very fair provincial reputation, and to make him a rustic wonder while he lives. We hope that his publications are productive to him of emolument. We can recommend them to those who like to be soothed by graceful mediocrity, and care only to be gently pleased. To excite, the author must first excite himself, and drink more deeply of the poetic spring.

Frithiof's Saga; or, the Legend of Frithiof. By ESAIAS TEGNER. Translated from the Swedish. A. H. Bailey and Co. 83, Cornhill.

Being unacquainted with the Swedish language, we are unable to pronounce any opinion as to the fidelity of this translation. We can therefore judge it only as an English work. The legend is wild and interesting, and the versification by no means indifferent. Esaias Tegner, the author, enjoys a high reputation in his own country, and all through the northern states of Europe. It is high time that he was appreciated in England. It appears from the preface, that this author has been translated by three different persons in Germany, and that those works have each run through many editions. This poem will be, for many reasons, acceptable in England; and we therefore willingly call the public attention to this spirited translation.

The Resources and Statistics of Nations, exhibiting the Geographical Position, and Natural Resources, &c. &c. of all Countries. By JOHN MAC GREGOR, Esq., F.A.S. &c. &c. A. H. Bailey and Company, 83, Cornhill.

This excellent and very useful work has attained its sixth number, and treats of the American States, the Prussian, Swiss, and Spanish governments, and then turns to Asia. We see the same exactitude and cleverness of arrangement, that has always characterized this work, displayed in this number. For perspicuity, it is unrivalled.

Valpy's Hume and Smollett's History of England. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

This impartial and lucidly written continuation, embraces, in the eighteenth volume of the whole work, a period of seven years, terminating in 1785. It was a time fruitful in events, and still more in causes, that have since operated, are still operating, and will operate for a long series of years. If we were inclined to be captious, we might remark that Mr. Hughes devotes too much space to the debates in the two Houses. It is not a good plan to attempt the history of the British empire, in the history of parliamentary speeches and tactics. We find half a page devoted to an eventful campaign in America, and seven or eight pages to a brilliant debate. However, we certainly think that we discover great improvement in this volume. Facts are presented to us in their most attractive aspects, and we find no redundancies that might beget tediousness.

The Sacred Classics; or, the Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane, &c. &c.

Nineteen volumes of this well-edited and well-conducted work have now shed their beneficial influence over the land, meeting and opposing the march of infidelity, assuring the doubtful, and arousing the supine. This last volume is occupied by the well-known and justly-appreciated "Christian Philosophy," by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, in which he convincingly displays, by internal testimony, the evidence and excellence of revealed religion. It is introduced by an able dissertation by Mr. Stebbing. This number is one of the best that has yet appeared.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa. By Andrew Steedman. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s*.

Prize Translation of the Welsh Ode on the British Druids. By H. A. Bruce, Esq. 8vo. 1*s*. 6*d*.

A Sermon Preached at the Visitation of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, at Stokesley, June 26th, 1835. By the Rev. F. Lipscomb. 8vo. 1*s*.

Papers on Naval Architecture. By Commander J. Pearse. 8vo. 5*s*.

Fructus Experientiæ, or Conversations on Early Education. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Poetics and Prosaics. By W. J. Baitman and E. Lenton. 12mo. 5*s*.

The Bible Atlas. By Samuel Arrowsmith. large 8vo. 12*s*. and 4to. 21*s*.

The French Language its own Teacher. By René Aliva. Part II. 12mo. 5*s*.

The Prime Minister; a Poem Political and Historical. By a Peer. 12mo. 4*s*.

Frithiof's Saga; a Scandinavian Legend of Royal Love, translated from the Swedish of E. Tegner. By the Rev. W. Strong. 8vo 12*s*.

Moral Principles of the Old and New Testament, for the Purpose of Education. By Mrs. Petch. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

The State and Prospects of the Swan River Settlement. By Capt. F. C. Irwin. 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

The Last of the Corbes. By the Rev. J. Wright. post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Eight Illustrations of the Lord's Prayer from Flaxman's Designs. 8vo. 5*s*.

Progressive Exercises in English Grammar. By R. G. Parker, A.M. 18mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.

The Parables of Jesus. By the Rev. B. H. Draper. First Series. 32mo. 2*s*.
Eliza Mordaunt; or, the Governess. By Mrs. Sherwood. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his Son. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 12*s*.
Practical Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Nervous Diseases. By C. R. Mart. 12mo. 6*s*.
Dr. Brook Taylor's Linear Perspective. New edition. By J. Jopling. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Way for a Child to be Saved. By J. Abbott. 18mo. 1*s*.
Hints on the Regulation of Christian Churches. By the Rev. C. Stovel. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Allbut's Elements of Useful Knowledge. 15th edit. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Breton's Excursions in New South Wales. 8vo. new edit. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Autobiography of an Irish Traveller. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West. By J. D. Carrick. 24mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
The British Pulpit, Vol. III. 8vo. 8*s*.
Visits and Sketches at Home and Aroad. By Mrs. Jameson. 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
Withering's British Botany. By Macgilivray. 12mo. 3rd edition. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Abbott's Little Philosopher. 32mo. 1*s*.
Abbott's Early Piety. 32mo. 6*d*.
The Italian Manual for Self-Tuition. By Smeraldo Bugni. Royal 12mo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
A Parallel of Shakspeare and Scott. Royal 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Butler's Etymological Spelling. New edit. 12mo. 1*s* 6*d*.
The Theological and Poetical Class Book; or the School-Boy's Companion to the Bible. By B. Firth. 12mo. 5*s*.
Memoirs of J. Howard Hinton. By his Father. 2nd edit. 32mo. 1*s*.
Lyell's Geology. 4th edit. 4 vols. 12mo. 24*s*.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The most important of which is the singular conclusion to which the Vice-Chancellor has arrived concerning the question of copyright, agitated between the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Mr. Churton. If the judgment itself has caused surprise in every literary circle, the gratuitous remarks that attended it has produced every where a much stronger feeling, which our respect for the administration of the laws will not permit us to designate.

The Life of Admiral Lord Exmouth, drawn up from official and other authentic documents, furnished by his family and friends, is now preparing for publication. By Edward Osler, Esq. and will appear early in August.

The large Ale and Porter Brewers will next week be presented with a Work on the subject of Brewing, upon which they may with confidence rely; as the whole process of Fermentation, Mashing, Temperature, and other important points in Brewing, are treated both practically and scientifically, by one of their own body, Mr. William Black, who has been a practical Brewer for the last forty years.

The fifteenth and concluding volume of the Library of Romance will be published in a few days, containing an original and philosophical Romance, entitled "Ernesto," by the Author of "Guidone," &c.

The Diary of a Solitaire, containing a lively and animated Sketch of a Pedestrian Tour through the most interesting parts of Switzerland, will be published early in August, and will form an excellent Guide for future Travellers through that romantic country.

A History of British India, from the Termination of the War with the Mahrattas in 1805 to the Renewal of the Company's Charter in 1833. By Edward Thornton, Esq., Author of "India; its State and Prospects." The work will be completed in two volumes, 8vo. The first volume will be published immediately, and the second shortly afterwards.

Scenes and Characters Illustrating Christian Truth; No. I. Trial and Self-Discipline. By the Author of "James Talbot," &c.

A new and cheap edition of "The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside." By Leigh Hunt, accompanied by a portrait of the Author.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the Bible. By JOHN MARTIN, Esq. Published by the Artist, at 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road; Ackerman and Co. Strand; and Victor Morlet, Paris.

We have received six plates, the productions of Mr. Martin's stupendous imagination, and engraved as well as painted by himself. Artists in general have endeavoured to tell their subjects either by physiognomical delineations, or the grouping and action of human figures. On his part, Martin invokes all nature to tell his story, and he works out his startling effects more by the accessaries than by the principal living characters of his pictures. We have received and descanted on the merits of the first series; the second commences with part the seventh, representing David sparing Saul at Hachilah. The time is night, and the cloud-veiled moon is approaching the rocky horizon. What can be perceived of the landscape through the gloom is really grand. The sleeping monarch is in the foreground near the royal tent, and David is standing over him. The attitudes are good, but the expression of countenances we are left to imagine. The eighth plate is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still. There is an awful sublimity in the *coup d'œil* of this plate, that makes it one of the artist's happiest efforts. The effect is wrought out by a gorgeous and terrific combination of the elements, massive rocks, and colossal cities, over all which the obedient sun flings an uncertain and lurid light. The scattered host is hardly discernible in the deep and dark ravine. The next plate represents the daughters of Babylon mourning their captivity. The group of damsels is too theatrical, and the attitudes of some of the figures not pleasing. It is still a sweet and pensive, yet grand picture. The fall of Babylon is a beautiful mingling of the sublime and the terrible. We should think this elaborate masterpiece a great favourite with its creator. It is truly the epic poetry of the illusive art. Belshazzar's feast is equal to the best of his conceptions; no one has ever handled the subject so well, and none will ever surpass it. The happy distribution of the light in this plate gives a vast grandeur to the immense yet graceful architecture. The fall of Nineveh is replete with the artist's excellencies, though a severe criticism might be inclined to object to some of the figures in the foreground. A small volume could be employed, and that well too, in the discussing of the various incidents that make the grand whole of each of these extraordinary representations. We fear that this master's genius is by no means fully appreciated. It seems that time must remove his labours to some distant epoch before the vulgar herd can contemplate them beneficially. Lost in astonishment, and not knowing exactly what to think, they affect to decry. We shall live to see him duly honoured yet. Foreigners have already led the way in the path of justice, and John Bull will follow, if it be only to be in fashion, and to be thought to have taste.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

We are extremely sorry that, last month, we received this number so late as to incapacitate us to notice it; the more particularly, as its merits are very striking. We conceive that we have committed an error in classing this highly favoured publication under the head of the fine arts, though, for the beauty of its illustrations, no work deserves it more; yet, as its literary merits are still greater than its graphic, as a work of highly-toned literature it should be regarded. In this number the doctor has given us the exciting story of William Tell, and has told it with excellent tact, preserving that exquisite medium between the refined and the simply chaste, that goes at once to our hearts. The plates are Mount Bernhardin, a moonlight and a wintery scene. La Batia Castle forms the next subject, and it is beautifully treated. The view is extremely romantic, and there is a classical air pervading the whole picture. Unterseen presents a vast expanse of view to the eye, and the mountains mingling with the sky in the aerial distance have the happiest effect. The " Ponte Alta," is one of those vast ravines so common to Swiss

scenery, and yet so grand. We have been given to understand that the sale of this periodical is prodigious, not only in our own country, but also on the Continent. It is convincing proof of the increasing good taste of the times, and, that not only talent exists, but that the spirit to patronize it is as active as at any past period.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery, a Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent. Made from Drawings, expressly taken for this Work, by CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R. A. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. Dedicated by permission to the King.

This number, the second of the series, gives us faithful representations, first of the "Town of Dartmouth," with its secure harbour, and its romantic hill sheltering the town. The grouping of the figures in the fore-ground, with the strongly relieved vessels, give a strong appearance of active life and bustle to the whole scene. It is a happy effort. "Dartmouth Castle" is the next plate, and in it we must confess that the engraver has not worthily seconded the consummate skill of the artist. Both the sky and sea are such as Stanfield never conceived. The boats and landscape are, however, well produced. "St. Malo" is highly interesting and well executed. "The View in Brittany" offers to the eye a wide expanse of land and water, with an extremely picturesque and rural foreground. The plate is a good one. It is a public duty to cherish this excellent periodical, as it is conducted by the first talent in the kingdom, and devoted to really national purposes.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Scriptures. From finished Drawings made by STANFIELD, TURNER, *&c. With Descriptions of the Plates,* by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

We shall not specify all the interesting plates of this number. They are of nearly equal excellence, and all have a right to high places among the productions of art. We cannot, however, refrain from adverting to the last. It is a view of the "Forum of Rome," and fills the mind with melancholy ideas, as the eye wanders over these magnificent remains of human grandeur. It is a beautiful plate in every respect, and fully worth the money demanded for the whole number. The high talent employed on this publication ought to assure it a splendid success.

North Wales Illustrated. Wanderings through North Wales. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Author of the "Landscape Annual." *Embellished with highly-finished Engravings, by* W. RADCLIFFE, *from Drawings made expressly for this Work, by* CATTERMOLE, Cox, and CRESWICK. Charles Tilt, and Simpkin and Marshall, London; Wrightson and Webb, Birmingham.

The fourth number of this work is on a par in all that makes it excellent with those that have preceded it. The three views that it contains are, Valle Crucis Abbey, Dolwyddelan Castle, and Lyngueynant. We know not to which of these to give the preference. They are all engraved in a very superior manner, and are romantic and picturesque views. The letter-press has considerable attractions, and we doubt not but that these joint recommendations will secure it an ample patronage.

We have received engravings made from and drawn on flattened plates of zinc, too numerous to specify, and of very various degrees of merit, but this variety in the plates proceeds from the comparative skill of the different artists, and from no defect whatever, in the material agents employed. We have seen some impressions equal in clearness and precision to the finest line and dotted engravings, and such as lithography has never been able not only to equal, but even to approach. There are very many advantages derivable from the use of zinc plates, the durability

of the relief that causes the marking, the portableness of the plates, their solidity, and their security from destruction by friction, to say nothing of their being a superior vehicle for conveying to paper the most delicate touches of the artist, up to his boldest and blackest effects. Already have Messrs. Chapman and Crouch brought zincography nearly to a state of perfection; they have done their parts, and it only remains for artists to do theirs. It will not fail them be they ever so minute in the finish of their touches, or ever so bold in the intensity of their effect. This new art has already received extensive patronage.

The Colosseum, in Regent's Park, has high claims to a distinguished notice among the fine arts. Indeed, it contains a splendid assemblage of the finest specimens, and since it has passed into the hands of its present enterprising proprietors, it has wonderfully increased its attractions. At present, we have not space to enter into the details of its various improvements, but in all probability we shall devote a page to them in the next number. In the mean time, we recommend all to go there, see, and judge for themselves.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Generally speaking, our manufacturing interests are doing well, that is, for those engaged in them; whether those automaton producers, the machines, are benefiting the country, time alone can determine. There is every where goodly promise of abundant harvests, but every interest intimately connected with agriculture languishes. The shipping interest can barely keep without the verge of ruin. Our colonial prospects are gloomy. The white emigrants that have gone out to replace the non-working black freemen, seem as little inclined to work as were the slaves. We seem, as a commercial country, to be in a false position, and at the eve of a great crisis. Political agitation may be all very patriotic and very exciting, but it has ruinous effects upon trade and commerce.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 28th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 215 half.—Consols for Account, July —, 90 quarter.—Three perCent., Reduced, 91.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 99.—Exchequer Bills, 28s.—India Bonds, 10 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 85 three-quarters.—Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 36 quarter.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 54 five-eighths.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 37.—Spanish, (1822,) Five per Cent., 50 half.

SHARES.

Real del Monte, unregistered, 24l. 25l.—British American Land, 6l. 10s.—Provincial Bank of Ireland, 48l. 5s., 48l.

THE MONEY MARKET.—During the early part of last month, there was a great deal of activity in the Money market, and much complaining and heart-burning, as to charges of partiality connected with the measures pursued towards several defaulters.

The above are the prices of the funds on the 28th ult.

The English Money Market has borne a very inactive appearance during the last week; but in consequence of its being expected that the Loan for the West India Compensation Money would be early required, the tendency has been downward. A communication was received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 25th, by the Directors of the Bank of England, which sets the matter at rest. The Minister states his desire that parties desirous of bidding for the Loan will attend upon him and Lord Melbourne on Wednesday at eleven o'clock, when the amount of the Loan, and the terms, &c., will be made known to them; and also expresses a hope that some, at least, of the Bank Directors will meet them at the Treasury. This produced a slight effect upon Consols, which fell to 89⅞ 90, both for Money

and Account, but they subsequently rallied, and at the close of business the price was 90¼. Exchequer Bills left off at 29 31, and India Bonds at 10 12.

In the Foreign Market the fluctuation has been confined to Spanish and Portuguese Bonds, the former have been at 52¼, but have since receded to 50½, at which they closed this afternoon; and the Scrip, which advanced to 7¾ dis., is now 9¼ ½ dis. Portuguese Bonds were 92½ on Thursday, and the closing price this afternoon was 92½ ¾. In the Northern Bonds there is no variation of any moment. Belgian are 100½. Dutch Five per Cents. are 101¼, and the Two-and-a-Half per Cents. 54½. The Transatlantic Bonds are also without any material change. Colombian Bonds are 36¾ 7¼, Chilian 46, and Mexican 36¾ 7¼.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 23, TO JULY 24, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

June 23.—J. Smith, Gravesend, bricklayer.—J. Pearson, Greenwich, manufacturing chemist.—J. Simmons, King's Cross, St. Pancras, surgeon.—J. E. Turner, Cheltenham, auctioneer.—J. Wrigley, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen cloth merchant—E. Hancock, Sheffield, hackneyman.—W. Clark, Kingston upon-Hull, hop merchant.—J. Greenway, Plymouth, merchant.—P. Lee, Winchester, scrivener.

June 26.—J. Bell, and W. Stewart, Fort Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturers.—G. W. Lyndon, Gerrard St. Soho, wholesale jeweller.—J. G. James, Bucklersbury, wine merchant.—A. Price, Priest Court, Foster Lane, Cheapside, straw bonnet maker.—W. T. Restell, Bromley, India rubber manufacturer.—G. Clisby, Hungerford Market, corn dealer.—J. Wallis, Tooley Street, Southwark, linendraper.—J. Ravenscroft, Manchester, wine merchant.—J. Whitelocks, Watnall, Nottinghamshire, builder.—J. Broom, J. Taylor, and S. Briggs, Huddersfield, fancy cloth manufacturers.—J. Bastian, Truro, Cornwall, merchant.—T. Young, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—J. Barnley, Wetherby, Yorkshire, wood merchant.

June 30.—W. Barton, Stewart Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—W. L. Grace, Eastcheap, orange merchant.—J. Somers, Oxford Street, cheesemonger.—F. Shepley, Farnham, Surrey, hop dealer—I. and J. Burrows, Piccadilly, cork cutters.—J. Mealey, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, fringe manufacturer.—G. Jones, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, auctioneer.—W. H. Lynass, St. Helen's, Lancashire, surgeon.—R. Lloyd, Birmingham, victualler.—T. Livesey, Sen., G. and J. Livesey, and T. Livesey, Jun., Bury, Lancashire, woollen manufacturers.—J. Pownall, Manchester, innkeeper.

July 3.—F. M'Coy, Well Court, Queen Street, stationer.—S. Maine, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, currier.—J. Watton, Upper Bedford Place, surgeon.—J. Serjeant, Liverpool, window blind manufacturer.—W. Chawner, Hinckley, Leicestershire, tea dealer.—G. J. Lowe, Stourbridge, mail contractor.—J. Baylis, Daventry, Northamptonshire, builder.—J. Solloway, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, innkeeper.

July 7.—E. G. F. Sievers, Carpenter Street, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, coal merchant.—J. Cates, Jun., Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, surgeon.—G. Sternberg, Coleman Street, merchant.—B. White, Reading, printer.—T. Minton, Beak Street, Regent Street, grocer.—W. Richardson, King Street, Covent Garden, wine merchant.—J. Deacon, Berners Street, Oxford Street, upholsterer.—J. Goodwin, Battle, Sussex, innkeeper.—J. Largie, Liverpool, broker.—H. Rhoades, Manchester, spirit dealer.—W. Hopewell, Lenton, Nottinghamshire, joiner.—J. Macknight, Dawley, Shropshire, draper.—W. Turley, Sedgley, Staffordshire, canal carrier.—R. P. Southern, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, wheelwright.

July 10.—J. Hoade, Englefield Green, Surrey, grocer.—N. and S. Tuffnell, York Street, Middlesex Hospital, inelters.—E. Farbrother, Oxford, wine merchant.—D. Mackellar, Broad Street Buildings, wine merchant.—T. Parry, Green Street, Theobald's Road, tailor.—J. Daniel, Bath, coal merchant.

July 14.—P. Grant and J. Bell, Strand, printers.—F. Knowles, Lawrence Lane, innkeeper.—J. C. Coates, Basinghall Street, man milliner.—W. H. Andrews, Piccadilly, bookseller.—J. O. N. Rutter, Lymington, wine merchant.—R. Fairclough, Farrington, Lancashire, tanner.—J. Solloway, Leamington Priors, innkeeper.—T. Benson, York, chain maker.

July 17.—R. Hunt, Steward Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—G. T. Whittington, New London Street, merchant.—H. Imeson, Tooley Street, Southwark, ironmonger.—W. Addison, Taunton, Somersetshire, tea dealer.—J. Chennells, Limehouse Hole, wine merchant.—F. and W. Coupees, Luton, Beds, straw hat manufacturers.—R. Thompson, Star Court, Bread Street, warehouseman.—R. Garrett, Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, lead merchant.—T. Corbett, West Ham, Essex, nurseryman.—J. Nicks, Warwick, carpenter.—W. Cole, and H. Goodman, Northampton, tailors.—N. Fenwick, North Shields, common brewer.—T. Musselwhite, Devizes, Wilts, saddler.

July 21.—B. Shout and H. C. Nicolas, Millbank Street, Westminster, fish sauce manufacturers.—J. Gray, Wentworth Place, Mile End Road, linen draper.—W. Dickinson, Cateaton Street, shoe manufacturer.—R. Rowe, Fulwood's Rents, Holborn, victualler.—J. Hobbs, Carrington Mews, May Fair, livery stable keeper.—G. W. Roberts, Adam's Court, Broad Street, merchant.—M. Bone, South Shields, ship owner.—T. Messenger, Liverpool, corn merchant.—C. Meredith, Rochdale, Lancashire, ironmonger.

July 24.—M. Loat, Nine Elms, Battersea, whitening manufacturer.—C. and C. Wood, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, printers.—T. Tomalin, Luton, Beds, baker.—T. Parkin and D. Brown, Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, ship brokers.—T. L. Crompton, Standish, Lancashire, paper maker.—H. Penfold, Salisbury, linen draper.—R. Franklin, Ferriby Sluice, Lincolnshire, miller.—J. Boniface, Eastergate, Sussex, malster.—J. Fewster, Kingston-upon-Hull, builder.—T. Collingwood, Abingdon, Berks, corn dealer.—T. Read, Bulwell, Nottinghamshire, lime burner.—A. Scott, Halifax, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—T. Hall and T. Hodgkinson, Nottingham, hop merchants.—R. Evamy, Southampton, hop merchant.—J. Beeden, Camsey Ash, Suffolk, innkeeper.—C. Blandy, Worcester, scrivener.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
June					
23	54-69	29,58-29,50	S.W.	,3	Raining generally during the day.
24	51-58	29,40-29,18	S.	,075	Raining generally during the day.
25	45-54	29,29-29,53	S.W. & N.W.	,35	Raining generally during the day.
26	44-54	29,80-29,56	S.W.	,275	Raining during the afternoon.
27	44-62	29,86-30,06	N.E. & N.W.	,725	Rain in the afternoon, otherwise generally clear.
28	46 64	30,12 Stat.	N. & N.E.	,025	Clear, a few light clouds at times.
29	41-63	30,14-30,08	N.E. & N.		Clear, a few light clouds at times.
30	45-68	30,03 Stat.	E b. S.		Clear, a few light clouds at times.
July					
1	46-72	30,03 Stat.	E. b. S.		Clear, a few light clouds at times.
2	54-77	29,99-30,00	S.E.		Clear, a shower in the morning.
3	56-74	30,04-30,06	S. b. W.	,025	Clear.
4	58-74	30,09-30,04	S.W.		Clear.
5	51-65	29,99-29,94	S.W.	,15	Cloudy, rain on the night of the 4th.
6	51-74	29,91-29,96	S.W.		Generally clear.
7	55 71	29,99 Stat.	S. & S.W.		Generally clear.
8	50-70	29,91-29,88	S.W.	,125	Cloudy, rain on the preceding night.
9	47-68	29,92-29,94	S.W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
10	51 75	29,90-29,82	S.W.		Generally clear.
11	54-76	29,71-29,68	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	51-74	29,66-29,73	S.W.		Generally clear.
13	49-69	29,86-29,80	W.	,15	Cloudy, rain at times.
14	49 75	29,92 29,99	W. b. N.		Generally clear.
15	45 74	29,94-29,80	S.W.		Cloudy, frequent intervals of sunshine.
16	55-74	29,79-29,83	W. b. S.		Clear.
17	48-78	29,93-29,96	S. b. W.		Clear.
18	52-80	29,96-29,99	S. b. E.		Clear.
19	48-77	30,06 30,10	S.		Clear.
20	50-80	30,10 Stat.	S. & W.		Clear.
21	61-80	30,12-30,14	E.		Clear.
22	54-78	30,16-30,17	N.E.		Clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

SCOTLAND.

From January 23, to March 31.

S. Seaward, of the Parish of All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-boilers. January 23rd.

W. Wright, North Bridge, Edinburgh, Hatter, for a new and improved method of manufacturing hats. January 30th.

J. Ferguson, of Carlisle, Manufacturer, for a certain combination of processes, whereby a new kind of dress or finish is given to certain goods. February 2nd.

H. Crosley, of Hooper Square, Leman Street, in the City of London, Civil Engineer, for an improved method or process, arrangement and combination of apparatus, with certain agents used or employed therewith, whereby evaporation of fluids and solutions may be effected advantageously, and also for other beneficial purposes to which the said method or process is applicable or can be applied. February 3rd.

J. Hudson, of Gale, near Rochdale, Lancaster, Calico Printer, for certain machinery and apparatus applicable in block-printing on silk, woollen, cotton, and other fabrics, and on paper. February 6th.

P. Fairbairn, of Leeds, York, Mechanist, for an improved method of preparing, slivering, or roving hemp, flax, and other fibrous substances for spinning. February 6th.

A. Shanks, Junior, of Arbroath, Forfar, in North Britain, Flax Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and dressing hemp and other fibrous substances. February 10th.

J. Kay, of Pendleton, Lancaster, Flax Spinner, for a heckling-machine of a new construction. February 12th.

J. Jones, of Oldham, Lancaster, Cotton Manufacturer, and T. Mellowden, of the same place, Mechanic, for improvements in looms to be worked either by hand or power, for weaving of plain, carded, or figured fabrics, and an apparatus for better effecting the cutting of fustians, or other fabrics woven in a diagonal form. March 5th.

W. Aitken, of Aberdeen, in the County of Aberdeen, North Britain, Esquire, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages to be propelled by animal or other power. March 10th.

T. Alcock, of the Parish of Claines, Worcester, Lace Manufacturer, and J. Bertie, of Basford, Nottingham, Machinist, for an improved texture of the lace hitherto called bobbin-net or twist-net, and also certain improvements in lace-machinery for producing ordinary bobbin-net, and for producing ornaments therein. March 10th.

W. Hale, of Colchester, Essex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements on, or additions to, boilers or apparatus for producing motive power. March 16th.

D. Duff, of Dundee, Forfar, in Scotland, for a method of softening, splitting, and preparing hemp, and other fibrous substances, by machinery, for the purposes of being spun into yarns. March 16th.

W. Hale, of Colchester, Essex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in or on windmills, which improvements are applicable to other purposes. March 23rd.

P. A. Chapeaurouge, of Fenchurch Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for a machine, engine, or apparatus for producing motive power, which he denominates a self-acting motive power, and is called in France, by the inventor, "Volant Moteur Perpetuel." Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 25rd.

C. de Bergue, of Clapham, Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning or twisting cotton, flax, silk, and other fibrous substances. March 25th.

R. J. Barlow, of Rudley, Yorkshire, Clerk, for certain improvements in springs applicable to carriages and other purposes. March 27th.

J. Sylvester, of Great Russell Street, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for improvements in apparatus used in the communication or transmission of heat to aeriform liquid and solid bodies. March 27th.

H. W. Nunn, of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, G. Mowbray, and R. Alabone, both of the Town of Newport, in the said Island, Lace Manufacturers, for improvements in manufacturing certain kinds of embroidered or ornamented lace. March 27th.

S. Draper, late of Radford, Nottingham, but now of Basford, ditto, Lace Maker, for an improved machine for making an improved manufacture of figured bobbin-net, or what is commonly called bobbin-net lace. March 31st.

ENGLISH.

T. Fleming Bergin, of Fair View Avenue, Dublin, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the method of suspending and adjusting the bodies of railway and all other wheeled carriages. May 27th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, roving, and spinning cotton and wool. May 27th, 6 months.

J. Losh, of 8, Crescent, in the City of Carlisle, Gentleman, for an improvement in the surface or pattern roll of the machines used in printing calico and other goods, commonly called surface printing machines, and in the mode of working the said rolls. May 30th, 6 months.

J. Nye, of St. Andrew's Road, Southwark, Surrey, for improvements in pumps and instruments or apparatus for conveying fluids into and withdrawing them from cavities of human and other animal bodies, part of which improvements are also applicable to other pumps. June 2nd, 6 months.

J. Mallam, of Kingston-upon-Hull, York, Civil Engineer, for certain improve-

ments in gas-meters, and in the apparatus for generating gas for illumination. June 2nd, 6 months.

W. Wilkinson, of Lucas Street, Commercial Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the mechanism or machinery by which steam-power is applied to give motion to ships or other floating vessels in or through water. June 2nd, 6 months.

R. Phillips, of the New Kent Road, Surrey, Lecturer on Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, for certain improvements in the process of manufacturing sulphate of soda. June 4th, 6 months.

J. Leman, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, Gentleman, for the making, mixing, compounding, improving, or altering of soap. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 4th, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, of Ardwich, in the Parish of Manchester, Lancaster, Gentleman, for improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics, whether manufactured of cotton, silk, wool, or linen, or of all or any two or three of those materials. June 4th, 6 months.

T. Hancock, of Goswell Mews, Goswell Street Road, Middlesex, Waterproof Cloth Manufacturer, for an improvement or improvements in air beds, cushions, and other articles manufactured from caoutchouc or Indian rubber, or of cloth, or other flexible material coated or lined with caoutchouc or Indian rubber. June 4th, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Machinist, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus, for turning, boring, planing, and cutting metals and other materials. June 11th, 6 months.

E. Carter, of the City of Exeter, Gentleman, for an approved apparatus for regulating the supply of gas to the burners, and for the stopping off the same; applicable also as a cock in drawing off or regulating the flow of other fluids. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. W. Fraser, of Ludgate Hill, in the City of London, Artist, for improvements in apparatus for descending under water. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. Michell, of Truro, Cornwall, Gentleman, for an improved process in smelting argentiferous ores. June 22nd, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—August, 1835.

House of Lords, June 22.—Lord Melbourne stated that he should on Tuesday move for a Committee to take into consideration the subject of the vacancy created in the situation of Clerk Assistant of Parliament, in consequence of Mr. Courtenay, the late possessor, being called to the Peerage.—The Abolition of Capital Punishment for Letter Stealing Bill, and the Indemnity Bill, were brought up from the Commons.—The Execution of Wills Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee, as was the Executors and Administrators Bill. —Several private Bills were brought up from the Commons, after which the House adjourned.

June 23.—Lord Ellenborough, in the absence of the Duke of Wellington, gave notice that on Wednesday the Noble Duke would move a resolution, acknowledging in fit and proper terms the services which the Earl of Devon had rendered in his late office.—Lord Brougham's motion for proceeding with the adjourned debate on his resolutions in respect to education was postponed to Wednesday.—The Annual Indemnity Bill was read a second time.

June 24.—Lord Brougham again postponed the adjourned debate on his resolutions respecting general education.—The Highway Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee.—On the motion of Lord Melbourne the Committee on the offices of Clerks of Parliament were re-appointed. A vote of thanks was then moved by Lord Melbourne to the late Clerk-Assistant of the House, now Earl of Devon, for the manner in which he had performed his duties. The Duke of Wellington, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, and other noblemen, bore testimony to his Lordship's talent and industry while in office.

June 25.—The Earl of Devon took the oaths and his seat.—The Bishop of Exeter presented a petition from the Rev. Mr. Stoney, complaining of the conduct of the Commissioners on Education in Ireland.—Lord Duncannon defended the course pursued by the Commissioners, as did Lord Brougham.—After some remarks from the Earl of Wicklow, &c., the petition was ordered to lie on the table.

June 29.—The Isle of Man Corn Importation Bill was read a first time.—Lord Brougham, in reference to the Municipal Reform Bill, observed that he had two objections to the measure in the other House. The first was, that the Bill did not contain sufficient provision to prevent the abuse of trust funds—the second was, that he could see no reason to exclude from the benefits of freedom those who had received their right to it by virtue of seven years' apprenticeship and servitude in some useful trade. His lordship intimated that, if the Bill did not reach the upper House with alterations in these particulars, he should propose clauses to that effect. —Viscount Melbourne, in reply to Lord Farnham, said that the Government hoped to be able to prepare a measure of Irish Municipal Reform this session.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond, the Select Committee on Oaths was re-appointed.

June 30.—The Building Committee was re-appointed, on the motion of Viscount Duncannon, and the statement of Sir R. Smirke referred to them.—Lord Brougham's resolutions on education were withdrawn, on the suggestion of Lord Melbourne that it would be better for the noble and learned lord to embody his ideas in a Bill.

July 1.—The Western Australian Bill, the Sugar Duties' Bill, and the Isle of Man Corn Importation Bill, severally went through committee.—The Merchant Seamen's Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

July 2.—The Sugar Duties Bill, the Western Australian Bill, and the Importation of Corn (Isle of Man) Bill were severally read a third time and passed.—The Marquess of Londonderry inquired whether the levies now assembling in the Isle of Dogs would have the protection of Lord Eliot's convention? His Lordship then read the decree of Don Carlos, declaring that all strangers taken in arms shall be shot. He also entered into a comparative statement of the forces upon both sides; in the course of which he described the army of Don Carlos as amounting to 36,000 men.—Lord Melbourne answered that the parties engaged in the service of the Queen of Spain would have the benefit of Lord Eliot's convention. As to the other points to which the noble marquess had referred, they were not tenable. He believed that the decree itself was a forgery.—Lord Duncannon stated that he had received a letter from one of the Commissioners of Public Instruction in Ireland, (Mr. M'Dermott,) whose conduct had been the subject of comments on a former night. The letter denied the truth of the charges then preferred against him.—The Bishop of Exeter said that he had received letters from Ireland, in which it was stated that Mr. M'Dermott had been a well-known political agitator; and that, as such, he had been chaired through a town in Ireland.—The Marquess of Lansdowne thought such a chairing was not of so penal a character as to disqualify the gentleman in question for the duty to which he had been appointed.—The Marquess of Clanricarde spoke to the like effect.—The Duke of Wellington observed that the question was whether such an individual was a fit person for the office to which he had been appointed? He thought that a Roman Catholic agitator was not the fittest person for the duty, and that the Bishop of Exeter's remarks were justifiable.—Lord Melbourne defended the appointment.—On the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury a bill for the better regulation of ecclesiastical benefices, having no cure of souls, was read a first time.—On the motion of Lord Denman a bill to prevent the removal of proceedings into the Court of King's Bench, from the Quarter Sessions, by *certiorari*, and to prevent parties from removing, without leave, indictments from the court in which they were found, was read a first time, and the second reading fixed for Tuesday.

July 3.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Indemnity Bill, the Western Australian Bill, the Sugar Duties' Bill, the Isle of Man Importation of Corn Bill, and several private bills.—The Duke of Richmond called the attention of Lord Auckland to the fact that, although the French government had reduced the duty on English wools one-third, the French wools imported into England paid a duty of only one shilling per pound, whilst the English still paid 20 per cent. on importation into France.—Lord Auckland, in reply, observed that the President of the Board of Trade would pay every attention to the subject.—Lord Brougham brought in a bill relative to Public Education, which was read a first time. His Lordship said that the Bill comprised two subjects—first, the system of education to be adopted; and, secondly, the charitable funds appropriated to the purposes of education, for the superintendence of which a Board of Commissioners was proposed to be appointed.—The Marquess of Londonderry alluded to the decree issued by Don Carlos, respecting the summary execution of foreigners taken in arms against him, the authenticity of which had been denied by Lord Melbourne on the previous evening. His lordship said that he had received an authentic copy of the docu-

ment in question.—The Marquess of Lansdowne laid on the table the report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the plans proposed for the better temporary accommodation of their Lordships.—Lord Farnham said that on the 10th of March the Commission on Education in Ireland had been ordered to make certain returns to the House; but, although four months had since elapsed, no information whatever on the particular subject referred to had been produced. He should therefore move that the returns in question be made forthwith; and if that order was not speedily complied with, he should think it necessary to move that the secretary to the commission should be brought to their Lordships' bar to answer for his neglect. —The motion was agreed to, after a brief conversation.—Lord Brougham made some observations as to the delay of business at this late period of the session, and expressed a hope that if any measures were contemplated, they might be preceded by resolutions, the discussion on which might lay the foundation for bills.

July 6.—The Marquess of Salisbury brought up the report of the Islington Market Bill, and gave notice that he should on Tuesday move that the parties be heard by counsel at the bar.—The Duke of Richmond brought up the report on Prison Discipline, as amended by the Select Committee, and gave notice that he would move for its committal on Thursday next. Several bills having been advanced a stage, their Lordships adjourned.

July 7.—On the motion of the Marquess of Lansdowne, an address to his Majesty was agreed to, praying that he would be graciously pleased to direct that a new temporary House of Lords (agreeably to the plan of Sir R. Smirke) be immediately built.—On the motion of the Marquess of Salisbury it was agreed that counsel should be heard at the bar on Thursday touching the Islington Market Bill. The remainder of the sitting was devoted to the presentation of petitions.

July 8.—The Duke of Richmond presented the third report of the Committee on Prison Discipline. The London Small Debts Bill was read a first time, after which their Lordships adjourned.

July 9.—Counsel having been heard for and against the Islington Market Bill, the Judges, through Judge Park, delivered their opinion on certain questions involved in the case. The opinions were in effect that the erection of the proposed market would be an infringement of the existing charter.—The Duke of Richmond presented the fourth report of the Committee on Prison Discipline, which was ordered to be printed.—The Certiorari Bill was read a second time.

July 10.—The further consideration of the Thirty-nine Articles Bill was, on the motion of the Earl of Radnor, postponed till Tuesday next.—The Prisoners' Bill was read a second time. The Duke of Richmond moved that the House be summoned for the third reading.

July 13.—The Prisoners' Counsel Bill and other Bills were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time.—The Certiorari Bill was withdrawn, with the view of introducing a more comprehensive measure.—The Duke of Richmond adverted to certain charges preferred against him on a former evening in the House of Commons respecting the Post-office, and denied the truth of every one of them. He said that had the member who preferred the charges been at the trouble of perusing the documents, he would have come to very different conclusions. The noble Duke's motion for returns regarding the receipts, expenditure, and proceedings of the Post-office during the last ten years, was then agreed to.

July 14.—Petitions from the University of Oxford against the Thirty-nine Articles Bill were presented by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Kenyon.—The Seaman's Voluntary Enlistment Bill, and the Offences against the Person Bill, were brought up from the Commons.—The Loan Societies Bill went through a Committee.—The Earl of Radnor moved the second reading of the Thirty-nine Articles Bill, the object of which was to repeal the law which required subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles on matriculation, and on taking the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and of Master of Arts, if those degrees were taken before the age of 23.—The Archbishop of Canterbury opposed the Bill, and moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be deferred till that day three months.—The Bishops of Llandaff and Gloucester, and the Duke of Wellington spoke in support of the amendment, and Lord Melbourne and the Duke of Richmond in favour of the Bill.—On a division the measure was rejected by a majority of 106, there being—Contents 28, Proxies 29—57. Noncontents 85, Proxies 78—163.

July 15.—The Earl of Lichfield laid upon the table the returns from the Post-office, moved for on a former evening by the Duke of Richmond, relative to the subject of the sum of 1,097,000*l.* said to be unaccounted for in the Post-office re-

venue.—The report of the Loan Society Bill was received with amendments, and, on the motion of the Duke of Richmond, was ordered to be read a third time to-morrow.

July 10.—The Bishop of Exeter rose to present a petition from a clergyman of the Established Church in Ireland, complaining of the system of persecution adopted in Ireland towards the Protestants, and praying that the Clergy of the Established Church might be protected in their just rights.—After some discussion the petition was ordered to lie on the table, and their Lordships adjourned.

June 17.—The General Turnpike Act Amendment Bill was read a second time.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to the Earl of Aberdeen, said that the report of the Scotch Education Commissioners, respecting the University of Glasgow, and the whole subject of the union of the Universities, were under the consideration of the Government.—Lord Brougham protested against any accommodation being extended to the ladies for the purpose of hearing the debates in the new House of Lords.—Lords Wharncliffe and Lansdowne agreed in the opinions of the learned ex-chancellor.—Lord Auckland, in answer to Lord Ashburton, stated that no alteration was intended in the timber duties this session.—The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Monson presented petitions against the appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill; the former gave notice that he would move on Monday the second reading of the Bill for protecting the revenues of benefices.

House of Commons, June 22.—Sir R. Inglis presented a petition from Birmingham praying the House to consider the subject of the oath taken by Roman Catholic members, and that it would provide a remedy against injury to the Church from such enemies. The hon. baronet supported the petition in a speech of great length, and warned the Catholic members to hesitate before they committed the sin of perjury. But for the Roman Catholic votes, the present ministers would be out of office, and floundering in the dirt.—Mr. Sheil complained that Sir R. Inglis had not brought forward a specific motion on the subject; and Mr. O'Connell maintained that the oath did not preclude him from judging on anything concerning the existing law. Religion was not property; and, though he did not desire to disturb the Protestant religion, he did wish to see the property duly administered.—Several petitions were presented on the subject of the Corporations Bill. On the motion that the House resolve itself into committee, Mr. Praed submitted a motion that all rights and privileges at present enjoyed, whether inchoate or complete, by members of existing corporations, should be secured to their present possessors and their descendants.—Sir M. W. Ridley seconded the proposition, which, after a short discussion, was withdrawn. The House then went into committee on the Bill, and the five first clauses were adopted.—The fourth, however, created some discussion, on an amendment by Lord D. Stuart that the Parliament and not the King, should adjust the boundaries.—This amendment was negatived by a majority of 87. On the sixth clause, which provides that the occupiers of houses must have been rated for three years to qualify for voting, Mr. Divett moved an amendment that the payment of rates for one year give the qualification; which was negatived by a majority of 224.

June 23.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Reform Bill. Clauses 6 to 8 were agreed to.—On clause 9 being brought forward, (the effect of which is to disfranchise the freeholders,) Sir William Follett, in an admirable speech, demonstrated how grossly this clause violates the legitimate rights of property, and also that without some alteration its disfranchisement of voters for members to serve in Parliament will go to the extent of sweeping away all the existing freemen. The hon. and learned gentleman concluded by moving an amendment to the effect that nothing contained in the Act should in any way be construed to curtail or abolish any right of voting in the election of a member or members to serve in Parliament, which is now possessed, or might hereafter be acquired, under the provisions of the Reform Act.—After a lengthened and animated discussion the amendment was rejected by a majority of 278 against 232.—Mr. A. Trevor, after a debate, withdrew his motion for the omission of the clause, which he said he would renew on the bringing up of the report. The 9th clause was then ordered to stand part of the bill, and the chairman reported progress. The Attorney-General obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better regulation of Ecclesiastical Courts.

June 24.—Lord Mahon brought forward his motion respecting the late Order in Council, which authorised the enlistment of British subjects in the service of the Queen of Spain.—A long discussion arose upon the subject, and considerable ex-

citement prevailed in the House; the heat, however, was ultimately appeased by explanations, and Lord Mahon ultimately withdrew his motion to make way for the committee on the Corporation Reform Bill, but with the intention of bringing it forward at a future time.—The House then resolved into the committee, when Lord John Russel proposed certain amendments, the object of which was to qualify the 10th clause so as to reserve the rights of those now apprenticed to freemen—The House then resumed, and adjourned.

June 25.—Petitions were presented from the parties committed to prison on account of the Ipswich affair.—Mr. Kearsley proposed that all the parties should then be called to the bar and discharged.—Mr. Wilks and Sir Robert Peel suggested that all the petitions on the subject should be received, and ordered to be printed, and then the House would be in a condition to judge of the facts of the cases, and what ought to be done.—This was agreed to, on the understanding that the case be again considered at the next meeting of the House.—Mr. Goulburn presented a report from the Drogheda Election Committee, stating that Catharine Adam, John Doyle, and Thomas Ferron, had disobeyed the orders of the committee to attend them.—They were ordered to be taken into custody.—Mr. Wakley moved, and Mr. Hume seconded a motion, that an humble Address be presented to the King, praying that his Majesty will be pleased to grant a pardon to, and direct the recal of, the six Dorchester labourers who were convicted at the Assizes held at Dorchester in the spring of 1834, on the charge of having taken an oath which was not required by law, and who were thereupon sentenced to transportation for the term of seven years.—Lord John Russell opposed the motion.—After a lengthened debate, the motion was rejected by a majority of 308 against 82.—On the motion of Mr. H. Fleetwood, a select Committee regarding his Majesty's consuls, resident in Foreign States was appointed.—The further consideration of the Corporation Reform Bill was postponed.

June 26.—The Ipswich case came before the House.—A motion that Mr. Dasent be called to the bar and discharged out of custody was carried by a majority of 190 against 141.—A motion that John Pilgrim be called to the bar and discharged was unanimously agreed to.—A motion that Sparrow be brought to the bar was lost by a majority of 168 against 127.—A motion in respect to Bond, to the same purpose, was withdrawn till Monday; as also the petition from Mr. O'Malley.—J. Pilgrim and John Bury Dasent were then brought to the bar, and admonished by the Speaker, and discharged.—Lord Morpeth then brought forward his motion respecting tithes in Ireland, by which, in making provision for the future, it was not intended to make any arrears of 1831, 32, 33, but for 1834 exclusively. The measure was of a two-fold character—first, the settlement of the Tithe question; and, secondly, the future disposition of the Church Establisment in Ireland, and the regulation of its revenues.—Sir H. Hardinge resisted the bill, characterising it as a measure of unqualified spoliation, and declared that he would resist the principle of appropriation" and the bill in every stage.—Leave was finally given to bring in the bill.

June 29.—The report of the Drogheda Election Committee was brought up; Mr. O'Dwyer was declared not duly elected, and the Hon. R. Plunkett pronounced the sitting member.—Mr. Plunkett then took the oaths and his seat, as did Mr. Vigors, for Carlow.— Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Wilks, said that nothing would be done for the Dissenters this session, but in the ensuing one, measures for a civil registration, for the regulation of marriages, and relative to church-rates, would be introduced.—The Ipswich election came again under the consideration of the House, and Messrs. O'Malley, Cook, Clamber, and Bond, were ordered to be brought up on Tuesday and discharged.—Samuel Bignold, Esq., Edward Temple Booth, Esq., Mr. Keith, John Pilgrim, and Mr. Money, were ordered to attend at the bar of the House on Friday.—Mr. Praed moved for copies of the correspondence with the Board of Directors on the subject of the revocation of the appointment of Lord Heytesbury as Governor-General of India.—Sir J. Hobhouse resisted the motion, as inconvenient in principle and practice, to produce confidential correspondence; and, as to the revocation, it took place because "he did not choose" to be responsible for Lord Heytesbury. That, he said, was the "long and short" of the question, reason on it as long as they pleased.—A long discussion ensued, and on a division the motion was negatived by a majority of 254 to 175.—The House then went into Committee on the Corporation Reform Bill.—Clause 13 was agreed to.—Clause 14, after some discussion, was postponed, in order to give time for the consideration of some proposed amendments.

June 30.—Messrs. Bond, Clamp, and Cook, committed to Newgate on account of the Ipswich election, were brought up and discharged. The release of Mr. O'Malley was postponed until the evidence of the medical attendant of the prison be obtained. —Mr. Gisborne's motion, "That the Attorney-general be instructed to prosecute all the parties who appeared, from the evidence taken before the Ipswich election committee, to have been guilty of bribery," was agreed to.—Lord J. Russell, in reply to some observations of Sir R. Peel, acknowledged the fair course the hon. Baronet and those who had acted with him had pursued relative to the Municipal Corporation Bill.—The remainder of the business of the evening was principally taken up with the committee on this measure. Clauses 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, were put and carried, after several verbal amendments, agreed to without a division. In the 19th clause, which enacts that a council and a mayor shall be elected in every borough, but requires no qualification either for the mayor or the common councilmen, Sir Robert Peel moved a proviso to the effect that no person in those towns which were divided into wards, should be elected a member of the town council unless he was possessed, in real or personal property, or in both, of 1,000*l.*, or was rated within the borough to the amount of 40*l.* a year; and that no person in those towns which were not divided into wards, should be elected a member of the town council who was not possessed of 500*l.* in real or personal property, or in both, or who was not rated to the amount of 20*l.* a year.—This amendment was debated at great length, Lord J. Russell and the Government opposing it. On a division, the numbers were —for the original clause, 267; for the amendment, 204—majority, 63. Clause 20 was then adopted, as was clause 21, without any comment. In the 22d clause, which enacts that in 1836, and in every succeeding year, one-third part of the council shall go out of office, Lord Stanley moved as an amendment that the word "alternate" be substituted for the word "succeeding," thus enacting that one-third of the council should go out every two years, instead of every year. After a short discussion, the amendment was negatived by a majority of 220 to 176. The Chairman then reported progress.

July 1.—Mr. Shiel inquired whether it was the intention of the Government to cause an investigation into the charge made against certain magistrates for interfering at the Carlow Election?—Lord Morpeth answered in the affirmative.—Sir H. Hardinge expressed a hope that if there were to be inquiry it would be complete; that it would extend to the conduct of certain Roman Catholic priests at the same election. —Lord J. Russell presented the result of the inquiry into the conduct of the military at Wolverhampton.—Sir H. Hardinge expressed a hope that, as the Government had departed from its original intention, and had sanctioned this inquiry into the conduct of the military at the instigation of parties in that House, it would be prepared, now or hereafter, to state whether or not the military had been guilty of misconduct.—Lord J. Russell said he only intended to move that the documents be printed. If any one raised a question on the conduct of the military, he should be prepared to declare that the inquiry had proved the military at Wolverhampton to have conducted themselves with commendable forbearance.—After hearing evidence as to the state of health of Mr. O'Malley, confined in Newgate on account of the Ipswich election, the House ordered him to be discharged.—Lord J. Russell suggested that the House should meet on Tuesdays and Thursdays at twelve o'clock. His lordship afterwards moved an Address to his Majesty, for a commission to inquire into the state of the Church of Scotland—the existing means to afford religious instruction. The address, after an extended conversation, was agreed to.—The House again resolved into committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, beginning with clause 23, which, after various amendments were proposed and negatived or withdrawn, was, with some alterations, adopted. On clause 24, Mr. Grote proposed that the elections should be by *ballot*, but after some conversation he consented to withdraw it. A division took place upon the next amendment, which proposed that in case of an equality of votes the decision should be by lot and not by the casting vote of the mayor. This amendment was rejected by 190 to 146. A few clauses were postponed for future consideration; but, with these exceptions, all the clauses up to clause 36 (inclusive) were agreed to.—Mr. Oliphant brought in a Bill to abolish the convention of Royal Burghs in Scotland, which was read a first time.

July 2.—Mr. Shaw presented a petition from the county of Meath, complaining of intimidation on the part of the Irish Popish Priests.—The House went into Committee on the Corporations Bill, beginning with clause 37.—Sir R. Inglis proposed that there should be an "oath" instead of a "declaration," for the Mayor and Town Council, on entering into office.—Lord J. Russell was against the multiplication of

oaths, except there were absolute necessity.—The amendment was negatived, and the clause agreed to, as were clauses 38, 39, 40, and 41. On clause 42 being proposed, Lord Stanley moved an amendment, with the view of preventing the removal of the town clerk by so changeful a body as the town council would be.—Lord Howick resisted this amendment, and it was negatived on a division.—Several other clauses were afterwards adopted, and the Committee proceeded as far as the 54th clause, which was the last agreed to.—The House then resumed.

July 3.—A petition complaining of an undue election for Carlow was presented.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell, a select committee was appointed to consider and report upon the evidence relating to Messrs. Booth and Bignold, and Sewell and Co., for their conduct at the Ipswich election.—Lord J. Russell moved that the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday, which being agreed to, the noble lord said, with respect to the business of the House, as several Bills had been postponed in consequence of the time occupied in going through the Municipal Corporations Bill, he accordingly should move that on Tuesdays and Thursdays the House should sit from twelve to three o'clock, which he trusted would allow sufficient time to make up the arrears of business.—Agreed to.—Lord Morpeth said it was the intention of the government to submit at the earliest opportunity a measure for the Reform of Municipal Corporations in Ireland.—The House then went into Committee on the Municipal Corporation Bill, and proceeded as far as the 94th clause (inclusive.)

July 6.—Lord Stanley stated the course he should adopt with regard to the Irish Tithe Bill.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill. The 115th clause, the last in the Bill, having been agreed to, the committee resumed the consideration of the postponed clauses, which being disposed of, Lord John Russell gave notice that he should in committee move for certain alterations in the schedules.

July 7.—The Speaker took the chair at twelve o'clock.—The County Coroners' Bill was considered in committee.—At the evening sitting Lord Morpeth brought in and moved the first reading of the Irish Church and Tithes Bill. He moved that it be read a second time on Monday next.—Sir R. Peel said he should not object to the second reading; but on the question that the Bill be committed, he should move an instruction to the committee to divide the Bill into two parts: he admitting the necessity of making some regulation regarding tithes, but resisting the "appropriation" clause, and the clause for the suppression of certain churches.—The second reading was fixed for Monday.

July 8.—Mr. Divett moved that the notice of Mr. Halse, with regard to the Corporation Reform Bill, should be erased from the minutes as insulting to the House.—A conversation of some length ensued, which led to the withdrawing of the motion, when it was repeated by Mr. Hume in another form.—Sir R. Musgrave moved the second reading of the Bill for securing relief to the necessitous poor of Ireland. He spoke strongly in support of the Bill.—Mr. Grattan seconded the motion, and intimated his intention of proposing, on the discussion of the Irish Church Bill, that the tithes in that country should contribute towards the support of the poor.—Lord Morpeth reminded the House that he had redeemed his promise by presenting the first report of the Commissioners on the state of the poor.—Mr. Richards, Mr. Hume, and Mr. P. Scrope, spoke in favour of the motion.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the Bill on the same grounds as Lord Morpeth—namely, the propriety of waiting until the inquiries of the Commissioners were complete.—Mr. O'Connell supported the second reading, not because he approved of the principle of poor laws—for wherever they existed they produced mischief—he supported the Bill to avoid something worse.—The Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on the 22d inst.

Died.—In Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, Marianna Baroness de Montesquieu.

In Cadogan Place, Lieut.-General Sir H. Bell, K.C.B., aged 79, formerly resident Commandant of Royal Marines in London.

Lord Suffield, from the effects of the severe injuries he received by his horse falling with him, in St. James's Park. His lordship was in his 54th year.

We learn from Galicia, that Princess Isabella Czartous has died lately, in the 90th year of her age.

Married.—At Fordhook, the residence of Lady Noel Byron, the Right Hon. Lord King, to the Hon. Augusta Ada, only daughter of the late Lord Byron.

Sir George Young, Bart., R.N., of Formosa Place, Berkshire, to Susan, only surviving daughter of the late Mr. Sergeant Praed.

At Patshall, Staffordshire, Francis Charles Fitzroy, fourth son of the late Lord Henry Fitzroy, to Caroline Octavia, youngest daughter of Sir George Pigot, Bart.

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THE END.

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